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LA BERNHARDT.

The secret of her fame is that she has fascination. She herself is Art in the gown of allurement—her own gowns do not permit themselves to be described by dressmaking terms. They are simply a drapery and a silken swirl of lineless charm, where, after all, there are countless lines to emphasize each tone and motion. Not to see Berndardt is not to know what one quality of acting is, the Bernhardt quality. It may be discussed, criticised, or compared with its own past, yet there it is—live, certain and irresistible. And apart from her acting, the story of her impetuous personality does not lose its hold. She piques the curiosity; she does and says what comes into her mind with such lightning-like celerity that there is exhilaration in her alertness of thought. 'T is easy to imagine her running up the rigging during a wild storm while on her Australian voyage and declaiming from her high post in splendid fearlessness. The alacrity with which she once kicked an entrance through a big glass door in the ladies' entrance of a hotel was a flash of determination of her own most Sarah-like quality. It was past twelve o'clock; the porter always had closed that door at midnight, and supposed of course Madame and her party would do like other belated folk—go around the corner to the main entrance. Never! Not while there were strong little heels to her shoes. Bang! Crash! a splutter of glass atoms and a triumphant entry for Doña Sol. There was in a New York paper, the other day, a little account of a woman's visit to Bernhardt once, when Madame was in a tender and domestic mood. 'T is winning to think of—Bernhardt buttering toast and talking of home life, and assuring her visitors that home-keeping hearts are happiest in the French equivalent of the phrase. Go to see her in Cleopatra tonight and imagine that—if you can.

RAH BARNUM

Bernhardt-Colombier Book.

AT PARIS READS

fman, About and Daudet.

NEWEST NOVELS

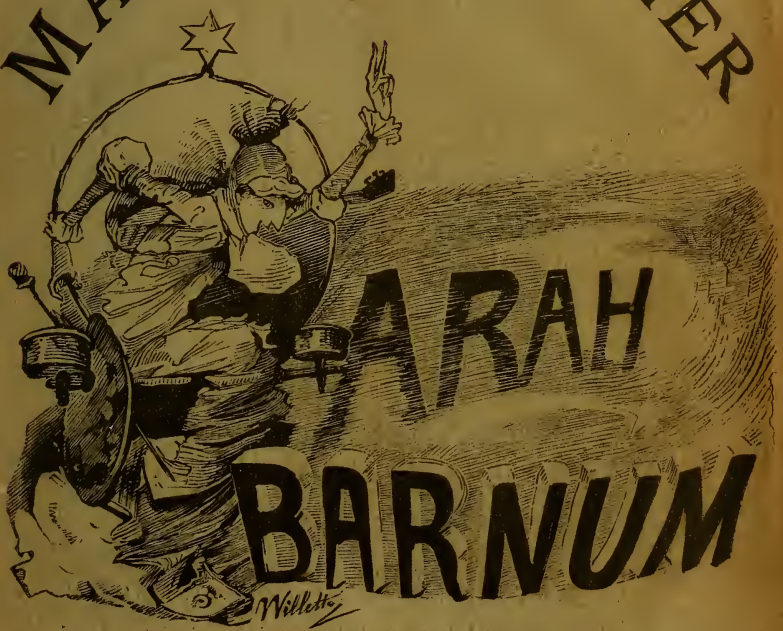
OIRES DE SARAH BARNUM, par Marie Colom
l vol. Chez tout les libraires. Prix 3f.,

a pas à dire c'est abominable. It is
erlative of *Furens quid femina possit.*
lombier writes with venom, mud and
hat purports to be the memoirs of Sarah
t, her ex-friend, companion and directress
e tour in America. Sarah Barnum is Sarah
t. No one can possibly be deceived on this
n were it not for a portrait of the celectress passing through a hoop with her
ssed in her habitually peculiar manner.
is the scandal of the day. In former days
book would have been simply torn
up. The stories with which it is filled, whether true or imaginary, equally offend good taste and modesty. Mlle. Marie Colombier begins with Sarah Bernhardt in the cradle; and after having dragged her through the mire, ends with a sort of *soi disant* prophecy, where Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends her career in an *accès* of delirium tremens. "The lock was burst open and the poor Barnum was found lying at the foot of her bed with her head covered with blood. A half empty bottle of absinthe stood near the bed, which was in disorder. The physicans who had been summoned examined the wound, and thus explained the scene. Sarah, in a complete state of intoxication had fallen from her bed, and during the fall her head struck the corner of the *table de nuit* and opened her skull." After this fashion this monument of fury and hatred is brought to an end. Who is right? Who is wrong? These two actresses once played most harmoniously together in the "*Passant*" of François Coppée. The outcome of this scandalous book—a duel and the terrible scene between Madame Sarah Bernhardt—has already been cabled to you. We need not dwell upon it here. Suffice it to say

t the sympathy of the public is entirely with
e. Bernhardt. There are other historical per-
ages in these abominable memoirs, for instance,
de Lagrenée, now French Consul at Moscow,
ires under the name of de Malgrand. M. Arthur
yer, director of the *Gaudois*, is Simon, director
the *Chemin Caur*; Vitu, the celebrated critic of
Figaro, is baptised Vilet; Sarcey, of the *Temps*,
larssey; Damala, Sara Bernhardt's husband, is
daly. Count Kapnitz, the Secretary of the Russian Embassy at Paris, also appears in the memoirs.
lo also a large portion of the corps diplomatique

STANDARD EDITION.

MARIE COLOMBIER



PREFACE

By PAUL BONNETAIN

NEW YORK
S. W. GREEN'S SON
69 BEEKMAN STREET

All Paris is still talking about th
gic between Sarah Bernhardt and
which took place two days ago, and
reception accorded to Sarah last ev
her conduct is approved by a part
least. The immediate cause of th
administered by Sarah on the head
friend is the publication of a scand
"The Memoirs of Sarah Barnum
Marie Colombier. It is a dreadful
only have been written or inspire
against another. The writer is not
tailing all the scandalous stories, t
have been told about the distinguis
her birth up to the present time, bu
the last days and death of her ener
them as she probably wishes they m
you how spiteful Marie Colombier c
description of Sarah's death:

We can speak freely [it is the repo
teclair, who attended the funeral, wh
be talking], as the reporters, who
have discovered the true causes of h
num did not kill herself. Abandon
whom she loved, who was, we are te
character, the poor woman sought
alcohol. On Thursday she made a
win back her lover, and, failing of
turned home in despair. She reques
to bring her a bottle of absinthe. S
woman declares, were red; but she
wise betray any emotion. She gave
the morrow and then locked herself i
On Friday, her door still remaining
cierge became alarmed and called th
lock was forced and the poor Barr
lying at the foot of her bed with a qu
upon her face. The bottle of absi
empty, and the bed evidently having
a doctor who was called was able, a
the wound, to accurately surmise w
place: Sarah, dead drunk, had fallen
and had fractured her skull against th
table.

This is one of the mildest paragrap
So you may form an idea of what t
are. No such vile book about an
ever been publicly printed and sold in
the pity is that the present law is pow
diately stop the scandal. Before the
seized a great many forms must be
After finding this out on Tuesday Sa
determined to administer justice her
horsewhip she went to Marie Colomb
in the Rue de Thann, accompanied by
pin She rushed past the servant
where Marie was sitting with Mlle.
the Odeon, and M. Jehan Soudan, a young journalist.

M. Richepin waited in the rear. Sarah "went for
her enemy, and when M. Soudan attempted to inte
fere M. Richepin sprang forward and held him i
check. Meanwhile Sarah was chasing Marie abou
the apartment, plying her whip vigorously whenev
she could get at her antagonist, and in her rag
breaking furniture, bric-a-brac and even door
Finally Marie Colombier succeeded in escapin
by a back stairway, while Sarah and her companic
retired victoriously. In an interview with a reporte
last evening, Sarah Bernhardt said that she felt just
fied in taking the law into her own hands, as sh
could hope for no redress from the courts witho
waiting until the whole matter was dead and buried
She said that she was the last woman in the world t
object to fair treatment, even when it took a harsh
and critical form, but the book was too strong. "Hap
pily," she continued, "I have too many dear friend
who respect me, and who will pay no attention t
any utterance of a jealous and unscrupulous wo
man. I feel sure," she concluded, "that my side o
the affair will have a sympathetic hearing." M. Pau
Bonnetain, who wrote the preface to the book, has al
ready been wounded in a duel by M. Octave Mirbeau
whose severe article on M. Bonnetain brought out a
challenge. M. Soudan, who says M. Richepin at-
tacked him with a carving knife, has challenged the
author of "Nana-Sahib," but M. Richepin refuses to
give him satisfaction. Dec 1883

COLOMBIER'S APOLOGIES.

BERNHARDT'S VICTIM EXPRESSES REGRET FOR HAVING WRITTEN "SARAH BARNUM."

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

PARIS, Dec. 21, 1883.

Mlle. Colombier has written a letter to the *Figaro*, in which she says she regrets that she wrote the "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum," because the book has caused such a discussion. She declares that Mme. Bernhardt was wrong in supposing herself to be the imaginary heroine alluded to in the book. Mlle. Colombier continues:—"Neither her dagger nor horsewhip, nor the cutlass of M. Richepin touched me. Concealed behind a window curtain I witnessed all that passed. M. Richepin wounded one of my friends who was endeavoring to prevent him from entering my apartments. Mme. Bernhardt never complained about my book until injudicious friends prompted her to do so."

S. W. GREEN'S SON, Publisher,
69 Beekman Street, New York.

A copy of Marie Colombier's book, "Sarah Barnum," which is an account of the adventures of Sarah Bernhardt in this country, arrived by the last French steamer, and was obtained by a publishing house in New York Wednesday morning. A force of translators, sixty-nine in number, was immediately set to work, and the volume, containing 350 pages, was finished at ten o'clock that night.

BERNHARDT SCANDAL.

How Mlle. Bernhardt Horsewhipped Her Former Directress—Some Scandalous Memoirs — The Indignant Actress Visits Mlle. Colombier in Her Apartments—Laying on the Lash—A Chase over Chairs and Tables, Breaking Mirrors and Pictures—Escape by the Servants' Stair Sarah Bernhardt, Avenged, Returns to Rehearse for "Nana Sahib."

(*By Cable to the Herald.*)

PARIS, December 19, 188[illegible].

The scandal of the day is the appearance of a book called "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum," by MLLE. MARIE COLOMBIER, who writes with mud and ordure what purports to be the memoirs of SARAH BERNHARDT, the authoress' ex-friend and directress during her tour in America. Marie Colombier begins with Sarah Bernhardt in the cradle, drags her whole life through the mire, and winds up a terrible *soi-distant* prophecy, where Sarah is represented dying and having cut open her head and face from striking the bedstead during an attack of delirium tremens.

The first outcome of this abominable book was a duel yesterday morning between OCTAVE MIRBEAU, who wrote a scathing criticism of the book, and M. PAUL BONNETAIN, who wrote the preface to the memoirs. M. Bonnetain received two slight wounds. M. Bonnetain's seconds were Prince Karageorgevitch and the Marquis de Talleyrand. The duel begun in the morning by the men was continued in the afternoon by the women, and under the most unique circumstances.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt went in the morning to see M. CLEMENT, Commissaire aux Delegations Judiciares, to find out whether the law did not give her the right to seize the book and stop its sale. Being told that she must first take legal proceedings and await the decision of the judges, Sarah Bernhardt went home again.

Meanwhile MAURICE BERNHARDT, assuming the obligation of avenging his mother's honor, hastened to the apartment of M. Bonnetain, but finding that he had already gone out to fight a duel with M. MIRBEAU, he changed his mind and went to No. 9 Rue de Thann, where Marie Colombier resides.

to receive her or see her. She displeased my son by her language and by her *allures;* in fact, one day he showed her the door without any ceremony, and since that day I have not seen her. I became aware of the "Sarah Barnum" book by the article of M. OCTAVE MIRBEAU, and I resolved to avenge myself for these calumnies by taking justice into my own hands.

Correspondent—Will you tell me about your visit to Marie Colombier?

Mme Bernhardt—With pleasure. I was only armed with a horsewhip and cat o'-nine-tails. I only used the horsewhip. It was one that MARSHAL CANROBERT gave me when I used to ride horseback with him and his daughter. I rang at the door of Marie Colombier's apartment; a *bonne* opened. "Mlle. Colombier?" I asked. "C'est ici. Qui faut il annoncer?" she asked. I then seized the servant by the arms, threw her on one side, saw a door in front, and we found MARIE COLOMBIER in the *salon* with M. JEHAN SOUDAN. I lashed her with my whip and she fell into the arms of M. Soudan, and I horsewhipped him too Marie Colombier was dressed in a *robe de chambre.* M. Soudan drew a revolver and pointed it at me, when M. RICHEPIN, who had entered the room behind me, seized him by his two wrists, saying "Si tu bouge, je t'étrangle Nous sommes les amis de Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Nous sommes venus ici la protéger contre un sonteneur car vous etes le souteneur de Marie Colombier; on traite vos pareils avec des coups de pieds dans le derrière."

Correspondent—Was the damage done to the apartment considerable?

Mme. Bernhardt Enormous. Pictures, vases, plates, statuary, *bibelots* of all kinds, were dashed into a thousand bits I remember tearing to pieces the entire contents of a wardrobe that had got upset.

Correspondent During the whole affair what was the attitude of M. Jehan Soudan?

Mme. Bernhardt—Her *mauvaise lache.* He cried out for the police; he was afraid.

Correspondent—You left before the arrival of the police?

Mme. Bernhardt—Yes; just before they arrived. Now, *voila*, Monsieur; you have all the details of my visit, and, thanks to you, the people of New York well know about this little Parisian story more than the Parisians themselves do. I am pleased. It would have pained me very much to have had the American public, that I so love, and that I hope to be with once again, and soon, have wrong impressions about this affair, where my reputation as a woman is engaged.

Mme. Bernhardt shook hands, and as she was about to say adieu, suddenly called, "Felicie! Felicie!" A *femme de chambre* appeared. "Bring me my cat-o'-nine-tails!" The *femme de chambre* disappeared, and returned with a cat-o' nine-tails, made of a dozen long strips of cowhide attached to a wooden handle.

Correspondent - Why this weapon, Madame?

Mme. Bernhardt—Pour la cravacher partout où je la rencontre—partout! partout! partout! J'avais hier ce martinet; il n'a pas servi; il servira une autre fois; et après celui là, il y en aura un autre.

MLLE. COLOMBIER'S STORY—HOW MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S ATTACK IS VIEWED BY HER OPPONENT.

(*By Cable to the Herald.*)

PARIS, December 20, 1883.

A Paris morning paper publishes the following interview with MARIE COLOMBIER The correspondent was received at a half-open door, fastened by a heavy chain.

On presenting his card, he was immediately ushered by the servant into the small *salon* which was the scene of the first part of the occurences related, as told by Mlle. Colombier herself:

"I was sitting in the room," said Mlle. Colombier, with MLLE. MARIE DESFRESNE, of the Ambigu and M. JEHAN SOUDAN, who had called to say farewell before going on a journey, when the servant announced M. MAURICE and two gentlemen who desired to see me 'Conduct them into the drawing-room,' I said, and almost immediately I myself entered, and recognized MAURICE BERNHARDT, accompanied by MM. STEVENS and KIRN BERNHARDT. M. Bernhardt said, 'I have something to say to you,' whereupon I asked him into the small drawing room where I had left my friends.

"Arriving there he addressed me thus: 'You are a loose character, and if ever I meet you in public I will horsewhip you.' 'There are four persons here present,' I replied: 'what prevents you beginning at once?' M. Bernhardt, however, did not strike me, but continued to make use of insulting expressions, whereupon M. Soudan rose and endeavored to prevent him, but I objected strongly, saying:

"'I will not allow any friends of mine to fight on my account with a son of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt.' MAURICE BERNHARDT, feeling probably rather uncomfortable at the ridiculous upshot of his visit, was about to retire when the eyes of M. KIRN BERNHARDT fell upon a crayon sketch of the frontispiece to the book I have lately published ('Sarah Barnum'). No sooner had he seen this than he took it from the nail on which it was hanging, and, placing it on the floor, put his heel upon it

"Again M. Soudan tried to interfere, and again I insisted upon his not doing so. M. Maurice Bernhardt and his friends thereupon left, muttering incoherently. But a few minutes had passed, and we were still commenting on the strange scene, when I heard a noise in the antechamber. Opening the door, I perceived Sarah Bernhardt, without anything on her head, followed by M. JEAN RICHEPIN and M. KIRN BERNHARDT.

"MME. SARAH BERNHARDT had a poniard in her left hand and a riding whip in her right. She rushed into the apartment crying 'Where is she, that we may kill her? M. Jean Richepin was armed with a large knife. I, who am not of a timid disposition, still not desiring to have a whip mark on my face, went through the door that separated the small drawing-room from the large one and kept the door shut by my weight against it.

"Hearing their infuriated threats, I looked round for something with which to defend myself in case of absolute need. All I saw was Mlle. Desfresne's umbrella lying on the table I seized this, but in doing so I let go my hold of the door, which was immediately forced open by my would-be assailants. They opened the door so roughly that I was literally squeezed behind it. I covered myself with the portière, and so was hidden in the corner.

"Sara Bernhardt, flourishing her whip and followed by her two friends, crying, 'Where is she?' rushed across the drawing-room through a door at the opposite side leading to the dining room. There they offered my servant a thousand francs to say where I was, and getting no satisfaction from her they threw down

THE PO

59 University Place, cor. 12th St. | (

"I shall not lower myself by striking a woman," said he to her, "but I warn you if you talk any more about my mother *vous aurez affaire a moi.*" Maurice then went home.

Meanwhile SARAH BERNHARDT, with her blood thoroughly aroused and too impatient to wait for legal technicalities to suppress the book, took justice into her own hands and sallied forth, armed, not with a sword, nor a revolver, nor a mitrailleuse, but with a plain, stout horsewhip.

Sarah drove straight to the apartment of Marie Colombier. At the moment of her departure Sarah, boiling over with fury, did not conceal what she meant to do, and her friends present—namely, Mlle. Antonine, MM. Jean Richepin and Kirn Bernhardt—who knew well where a woman's anger begins, but not at all where it ends, also jumped into a carriage and followed Sarah.

Arrived at the Rue de Thann, Sarah glided up the staircase and rang the bell The moment the servant opened the door she darted like lightning into the *salon*, and suddenly found herself face to face with Marie Colombier. The two women for an instant eyed each other, then like a hungry tigress Sarah sprang at Marie Colombier, vociferating murderous epithets, and lashed her adversary straight across the face with her horsewhip

MLLE. COLOMBIER shrieked with pain and rage. She was not alone, for M. JEHAN SOUDAN and MLLE. DEFRESNES happened to be visiting her. M. Jehan Soudan burst into the room to separate the two women. He tried to seize Sarah in his arms, to hold her down but at the same moment M. Jean Richepin, who had just arrived behind Sarah, dashed open the door and clutched M. Soudan by the throat.

Sarah again sprang at Colombier, lashing and cutting her with the whip. M. Maurice Bernhardt, M. Kirn Bernhardt and Mlle. Antonine arrived upon the scene of the drama. Mlle. Colombier turned and fled, Sarah darting after her with the rapidity of lightning, and lashing her with her whip.

The wild pursuit continued into one room and out of another, nobody being able to stop them, Sarah and her victim jumping over chairs and tables, and dashing into a thousand pieces mirrors, etageres, bibelots and pictures, Sarah all the time whipping Marie, who was shrieking with pain and terror.

At last MLLE. COLOMBIER managed to escape by the servants' stairway. Sarah Bernhardt, utterly exhausted, but revenged, withdrew. In passing through the front door Sarah Bernhardt showed her horsewhip to the concierge, saying: "Marshal Canrobert gave it to me, but I gave it to Mlle. Colombier as a souvenir." An hour later Sarah Bernhardt played her role at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin in the dress rehearsal for "Nana Sahib."

ORIGIN OF THE QUARREL.

The quarrel between Mlle. Colombier and Sarah Bernhardt had its origin during the latter's tour in this country.

Mlle. Colombier, being the leading lady of the company while in this country, there was a good deal of gossip about the ill-feeling between the two actresses. M. Jehan Soudan, it will be remembered, accompanied Mlle. Colombier on her travels in America.

A *Herald* correspondent having interviewed Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt at Pesth in November, 1881, on Marie Colombier's story of her adventures in America, she said: "It was all written by a young man named Jehan Soudan, whom I took out and to whom I paid 1,000 f. a month to jot down my American traveling impressions for me." The tragedienne wound up the conversation by eagerly expressing a desire to "smash" Mlle. Colombier. The book has now been published, and Mlle. Bernhardt has fulfilled her threat.

INTERVIEW WITH THE HEROINE OF THE PARIS ENCOUNTER—MLLE. COLOMBIER NEVER THE FRIEND OF THE DIVINE SARAH—ESCAPE OF THE VICTIM FROM HER PURSUER'S LASH —SCANDALS OF THE PAST.

(*By Cable to the Herald.*)

PARIS, December 20, 1883.

The Bernhardt-Colombier affair continues to be almost the exclusive topic of discussion to-day, and the names of the *dramatis personæ* are on everybody's lips.

Your correspondent called upon MME. SARAH BERNHARDT yesterday afternoon at her hotel in the Rue Fortuny. At the moment of my arrival Sarah Bernhardt was getting ready to go to the Theatre Porte Saint-Martin for the final rehearsal of "Nana Sahib." She received your correspondent in a walking dress and cloak trimmed with fur, and the following conversation took place in the celebrated *atelier* where Sarah Bernhardt receives all her friends. The principal ornament for the room is a large portrait of Mme. Bernhardt, painted by Clairin, which hangs over the fireplace. On a column of marble is exposed the portrait of Emile de Girardin, by Sarah herself.

MME. BERNHARDT remarked: "I didn't know anything about the miserable book, no more did my son, until we saw the article of M. MIRBEAU "

Correspondent—In this article M. Mirbeau takes up the cudgels vigorously in your defense; do you know him?

Mme. Bernhardt—No, I never saw him; but he, like all respectable people, seems indignant at the infamous scandals written by the *fille* Colombier.

Correspondent—But what have you done, Madame, to Mlle. Marie Colombier, that she should write such a book? If I remember well, Marie Colombier was your most intimate friend.

Mme. Bernhardt—An acquaintance who was under obligations to me, but never my friend. Marie Colombier was my comrade at the Conservatory. We shared together, she and I, the second prize for tragedy, and after leaving the Conservatory we used to see a great deal of each other. She had no luck, and was always without money and on the verge of suffering execution for debt. She constantly had recourse to her friends, and she counted me among her friends, and very often ——; but there is no use talking about that.

Correspondent—How does it happen that Mlle COLOMBIER, who is under such obligations to you, should suddenly turn round and write all these calumnies?

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Mme. Bernhardt—Rancune de femme et d'artiste Marie Columbier formed a part of the troupe with which I went to America. It was I myself who went to see her to engage her for the tour. For reasons that I shall not state, for I should be accused of answering calumny by slander, Marie Colombier was not engaged for the European tour, and she got angry about it. Soon after, at the urgent demand of my son, I declined

BERNHARDT ON DEATH.

Grim Terror Has No Fear for Her, She Says.

h Bernhardt has written an article on for the San Francisco Examiner. are some of the things she says:

ve a great love of death.

ctress must necessarily think some- bout the end of existence, for she is so alled upon to portray it.

n one has begun to think on death re but two ways of acting.

n put our hands to our ears, shut our d run away from the monster.

e we can look calmly into the hollow the death's head and accustom our- o that which must inevitably overtake

ly great actress can dispense with a study of the death agony and all the nd feelings which lead up to the su- homent.

ave succeeded at all as an artist it has cause of this study.

tudy of death is an art by itself, and a fficult art.

painter has living models before him, ere experience is the smallest ele- hich he must take into account.

ees with his eyes. He is not called o see with his soul.

perfectly true that I have slept in a It was a very valuable experience, g so thoroughly taught me the resigna- death as this apparently crude experi-

ffin is the modern symbol. It is a hor- bject, and all our associations of child- have made it stand for death.

leep in a coffin in darkness is almost to

the morning you are surprised to be

e is always a road to death, and one now that road well to get there on the

g my stage-deaths I count Fedora as remely unsatisfactory one.

ardou has not given me enough time to

ve been compelled, therefore, in spite onvictions, to indicate more strongly like the symptoms of poisoning.

f you have noticed me well, you will en that the determination to die is pparent early in the act, and even em- d.

s what an artist must do when the text ufficient for the purpose.

Camille is a great death.

nature of the story happily helped out newhat mediocre talent of the son of as.

e very nature of the story the death is nged one.

dition, I must concede that it is very

w that too well.

ister died just such a death.

any one not an artist conceive the re of playing such a part—acting slow upon the stage?

the highest artistic delight possible to artist, and you can easily see, if you think, that these deaths must neces- e more artistic than those which end ortions. And these latter are mere stics, while such deaths as occur in plays like "Camille" require great knowledge and great art.

I have devoted two of my modest works of art to death.

My painting, "The Young Girl and Death," was drawn from a model, all but the face, and, of course, death.

I cannot paint well. I do not pretend to do so. But my strong sympathy with the subject gave, I believe, the proper expression to that young girl's face.

It is absolute innocence.

Death has her in his grasp, and, happy thing, she does not know it.

My other work—the piece of sculpture, "After the Storm"—is well done.

I am a fair hand at sculpture, and this time, at least, the clay responded to my touch.

An old fisherwoman is sitting with her drowned son in her lap.

His limbs are not rigid. They are disposed as if in sleep.

I have made him as beautiful as I knew how.

This poor boy had a brief struggle with the sea, and all was soon over with him.

As he lies in his mother's lap he is unaware

Herald LOVE MAD. Dec 24 '92

A Victim to a Hopeless Passion for "Divine Sarah."

Madly in love with Sarah Bernhardt to the last, a poor lunatic named Benatre has now been consigned to the grave from the Asylum of Ville-Evrard, says a Paris correspondent. Fifteen years ago Benatre, who had lost a considerable amount of money, obtained a post as supernumerary clerk in the Municipal Savings Bank, which enabled him to live. He was a most assiduous, accurate and exemplary official until after one evening when he went to the Theatre Francais in order to see "Hernani" played, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt filling the role of Dona Sol. He left the playhouse frantically in love with the great actress, and next morning on arriving at his office, instead of preparing for his diurnal work of casting-up figures and balancing accounts, he took out of his desk a large sheet of official note paper and wrote upon it an effusion addressed to the tragedienne. In his best epistolary style Benatre described his passionate love for Dona Sol, and offered her his hand, "with the lawful share of his humble but honorable position." Madame Sarah Bernhardt paid no attention to the first missive of the audacious suitor, but was surprised to receive another and yet another four-page, large size declaration of love, with the offer of hand, heart, and honorable position. Annoyed at last, the actress wrote to Benatre's chief, who was fairly horrified at the state of affairs. Rushing off to the lunatic's desk, the chief found Benatre in the act of inditing his forty-third epistle beginning "Mademoiselle et Grand Artiste." The lover never rallied from the effects of the official scolding, became melancholy and morose, and unable to do any more cipherning. A few weeks after the scene at his desk Benatre was sent to the asylum, where he languished for fifteen years, always in the fixed idea that he would one day become the husband of Dona Sol. The deceased lunatic will now go down to posterity as the "man who fell in love with Sarah Bernhardt."

WHO but remembers fair and fat Marie Colombier, who accompanied Mme. Bernhardt when the French actress first visited the United States? There was not much said of her while she acted in America, but on her return to Europe she wrote some naughty books about Sarah, who promptly horsewhipped her, and on the strength of the notoriety conferred by this performance Colombier floated for a term on the surface of Parisian life. Unluckily for her, Paris is fickle, and Marie was growing old. Ere long her money vanished, her friends forsook her, and a disastrous *finale* to a lively existence appeared imminent. At this juncture Marie formed the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman who turned out to be connected with the springs that give forth the St. Galmier water, the mineral beverage that all France now drinks. The elderly gentleman looked into Marie's eyes, and, in the language of the French, *même jeu* on the part of the lady. A long liaison was the outcome of this exchange of glances, and a little while ago the elderly gentleman passed away. He bequeathed to Marie Colombier a sum of money sufficient to yield an annual income of $12,000, and on this, I am advised, the lady is at present living. To rise from absolute want to so high a pinnacle of prosperity is to undergo an experience seldom vouchsafed to improvident actresses. Thus far, I learn, Mlle. Colombier bears her good fortune tranquilly, and as the principal of the legacy is invested and beyond the legatee's reach, there is a likelihood that her equanimity will be enduring.

1893

THE MEMOIRS

OF

SARAH BARNUM

BY

MARIE COLOMBIER

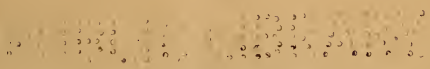
WITH A PREFACE

BY

PAUL BONNETAIN

TRANSLATED UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

FERDINAND C. VALENTINE AND LEIGH H. HUNT



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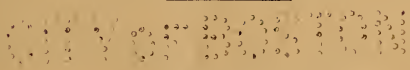

NEW YORK

S. W. GREEN'S SON, PUBLISHER

69 BEEKMAN STREET

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259-265

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By CHAS. M. GREEN.

ALLEN A BROWN
DEC. 17, 1909

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE first copy of the French original of this book arrived in this city at 1 P.M. of January 2, 1884. The first edition of the only English version is placed on the market just thirty hours later. This unprecedented work is due to our editors and their able corps of assistants, who from the beginning to the end of their task did not rest an instant.

The intense interest which the French original called forth in Europe causes us to hope that American readers will be pleased with the work.

S. W. GREEN'S SON.

69 Beekman Street, New York.

AMERICAN EDITORS' PREFACE.

Just twelve hours previous to going to press, Mr. S. W. Green's Son placed this book in our hands for English translation and revision. The facilities of all kinds which he gave without stint, and the able assistance rendered by the fifty-three ladies and gentlemen who were employed to do the work, should be credited with the favor with which the public will receive it.

FERD. C. VALENTINE.
LEIGH H. HUNT.

PREFACE.

DEAR MADAME:

Then, it is decided; although unworthy, as well as not having attained the literary age necessary for such a pontificate, that I must place upon the baptismal font your last little new boon.

The printing you write me waits for the preface by my promise. Promised? Yes, I have promised it beforehand. And to confess all, at the moment when the "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum" only existed in your imagination—at the moment when, shamed by virtuous people, I could look at your flattering request as a simple protestation against the "shameful hypocrisy, and the venonous denunciation of certain of my associates—at the moment, finally, when, appearing natural, I believed in the necessity of the protestations ———

And what better occasion to offer a protest than in a preface? Has not this kind of literature been invented to permit the "*prefacier*" to entertain the public with his little affairs and to shoulder a "puff" upon the back of the preface?

Judge of it rather by this letter, of which, I am sure, you will publish the preamble as well as the end, although actuated by modesty I might appear to suppose the contrary. Without doubt, I have promised; but in good faith, could I not promise? To-day you place me at the foot of the wall, and I must act without wavering. Certainly I am happy to be useful to you in something, and proud to offer you my arm; however, it is not without hesitation that I obey you, and, even I could challenge my own opinion if you should not suppose that, by reason of the hostilities that can be born of this book, it has not required some courage to put my name beneath your own. Consider consequently, I beg you, that my literary baggage is light, that I detest the "pose," that I do not possess the necessary authority to place the name of Barnum upon your door-sill, and, since you believe in the ne-

cessity of an introduction, permit, me after having thanked you for the great honor with which you overwhelm me, to acquit myself as briefly as possible of my task.

Doubtful task! If I should withdraw myself from it without having offended, without having made you question my sympathetic recognition, without having been ridiculed in the exercise of my too new functions, it will be because, in giving me a "carte blanche," you have not calculated with what a quantity of praises I could bombard you, and it will be, above all, because you are the least pretentious of women. And there is nothing less necessary than this statement, in the disguise of an exordium to give me the proper courage. It is such an agreeable duty to speak of our friends' books.

Does one praise them? In a jolly way; wickedly polite.

Are they criticised? Why: do you wish to put me at my ease?

I share with the romancers of two classes—the writers and the amusers. If you will tolerate it, I shall put you among the second, "that will stand quite alone," and I shall have hardly as much good to say of your book; but if you require that, with you, I prove an obstacle, that to my great regret I do not find, I am going to be deucedly troubled with my conscience on the subject of literary honesty. I count upon it.

Here is, consequently, my sincere judgment:

I have read the Memoirs of Sarah Barnum at a single dash, and with a growing pleasure in each page, for you have the spirit of a demon, and your style is ravishing. Your characters have interested me to the end, for, actress beyond everything, you put them so well on the scene that one can see them and hear them speak.

You are a charmer, for your laugh is contagious, and born with the first pages it rolls with full volume to the last.

You are, finally, an artist; for when the conceit takes you to moisten this laughter with a little sentimental tear, you give yourself this pleasure without any trouble, and be it with the shearing of the golden-haired queen, be it with the agony of Cinderella, you make grievous the recital; while keeping good the thread of your story, the most exhilarating satire accompanies it all the time over its joyful road.

Amusing? Yes. And it is among the possibilities of this wicked volume that the most morose will laugh to tears in reading it. But

do not see disdain expressed in this first judgment. It is so difficult to be amusing and so easy to be tiresome; so laborious to unwrinkle the brows of the reader and it costs so little to astonish him in turning suddenly "styliste" by an ingenious imitation of the masters. Believe it, my appreciation has in it nothing disdainful as much as you have confined your efforts to this result—to amuse. Which is not a slender merit, besides, in a time when your petticoated associates could pulverize Schopenhauer, or serve us some paganism with cold cream!

And then, to mistake the wit, that is not only to avow that one is unprovided,—and to agree in his own poverty, even implicitly, would seem still an awkwardness,—it is again to slander one of the jolliest features in the character of our race; it is finally to misconceive the essence even of our language, to insult our national genius. Everything progresses. Everything changes: the wit lives. It is that which puts wings to the idea. What remains of the Encyclopedia? Nothing, neither science nor philosophy; but the wits of the encyclopedists have awakened all their century. Do we not laugh at what amused our fathers? With what joy are not letters and lectures heaped upon every correspondence of the Eighteenth Century that is exhumed, upon all the words that are disinterred. Oh, how much reason you have to be spirituelle in this epoch of "humbugging" and of "slang"! Not one of you, oh know it well! is willing to reproach himself for having spoken a wicked word.

Let them speak: the public will laugh, and perhaps, not to appear ridiculed, even the victims themselves will laugh, like wise husbands. Besides, under the reign of the revolver, when one is also "mal embouche" in the street, in the salons, in the press, as well as in the chamber, when the formula "Break your head" enters into the language, and the act that it designates into the manners, the mind has every right to understand it, and to take its revenge. Heaven preserve me from mistaking the spirit. It consoles as much as it rests, and sometimes it avenges us. Then it is the great lever, the great strength. Your friend Rochefort would not have demolished the Empire if he had not been a man of mind; and I know a marshal of France that portier had not, perhaps, turned out of power; if all the spirituelle people of this time, your other friend Aurelien Scholl at the head, had not pelted him with epigrams which would

drive away our nephews, and which each one would repeat again, when only the people of the institute would know which was the north.

Wit! Why it gives life to our history, and the day is near when the Dorsays will make anecdotes; in the place of stuffing the heads of their young scholars with useless Latin, they will teach them the chronology with the good jokes of sovereigns and our foremost statesmen. Louis XVIII. will be more popular in the classes than M. Grévy: that is all. Moreover, this system is in full vigor already for antiquity. Our bachelors have retained of Plutarch's illustrious men only their sarcastic features. Farther yet in the past we refind the taunts with which the fabulous heroes of the Siege of Troy received that great game cock Menelaus. Such a passage from Homer is as "rich" as a tale by Armand Sylvestre, and it is not Thucydides, this Theirs, that we read again, it is Aristophanes, this Labiche; I do not recall, nor you either, dear Madame, at what epoch Brennus entered Rome, but I know very well that this bold fellow, in dragging out the Senators by their beards, and then bolting them to their chairs, made speeches to them with which his grand-sons souls, just equally irreverent, plague the Senators of to-day, none the less "bolted" as well. It is true still that we do not drag our conscript fathers by their beards, but it is, perhaps, because they have none.

And do not reproach me for this parenthesis. It has its little usefulness—but not for you, perhaps—our veterans seem willingly to believe that we the "Youths" hold ourselves in low esteem with the minds of spiritual people. If the naturalists committed this blunder they would be unworthy of their name, the spirit being in France a product of the soil, a natural flower. It is not this "sweep-net" of a gardener, Henry Céord, who will contradict me. Now—to return to these "Memoirs of Sarah Barnum," the tone of fine humor which has put me in enjoyment, and of which I relish in advance the noisy explosion—is it to be sufficiently exact the rôle of the spiritual and amusing revealer? I do not believe it. There are in these three hundred pages more than simple gayety; more than wit. I find there a very real and very fine observation. Such portraits of your heroine are marvellous to the eye and understanding. Few novelists could succeed so well. You have not pretended to make a work of art, but artists will find in your

work a mine of documents. I have let slip the great word, and I maintain it. Yes, your volume is documentary.

Our great Ed. de Goncourt, in his preface to Faustine, extolled the appeal to the "living remembrance" for the psychological and philosophical studies upon woman. I find, said he, that the books written about women by men fail for lack of feminine collaboration. And he asked of his readers to reveal to him by anonymous confidences "all the unknown femininity grounded in woman, that the husbands and even the lovers passed their life in ignorance of." The master, in a word, wished to make for his contemporary heroines what one makes before writing a book upon a woman of the past, "an appeal to all the holders of the life of this woman, to all the possessors of little pieces of paper, where are found recounted a little of the history of the soul of the dead."

You have read this preface of Edmond de Goncourt, and you have wanted to bring him the "human documents" asked for. That is wit again, for should your book succeed owing to its amusing spirit it would in duty remain on the side of analysis and of proof. Do not be mistaken in the first place with these two words. I intend simply to say that you have labored after nature and without abandoning anything to phantasy. You have simply sprinkled with your wit and lightened by your laugh, the verbal process of things seen, read and heard. What you have listened to, your remembrances, searched for in your drawers full of letters, or asked about from eye-witnesses: you have done right. It requires an enormous courage, and, as art, that seems to me of a superior method. Now let the fools speak, who can regulate everything with a breath, wish at each page to roll your eyes up to the ceiling at the resemblance to your Sarah, and with eyes and nose upon the cornices seek to put a name over the mask of your puppets and over that of the heroine. Artist to the last, you have taken here and there, and from Peter and to Paul, something to build upon for your characters. Only familiarized for a long period in their midst, and knowing even the most secret wrinkles of their mind, the Adams, even the Eves, from whom you subtract the ribs in order to bring forth some heroes who will recall them without being altogether their "sosier," you have created some good people much alike, for which I congratulate you. Your Sarah is one, two, three, five and

ten Sarahs that we have known—known too well. But of what importance since you place her before us so well that one can almost imagine to see her alive and breathing. She makes you think at once of ten stars, and not of one alone, it is true; but one does not ask you for a photograph, and I shall not quibble with you about it, since in borrowing a feature or a gesture from each one of our actual celebrities, you have, as we wish, analyzed and portrayed not Mademoiselle X. nor Madame Z., but *the* star general, social, psychique, and physical, such as make her our manners, our sister, our catch-word. Then, bravo and thanks!

There remains no more for me only to caution you against the replies, evidently stupid, of the different models who have served you. Let the people whose nostrils you have tickled with the shaft of your pen brandish furiously their handkerchief, and labor still. Inasmuch as you are a woman, comedienne and spiritual, you know how to observe and produce. Give us other books and other documents.

It is kindness that I wish for ourselves, in assuring you, dear madame, of my respectful and grateful friendship,

PAUL BONNETAIN.

PARIS, November 28, 1883.

THE

MEMOIRS OF SARAH BARNUM.

I.

FIRST STEPS.

THERE were only four young apprentices in the crowd, but then, too, there were only two policemen on whom to cast admiring glances.

Any Parisian, whether he be young or old, knows very well that the number of apprentice boys, (forming as they do the very life and soul of every crowd,) is in direct proportion to the number of gentlemen in uniform along the sidewalks.

These apprentices belonged to the large printing house of Chaix, which is situated in the neighborhood—young, but already "hard cases," and knowing beyond their years.

The policemen were as usual, fine strapping fellows, grave in demeanor, wearing white trousers, shiny leather boots, very stiff, looking absolutely splendid with the purple lining of their tunic skirts turned back, their gloves *à la Crispin*, their bright *batons*, and in the metallic radiance of their helmets.

Apprentice boys and cavaliers were stationed on this fine summer day of 1862 before the *Comptoir d'Escompte*, and this to the no small astonishment of such citizens as lived beyond the boundaries of the Ninth Police Precinct.

Alongside them were drawn up in file on that frontage, which runs south of the *Conservatoire*, some half dozen private carriages, and about twenty hacks, which extended as far as the Rue Richer.

It was the day for the annual distribution of prizes for comedy

in the musical and dramatic temple, where some three hundred art pupils, of both sexes, come ten months out of the twelve, to try and obtain the ways and means of succeeding in art, or ending their days in the *Maison Dubois*, and this under the guidance of some composer and celebrated professor.

Examination day,—that is to say, a time of regular bustle and preparation.

The old governmental school and the four streets about it were completely topsy-turvy: the Faubourg Poissonière, the Rue Bergère, the Rue du Conservatoire, and the Rue Cécile presented a scene of unusual animation; but the liveliest place of all was in the great court of the building itself.

The families of the young competitors were walking over the yellow gravel, running in and out of the archways, calling one another here and there, and making the common and dull stones resound with noisy and joyous clatter. The mass of the crowd and the greatest noise were at the small door leading to the meeting hall. The crowd was waiting for the examination to be over.

Suddenly there was a stir—a general cry of "Ah," and his Excellency the Ministre des Beaux Arts, escorted by the Director of the establishment, came out, followed by a crowd of high officials, critics and old men, who were neither journalists or politicians, but who were always on hand at first representations, and especially pleased with such shows as the one in question. Everybody rushed to the gate and crowded into the carriages. The policemen, who had remained as impassible as usual, put their clubs in their belts, and as soon as the Ministers moved off, also moved off with much noise and fuss.

Then the apprentice boys chaffed louder, the crowd grew larger and the hackmen tugged round their old nags and proffered their services in stentorian tones. People, in fact, could not make themselves heard. The court was too small for the crowd that came out of the hall. The confusion became greater, but above all might be heard joyous laughter and shrill notes of feminine chatter. The little urchins became more numerous, and elbowed their way among the dense crowd of dark dresses and hats with gay-colored flowers. The families that came from the hall endeavored to press back the groups that had prudently emerged first and who now filled up the court yard. Everyone wanted to be at the door and show their relationship to the candidates for

the prizes. And these candidates, male and female, were just beginning to come out too. The young men were either red as cherries, or else pale, their black coats were ill-fitting and seemed to give them a comical appearance, while there was something constrained in their looks. Their arrival was the occasion of much whispering. The young girls were bolder; in fact, some of them were brazen, pre-occupied only with their dresses, trying to attract attention, craning their necks and making believe they saw nothing. Such names as "Louise! Charlotte! Christine!" were called out, and this fact made the crowd rather hilarious, if not indiscreet—especially the men.

All at once a feminine and very shrill voice uttered, "Sarah!" in such a loud tone that every one looked around.

Then, in the front of the crowd, a very handsome little woman of the Jewish type was seen gesticulating violently and crying loudly to attract the attention of a young girl who was still under the arch.

The little woman held by the hand and pressed to her side two little girls, one of whom seemed ten, the other about seven years of age.

But, hastening too quickly, and stumbling over a lady who was stooping to recover her fan, which had fallen under the feet of the crowd, the surging waves of spectators and competitors became jammed in the doorway unable to advance. The young girl whom they had called "Sarah" remained, like the rest, motionless, fixed to the spot in the crowd. And, during the moment when the human current that was pouring from the hall was motionless the little woman, whose signals never ceased could be distinctly seen.

Very elegant in carriage, shrouded in laces, Madame Barnum, despite her Jewish look, which indeed was softened in profile, by the growing roundness of her cheeks, had the classic physiognomy of the Catholic Virgin. Seeing her clear complexion, her Oriental eyes, following the sinuous lines of her figure and measuring the compact roundness of her lips, one would have called her thirty years of age.

An attentive observer, however, if he had well studied the temples, beneath the powdered down which stretched from the hair to the middle of the cheeks, would have added fifteen years to that superficial estimate. The little woman, to tell the truth,

would have astounded the aforesaid observer. With a more than impertinent air, she held in her left hand a large, gold-mounted eye-glass, and stared with effrontery at every one whose curiosity she divined, while her right hand, made conspicuous by a light glove, continued to gesticulate like the arm of a windmill, and rattled an absurd number of very showy bracelets on her wrist. Suddenly, the human current started and ran more strongly than before. The young girl, whom we have just called Sarah, left the porch in her turn and ran to the little woman.

"Mamma!"

She had thrown herself on her mother's neck and was clasping her with both arms.

But her mother, moving on towards the railing, disengaged herself.

"Stop, you are rumpling my dress."

And she patted the Marie Antoinette scarf, which was thrown loosely over her shoulders, and whose lace border had been crushed under Sarah's weight. The young girl left her mother, remained a moment out of countenance, furious at what might have been seen and heard by her young friends, then she disdainfully shrugged her shoulders like a girl who has had many similar experiences. And, bending towards the two little urchins who were sulkily clinging to their mother's dress, she embraced them in an affected manner, commencing with the elder.

"Good day, Annette; how are you, Reine."

Meanwhile the little woman had called a cab. The driver brought up his vehicle, opened the door and removed the bags of oats which had been fastened to the horses' heads. While he was doing this, Sarah continued looking at the people who rushed out faster and more confusedly. The mother was surprised at this look and immediately began scolding even before entering the cab, where the two children were already quarrelling.

"Ah! you may well devour them with your eyes;" she grumbled. "A fine day this has been; a second prize of comedy and a rank in tragedy. It is fine, this crowd of yours; then besides Mademoiselle kept looking into the air instead of fastening her eyes upon the jury, with whom she could have done as she pleased. That's her style: to show the whites of her eyes! Gaze at the ceiling, my dear, at the ceiling! pose for the Assumption! You shall see whether you will find money in the cornices.

Ah, do you suppose that you can accomplish anything in this way?"

The coachman had finally completed his little preparations. Whip in hand, he remained behind the two women holding the door open. Then they entered. The mother kept scolding, but Sarah, leaning against the coach window nearest the sidewalk, made her no answer. She dreamily contemplated the conservatory. The court became empty and the door of the hall gave passage only to people who were unexpected and not in haste. Upon the top of the monument the setting sun threw a light veil of gold. At the entrance of the left pavilion it lighted up the letters "Musée Bibliothèque," inscribed on a tablet of black marble, and under its falling shower of rays the monotonous melancholy of the old buildings softened into a bright smile. Sarah saw nothing of all this.

From the house from which she was escaping, having completed her studies, she brought neither the bitterness of a regret nor the sweetness of a reminiscence. Her fine indifferent eyes wandered along the stones of the pavement, lost in inward contemplation. When the vehicle shook she did not move, still apparently watching the bare houses.

Her mother still complained, only stopping her reproaches to caress Annette, her favorite, and the cab kept rolling with sluggish movement on its old springs. At first they traversed the Rue Bergère, blocked by trucks, its whole aspect changed by the departure of the studios and shops. At every instant they were forced to slow up. In the Faubourg Montmatre they made a dead halt.

The young girl, however, was in no hurry.

In the mean time she gazed at the crowd jostling one another upon the pavements and causeway, and on the surging tide of vehicles.

She was very much excited.

This noisy Paris, full of life and action, moved her very soul after her day's work. She wished to go and mix in it, to strive with it, to conquer it.

Glowing verses from a portion of the examination sounded a flourish in her ear. Emerging on the boulevards, she saw a crowd surrounding the Colonne Morris, covered with many-colored placards. And, as she recognized some familiar names,

whose syllables, in immense letters, placed on boxes, attracted the eye, she placed herself in a corner of the carriage and persistently continued to regard the top; her eyelids gradually closed, and assuming an indifferent attitude, she dreamed in silence. Still larger placards were before her, and her name was exposed throughout Paris in letters so great that people were dazzled by it, and cried, "Hold, enough!"

A cry from her sister Annette awoke her from her reverie.

"Here we are!" cried the urchin, "this is Saint Roch!"

Two minutes afterward, the coach stopped on the Rue Saint Honore, before a beautiful mansion with a massive and elegant front gate. The coachman was paid, and the family entered.

Sarah walked behind, tapping the balustrade with the handle of her umbrella. On the third floor, a door opens without knocking and a small woman, ruddy and plump, strikingly resembling the mother of the young girl, appeared on the flat.

"Good-morning, Aunt!" they cried out to her. "How kind to have come beforehand!"

Aunt Rosette allowed herself to be embraced, then, while the company were rushing into the apartment, she remained at the entrance, not losing hold of her niece, asking her about her examination. But this was very agreeable. A second prize! Her sister Esther wanted too much. . . . .

She did not finish, Esther was calling her; both entered the hall. This was quite a large room, commanding the street, and which was furnished, at first sight, very elegantly, but when one stopped to examine more closely for a short time, a conglomeration of ill-matched things peculiar to the apartment was seen and dashing ladies, destitute of taste. Much tinsel, a mass of imitation objects, and new furniture which contrasted with that which was so much used, presented a vulgar appearance. Then here and there were unexceptional traces of disorder and slovenliness. The lamps had leaked and had left oily rings upon the piano, upon the centre-table, everywhere; the carpet, the curtains, were soiled; the backs of the sofas showed long contact with well-greased hair. A bottle of "Parfait Amour" perfume was on the mantel, and bits of rubbish everywhere. A ragged corset lay on a table. The other rooms into which the wide open doors allowed a view presented, for the most part, the same aspect of negligent abandonment.

In the mean time Sarah had removed her hat, her mantlet and gloves ; left alone by her mother and sisters, who were undressing, she was arranging her hair before the glass, without listening to her aunt's prattling.

Her face, during this slight task, had not that quaint coquettishness which a girl's eye betrays who is seeking to make herself more attractive, but rather the attentive preoccupation of an artist studying a model and unravelling the idea which he can draw from it.

Large and slender, slim to quite a ridiculous extent, the young female comedian had a strangely characteristic head. The traits were correct and pure, whose lines recalled to mind, but still softened and refined, the Jewish face of the mother. Moreover, one could not have said more concerning the beauty of this face than to affirm its ugliness, something of subterfuge, of malformation disfigured. It was like one of those incomplete heads which one sees at sculptors' workshops. The final model, the last stroke was wanting; but just as one discovers in the incompleteness the ideal which the artist will realize later, the latent growth of a transformation, the slow work of a future budding, is seen under the gracefulness of the vague figure of twelve years. Moreover, her never-to-be-forgotten quaintness did not proceed from this incompleteness. She would move her eyes, those very long, haughty eyes. Their pupils changed their color with the variations of light, with the movements of the face, old looking when the child was dreaming, green as a cat's eye whenever anger contracted her eyelids, dark-blue when she smiled. But one never deceived them. Willingly the young girl lifted them as if to contemplate something on her head. Just then her mother and companions of the conservatory began to reproach her for inattention. During these moments, her pupil was no longer noticed, whose mother-of-pearl whiteness turned blue, placing between the long bending lashes the same moist milky tint as that with which her teeth studded the ruby garnet of her lips. The forehead was narrow and prematurely furrowed.

It would have spoiled the appearance of the whole had not the hair, cunningly rumpled and brought down over the forehead nearly to the eyebrows, concealed her poor homeliness. The fat ear had no rim. The lobe hung down too far. The skin, even unequally tinted, seemed to be grained. As to the feet and hands

they were too chubby and out of proportion to the slimness of the body.

Sarah was busy hiding her forehead under a clever spreading of curls when the bell was rung. Her mother soon appeared on the arm of an old gentleman who was joyously received by the whole household. The young lady herself, after a commanding glance from Madame Barnum, threw herself on the bosom of the newcomer.

The good Monsieur Rigès!

She cajoled him with coaxing manners, through which a tinge of sarcasm occasionally ran. The old man, at the contact of these little hands caressing his soft cheeks, wagged his head, half closed his eyes, throwing on his little friend at the same time burning glances, warmed by desire; his pale and hanging lower lip shook and watered. But he finally let Sarah go, when the youngest girl pulled his sleeve.

She was his god-daughter. He moreover seemed to adore her. He immediately took her upon his knees. "Here you are, my little princess!"

And he stuffed her with the bonbons his pockets were always full of.

Night had fallen. Aunt Rosette, who always made herself useful when visiting her sister, lit the candles of the chandelier. An instant later she announced that dinner was on the table. The family entered the dining room. The mother had taken M. Rigès' arm and the two closed the procession, whispering together.

The Jewess was reproaching the old man. Disagreeable words fell from her lips, but not a wrinkle appeared on her virgin countenance. She called him "dirty old man," and reproached him with deceiving her, that he did not come any more, that he was becoming a miser, that he was forgetting their long "love-affair." The name of Reine was pronounced twice. M. Rigès, out of countenance, his eye completely dull, was continually stammering, "No, Esther, I assure you." . . . .

As they were stopping at the dining-room, to conclude their explanation, Sarah became impatient, sat down and took the cover off the soup-tureen. Then, calling them:

"Say over there, you can quarrel to-morrow; everything is getting cold."

She looked at them without astonishment with her cold eye. In the small dining-room, where the glasses clinked when knocked together by the two girls, the sonorous, harmonious and carressing voice of the young artist was heard in perfect accord with the crystalline vibrations. The party finally sat down to the table.

The theatre was the constant topic; M. Rigès was very moral: "dramatic literature was becoming as disreputable as the other. Honest people would not dare go to the theatre pretty soon, just as they already dared not read a novel." At dessert he blamed the Emperor's indulgence and the toleration of the censor. But when coffee was served children became the subject of the conversation, and he complimented Esther upon the manner in which she brought up hers.

The Jewess, however, was pushing Sarah's elbow. After pretending not to understand, the young girl received a kick under the table with a no less persuasive glance, whereupon she had to get up and kiss their "good friend."

The old man's eyes immediately became as radiant as a half-dead cinder upon which a puff of oxygen is playing. The comedian, awed by the maternal glances fixed upon her, allowed herself to be caressed and concealed her repugnance, though she shivered every time M. Rigès, cold lips were roaming around her neck or were fixed on her fine chin.

Her docility was rewarded by the gift of a bank-note as a recompense of her success at the competition. On this Madame Barnum's face lightened up, but emboldened by this generosity, which he knew to be expected, the old man made Sarah sit on his knees. With his left hand he was holding her waist, with the other he smoothed her dress with a slow and trickling friction, apparently very chaste, which stretching the silk and crushing the high plaits of her dress was feeling her lovingly, and warming himself with the heat which filtered through the silk from this youthful body.

The young girl, apparently resigned, remained silent, but her contracted nostrils and her set lips fully showed her impatience and disgust. She even had to control herself in order not to give a cry and a motion of relief when, at 10 o'clock, M. Rigès concluded to leave her and to go. She was not free yet, however. The door was not closed on the guest when her mother sat down again to the table, took the bank-note from her, commenced a

long discussion. Sarah had cost her so much, she had made this and that sacrifice for her; then, when the enumeration was made, and a long one it was, Esther concluded by declaring that all this being at an end, her daughter must henceforth make her own path in life and take care of herself. The Aunt echoed an approval and the reason she came to Rue Saint Honore was solely to support her mother. And on that evening the two sisters did nothing but question her, and answer briefly, wink and gesticulate almost continually, seemingly having made a plan to settle matters this evening.

"You are pretty, you are talented, you should succeed. In your position a girl always can get support. But you must not be sentimental, and whenever any one tries to do you a good turn, look at the color of his hair and see how old he is. We believe you are grateful; your mother has worked hard enough; you must do all you can for her."

Sarah heard all this with ill-concealed impatience. Finally, when they reproached her in a blunt and cruel manner for not having known enough to get twice as much out of M. Rigès, who would have given two bills instead of one, if she "had only put on a pleasant face," she grew angry.

"Why," she cried, "I cannot mingle with your crowd."

Mother Barnum stood up furious and with a threatening gesture. Aunt Rosette here interposed and the visit ended. Annette and Reine were led out perfectly unconcerned, rolling little bread pills in their fingers, and listened gravely, without saying a word to what their mother and sister were saying. Half an hour later the "small fry" were in bed.

But Sarah did not sleep. Her great eyes, though in darkness, still followed her triumphs in a day dream. Marvellous successes in the theatres and all Paris at her feet. Already she wanted a charming Prince, so that she might prepare for her triumphs. He was to be young, titled, rich, very rich, immensely rich and handsome, for she wanted to satisfy her ambitions; yet at times they were so violent and so fierce that she was fearful of her very self. So she tossed and turned for hours, feverish, with burning skin, and her heart beating at a furious gallop. Where could she find what she wanted?

Plans that could never be realized rose in her mind, and the forms and faces of people whom she had seen here and there—at

the theatre, at concerts, at the races—passed and repassed through her head. Then mechanically, from her elevation and castles in the air, she fell into the depths of memory. She reviewed her whole life, the ups and downs of her mother's life—ups and downs of which she had felt the consequences even when a little child—hours of luxury when she was dressed up like a little princess; hours of gloom, when, dressed up like a little savage, she ate her dry crusts and gathered fagots.

Finally came her entrance into the Versailles convent following the return of fortune to her mother's house. In the convent her mother's friend who took charge of her education made her go and be baptized. This was a victory for the good Sisters, and she, already a sharp little piece, enjoyed immensely their talk so long as she was the "spoiled child" and had a good deal of notice.

One day she was dismissed, because, they said, she corrupted her mates. Here she was astonished for the first time, and revolted against the injustice of life. She had but repeated what she heard at her mother's, and yet they looked upon her as a monster. Little by little, as time went on, she became aware of how strange a being she was, and was horrified at what people said and did before her.

However, she had yet no idea of bettering herself; no one had ever advised her; she was perfectly contented, revelling with delight and perversity in what was vicious. But now, knowing as a matter of form that the fault was that of her family, and recognizing her own irresponsibility, she thought her own mental organism quite to her taste, regretted nothing, and, feeling herself bad by instinct, she became stronger in her conflict with life. Her review of her past life brought her to recent years, to her Conservatoire examination and to her present position. The latter was not joyous. Her mother had explained it to her succinctly: in the future she must work for everybody—her mamma was going to beat a retreat!

Sarah smiled at this idea, that the ever-increasing avarice of M. Rigès would soon bring about a rupture with the Jewess. The old hulks bored her—her, Sarah Barnum; and for four months she gloated internally over the despair of her mother, who forced her always to be gracious to the old fellow,—whose purse often passed into the pockets of "his little friend,"—while inwardly she was mad with jealous rage.

From these thoughts, and with disgust for the present state of affairs, she took refuge once more in the marvellous dreams which she hugged in her fancies. A long interval of silence ensued, lasting several minutes, and she was cradled in imagination. But suddenly a dread fear shook her very vitals. A rattling cab filled the Rue Saint Honore with sounds of ringing iron. The young girl raised herself upon her elbow, glad of the noise and din without. The rattle of the cab grew fainter and fainter, finally died out, and she heard nothing but the faint hum that reached her from the Rue Royale. There all was busy and active, but the macadamized roads smothered the sounds, and the steady roll of carriages sent to her room a little hum that seemed to breathe luxury and hint softly of the rich part of the city.

Then the girl took up her beloved revery, lulled by this echo of Paris, resembling the monotonous hum of an army of wheels running on well-oiled axles.

II.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

THAT evening Sarah was in a frightful temper. In fact all her bright expectations were too cruelly upset. She was returning from the Théâtre Corneille, where she had made her first appearance a few days before, and where her afternoons were now taken up by rehearsals. On coming in she had pitched her hat and gloves together on the drawing-room floor, and threw herself on a sofa.

She was cursing freely. Such a life as this was not to be borne! The stage manager had again just insulted her before every one; no one could bear her. They kept chaffing her about her airs and graces, her make-up, her gait, everything. . . . The women thought her ugly, the men called her skin and bone. Every one charged her with her conceit, her poses, and her bad character. What a barrack that theatre was! After all, the members of the Comédie Française were a pretty lot, all mighty famous people, and in love with themselves! Because they were known and applauded they thought a lot of themselves. They walked "on stilts." But she had before this pulled some of them down—some of them in particular. Because they were put well before the public they all believed they had sprung from Jupiter's thigh. Well, then! As if she did not know their history! It was like that Savard!—a woman who made a good thing of it in more senses than one.

But the delight of taking vengeance, and now of abusing all her enemies, did not satisfy her. The cause of her annoyance was deeper, as it was not mere spite that made her tear to pieces her broad muslin neck-tie with fierce finger-nails. The ill-nature of her comrades and the injustice of the manager would have been nothing to her if her pride as an artist had not bled at the humiliation of her first appearance.

She had had a place in *Iphigenia*, in a part in which she ought to have shone; but people seemed to have set to work to crush

her. She had made her appearance without éclat, and, a thing which maddened her, with only half the press represented there, before an audience of country folks passing through town, and some schoolmasters brought to Paris by some society meeting. And "these jades of the press" had scarcely mentioned the event. Only one, the fat critic Narssey, had given her two lines of notice. Still worse, he used them to heap abuse on her. She had not been to see him, and she thought he was punishing her for it. From that, besides, came the keenest of her regrets. Since she loved the stage, she should have sacrificed all her pride and not have wished to owe everything to her talent, but should have availed herself of every seductive art which, by gaining for her praises and applause, would have exalted her too. Still, this failure was not everything. Undoubtedly she already knew enough of her profession, had enough practical understanding of the stage, to be aware how hard the beginning is, and by what a number of pricks to self-satisfaction the right of appearing in any but very small parts is bought. In her passion for glory, in her mad ambition, she was resigning herself to experience the worst. But her mother tortured her. Every day, or rather twenty times a day, she dinned the same tune into her ears: "How is this? For more than a month you have been engaged, and you have not yet found the means of doing us any good!" . . . .

And then there followed the string of cruel reproaches, of insulting chaff, enough to drive her mad.

In God's name, she asked no more but that no one should pay any regard to her,—not a soul! It was to be feared that she was frightening people away. However, she could not grasp people by their sleeves. No, no; that state of things could not last.

As she kept on shouting more loudly, and in a fury was tearing holes in the repp covering of the old sofa to pull out handfuls of hair with which she was cutting her fingers, her aunt Rosette, who, perfectly calm, had let the storm rage to the bitter end, raised her head and gently interrupted the actress.

"Little one," said she, "it never does the slightest good to cry out, and to throw the handle after the hatchet. You must seek in order to find, and it is not by sprawling on a sofa, which, by the bye, you are ruining—or by tearing up your necktie —when you haven't a farthing to buy a new one—it is not by

doing and saying stupid things that you will succeed. Quails, you see, never fall roasted on the plate. You have to hunt for them, lie in wait, take your opportunities. That's what I do, and I get on all right. You have one of these opportunities this evening. Your mother has just gone to ask for seats at the Variétiés. If she gets them, come with us. The "Variétiés" is much frequented and if you do not cast your net there, you are not smart."

And Aunt Rosette, always pretty, always elegantly dressed, smiled sweetly at herself in the glass, continuing to shuffle her pack of cards.

In the midst of her exultation, and in spite of her eighteen years, Sarah was essentially a practical person, among those in whom baptism had not destroyed the commercial intelligence inherent in her race. She composed herself while listening to this little speech. Rosette seemed to her to speak with the old sagacity, and with her common promptitude of resolution, the young "artiste," appreciating the advice, immediately resolved to follow it.

With two jumps she was in her room. She remained there two hours, embellishing herself, making up her mind to conquer, inventing finery and conceiving irresistible flirtations. When she went out she was radiant.

Upon arriving, Esther ate little, quickly dressed herself the same as her sister, and the children having been put to bed, the three women set out for the Variety.

Sarah could never afterwards remember what had been played on that evening. While her mother and her aunt were seated together behind her in the box, constantly laughing at each joke of Leonie, she, serious, remained in front in a studied attitude, in order to ogle one by one all the men she saw in the hall. She made her choice.

In the mean time the swells in the middle of the orchestra had noticed the strange girl with large, beautiful eyes. Her eccentric head-dress, with its light-colored bonnet emphasizing the yellow, drew forth from the men expressions of cordial approval. Between the acts many little dudes ogled her. Their surprising persistence arose especially from the fact that, recognizing Esther and Rosette, they were angry at themselves at not knowing who the new-comer, their companion, was.

In the mean time, Sarah remained passive, throwing around curious, quiet glances, although they were always cold. During the second act her glances became fixed and her face suddenly relaxed; it seemed as if an emotion, an inward joy, softened her features and expression. She became pretty at once. She had found him.

During the next interval between the acts the same dudes who had ogled her perceived this change.

"Upon my word, she isn't bad at all," said several.

And the opera-glasses were pointed anew. Sarah did not see them. Her large eyes were fastened upon a young man almost under her, in next to the last row. This young man, moreover, eloquently reciprocated her glances; and she suddenly blushing, half smiled, lighting her eyes with the color of old gold. Her heart beat as on the day of her début in the Rue Vivienne; and the music of the orchestra, the actors' songs, the thousand noises in the hall and lobbies, the cries of the venders of opera-glasses and programmes mingled in her head with a feverish and joyful confusion.

At the close, when Esther and Aunt Rosette had taken their cloaks in the vestibule, they did not see her. They went away alone. They had no anxiety; they even smiled, and their smiles meant, "It was not too soon."

When they had reached the Rue Vivienne, Sarah joined them.

"I lost you in the crowd," gasped she, out of breath.

The two women were dying to question her; nevertheless they sacrificed themselves, being happy and reassured by the exultant air of the young girl. Besides, as the latter kept turning around, Rosette cast a stealthy glance behind her, and saw a young man following them about twenty feet away. It was the same one whom she had surprised in the act of looking at Sarah just before in the theatre. In a low voice she quickly communicated her discovery to Esther, but preventing her from looking around. The two women then began to plot how to set the young girl free. They chattered arm in arm, as if forgetful of her presence; they tried to separate themselves from her in the crowd, or even stopped short without warning her. At heart, besides the joy at seeing their pupil set herself to win a man, they felt a thrilling emotion, a rejuvenation of their own beginnings. Still active and buoyant, especially Rosette, in the midst of genteel life, they did not

the less feel the inward and delicious sensations with which the beginnings of a dear pupil fill the heart of tender parents, but they were also veterans outside of the competition in the business which concerned their charge.

They arrived at the end of the Rue St. Honore. The young man, in whom the invitation of Sarah's beautiful eyes had awakened decided enthusiasm, kept his distance, seeming to be an indifferent stroller, and only betraying his infatuation by the frequent lighting of his cigar.

The two sisters, who as they neared the house had gone in advance, entered first very quickly to allow Sarah to exchange a few words with her lover. They were already on the landing when the young girl joined them. That evening, for the first time in many long months, the two women kissed her on retiring.

The mother sighed.

"Well, you are a good girl!"

And Aunt Rosette, really softened, accompanied her niece to the threshold of her room. Meanwhile she came every day to the Rue Saint Honore. That evening she slept there. Unable to contain herself any longer, her eyes bright, all excited by the event, she gave way, and kissing the artist on the forehead, she whispered: "Receive my compliments; you have good taste; that is very well. Meanwhile it is necessary to act carefully." Sarah gave the smile of a sphinx. Then, as her aunt was going, she called her back, seized suddenly with doubts, or wanting to confide. "My good Rose," she murmured, throwing herself on the neck of the matron, "I need your advice. There are two who have noticed me—a young man and an old man. The young man suits me well, but the old man seems to be the richest. He had a carriage at the door, which he sent back, in order to follow me. He would have come as far as here had he not noticed that the other was getting ahead of him. But I have his card, and I will find him again when it suits me. . . . I am in doubt. . . . . Let us see—which one shall I take?" Rosette looked at her niece. The young girl, tender and caressing, had wound her arms round her neck and was kissing her.

The wretch was moved. This romance of the events was making her decidedly younger. She kissed Sarah on the eyes, thought for a moment; then getting nearer to her niece, as if fear-

ing to be overheard by Esther, she let fall in her ears, slowly, with the gravity of an aphorism, the advice which she craved. "Do you see, my dear,—but this between us,—in your place I would prefer the younger one." The young girl burst out laughing, and locked herself up in her room. She was impatient to be alone, and to think over the events of that night. With her scent of the experienced veteran, Rosette was not mistaken. The debutante held a lucky hand, and instinctively she had very cleverly opened the game. Charles Veranne was really a good-looking fellow of thirty, elegant and well-mannered. Lieutenant of a ship, he owed to high connections the favor of being assigned to the Ministry of the Navy in Paris, where, as long as he showed his uniform on stated days at the official receptions, he possessed a liberty which he could use and abuse. Thrown on high life, he gave the style to a world of young *high-livers*, who willingly acknowledged him as chief, with the involuntary deference which the dudes of the time paid to the gay fellows scattered among them.

In that artificial society among the India rubber dolls which he met in the club, in society or in other places, he brought the gist of intelligent insanity, of spiritual corruption, and of original debauchery, which the Grammont Caderousse had, for a while, made the style among the clubmen of the times. He brought, however, better than that—his strength, his real superiority of the man who had labored and suffered. When, with La Barucci, Anna Desloins, Margot Bellangé, and Cora Pearl around him, he was king of the parlors of a stylish drinking house, and wisely directed a high-toned orgie, one could detect under his slang of a vicious and amusing Parisian *gamin*, as well as under his seriousness of a cavalier of the Gardenia officiating with a glass of champagne, the brave and daring officer who had fought courageously, had his complexion bronzed by the suns of all latitudes, and who now met girls with smart words, with the same elegant calmness, the same high bearing, the same ironical and cold intrepidity with which he had met balls and blows. By that trait as much as by his caustic and sharp wit, he was distinguished from the crowd of his companions. Withal, a handsome fellow, of a type which made him physically as well as morally different from his friends. A man to speak truly, whose traits had been refined without losing anything of their correctness and their energy. The

sweetness of his mouth, of a delicate profile, corrected what a too high forehead, too full a nose, nostrils too easily palpitating, put in the bearing of his head, of rude virility and of fierceness. His eyes, blue, deep and large, were full now of deep resolution, and now of tenderness. Short whiskers left the neck uncovered, notwithstanding the then reigning style. His neck showed muscles that projected and indicated strength. His face was that of a sailor, a man of the world; as much at his ease domineering in the Grand Seize of the Café Anglais as at the quarter-deck of his armored ship.

The above observations were made by Sarah the very day following in the small apartments occupied by the officer on the lower floor in the Rue St. Arnaud. For it had not taken them long to come to an understanding. Since the previous night they had met in a gallery of the Palais Royal, fronting on the square, and the young girl hurried there after leaving the theatre. There, after having, in making this short distance, exchanged the hackneyed phrases which are passed between the most intellectual people under similar circumstances, the sailor persuaded his new conquest to step into a carriage and to accompany him.

Did he love Sarah? It seemed so. At any rate, he admired her ardently. To tell the truth, libertine though he was, he experienced the joy of a Columbus discovering a new world. This young girl, who had just barely entered the theatre, captivated him by the strange mingling of corruption and ingenuousness which he found in her. She was that undiscoverable myth which is the dream of the men wearied with pleasure. As to her, although De Veranne as a man pleased her thoroughly, by comparison certainly, she did not love him, being one of those who can never love.

Two hours afterwards, when recalling at the side of this girl the strong passions of his younger years, she loved him still less, experiencing a vague disgust, in which she felt the rancor of having her illusions destroyed. What? was *this* love? And she had preferred this young man to the old and richer one! This unseemly service, did this represent the triumphal dawn, the glorious union of two beings, of which she had dreamed!

Ah! no! Were it not for material profits derived from it, love was not worth to be thought about! And a vague respect, a con-

fused admiration for her mother and her aunt, took possession of her. Often, in those ungrateful hours, when study became unbearable, and filled her heart with a horror of the work which might perhaps prove useless, had she thrown away from her the sheet from which she learned her part, and dreamed with a despising envy of the quiet existence, the comfortable idleness which Esther and Rosette derived from the barter of their kisses. To-day she no more envied them, and ceased to despise them. Unfortunate ones! How dearly they had to pay for their luxury, and how little they could enjoy it, remembering the disheartening caresses which they had to give in return.

However, by degrees she became calm; as Rosette said, she reasoned with herself. Man as against man, De Veranne was the least repugnant of the two which she could have chosen. Thus she thought to herself, in looking at his large blue eyes, which were now as hard as the reflection from the blade of a knife; and yet she could not recover her serenity. The destruction of her illusions seemed to her harder to bear and more cruel than her disgust. Long since expert, and thoroughly acquainted with everything in relation to love affairs, she recalled to her mind the first experiences of her old friends. All had not felt these heart-pangs, which wore heavy upon her at this hour. She remembered having heard them and barely understood them. Most of them had their eyes illumined by intense joy. This had filled their bodies with a fever, and had caused their hearts to beat with ecstasies of which she knew as yet nothing. Then she was seized by anger. Why was she not made the same as such and such of her friends in the Conservatoire, who were taunted because of their drawn eyes, their ungainly and lascivious appearance?

Her experience was incomplete, and a sense of shame came over her. Would she have been weaker if she had just before felt some sort of pleasure in having captured a lover? Then she thought, with her rage of combat, with her passion for success in spite of obstacles, that she had henceforth two aims instead of one: to find in the generosities of man something to provide for her needs and for his demands; then to find a being, man of the world or strolling player, who could caress as she hoped to be caressed. She wanted to be a loved woman like others. For the

moment she had the first; cost what it may she would obtain the second.

When the hour for her departure struck, when Veranne, who had mildly taunted her about her poor dress, gave her to understand the necessity of her metamorphosis from chrysalis to the brilliant butterfly, she consequently played her part as an accomplished comedienne. The young man could believe himself loved for himself only, and to owe to persuasion only the favor which he obtained of making himself loved.

While he alone upon his sofa enjoyed the delights of his good fortune, Sarah, in the corner of the carriage which took her home, reflected upon the event which had just transformed her life. Physically she experienced only a boundless weariness, and the need of refreshment to stimulate her body. Morally she remained cold. She wanted to be sad, to shed tears and lament her lost freedom, like certain heroines of her rôles, with the gestures and tragic airs of condemned Iphigenia. Above all, she suffered from the personal uselessness of her sacrifice. She had played the rôle of a machine! This discouraged her, and caused her to think of the small compensation which she had received for her trouble.

A little real love would have doubled the value of the silky papers that she handled caressingly in her pocket. But no; she had stored up only regrets! Nevertheless, further on, a witticism of Déjazet that was going the rounds of the petty papers of the day came into her head. After all, for a woman it was a proof of superiority only to make people happy at will. Whereupon she drew from her pocket the bank-notes, threw herself into contemplation of their blue vignettes, losing herself in this dilemma—to find out whether by this way of acting money would be very hard to gain, or very easy.

Arrived at the house she threw the greater part of her gains on her mother's table, starting to write to the for some days invisible M. Rigès; and, the desire to satisfy her old enmities provoking her, she cried, "I hope now you will no longer worry me."

The Jewess was indignant. *She* worry her daughter? She wished only her good, and, with her experience of life, she had shown her the road. She was the signalman who puts uncertain travellers in the right way. Young people who are ignorant comprehend anything with difficulty, and you have to repeat

to them, often and loudly, the good advice they will not take at once. This does not hinder us from adoring these little deaf ones, who dream of having their own way.

The conversation, begun in this tone, ended in embraces, Sarah having a heart heavy with her disillusion on love matters, and Esther wishing to know everything. After which Madame Barnum declared that she had suddenly conceived a plan of making existence easy to her—of making her as free as possible. For this purpose that very morning she had hired, in an entirely fresh neighborhood on the Boulevard Malesherbes, a large set of rooms, where Sarah should have a chamber of her own, furnished coquettishly and opening directly on the stairway. The actress should enjoy the pleasures and advantages of an economical family life while having her complete liberty. The artiste was obliged to embrace and thank her dear mamma. At the end of the week the whole caravan folded its tents and went to install itself in its new abode.

This change of residence changed nothing else in the family's way of living. If Sarah went out oftener, the isolation of her room had nothing to do with it, and the secret of her absence was not the less respected, despite the vaunted door opening on the stairway. At breakfast, her sister Annette, encouraged by the mother's preference for herself, twitted her. Or perhaps it was reflections of this kind: "You should put on another cloak. You look cold like one who is frozen."

Sarah laughed in a bilious way, bursting with desire to stifle her sister, and finding her family too large. Her worrying began again. Veranne was not rich, but he was very kind to her. Unhappily, his liberality did not suffice. The house was more than ever insatiable. At every tradesman that clamored—and from morn to eve they followed one another—there were scenes. One day, pushed to extremity, she thought of an old man of the Variétés Theatre who had slipped his card into her hand at the exit. She got as far as the street, but there stopped, seized with fear and disgust. Before the house of the old debauchee there was straw laid to deaden the rumbling of carriages. Doubtless the old beau was dying, and expiating his debauchery of former times. Sarah turned away, her heart in her mouth, without asking after the old man's health.

That very day she was bold enough to ask Veranne to advance

"her month." It made her ill. The sailor was of a savage disposition, having glutted himself with a tremendous steak the night before at his club. Three months previously the Emperor had again paid his debts; he no longer counted on the generosity of an aunt for a legacy. The miserly old woman would be pitiless, and he was lost if he committed any new act of folly. He would be given the command of an imperial yacht—and adieu to Paris! Sarah hardly listened to the end of his doleful tale. She rushed out, making the doors bang. After all, what luck! Charles had just made her lose six months, and had neither taught her to enjoy herself nor enriched her. She had had enough of it!

From the lodging of her lover she descended carelessly to the Tuileries. It was a gloomy, gray day; the garden was almost deserted. She did not notice it; all her reflections were on the need of money, and how once for all to escape her position of inferiority. Soon tired of wandering about the lonely walks, she sat down mechanically, gazing at the ground and absently tracing figures in the sand with her parasol.

The young girl was near the end of the pier, beside the road leading from the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli. Straggling passers-by cast their shadows on the sand she was scratching; clerks hastened to their offices; officers came from the Chancellerie de la Legion d'Honneur or from the War Office; wardens pompously paraded their medal-bedecked breasts, and surveyed what might be going on about them. Now and then a gentleman walked down from the Faubourg St. Germain, and sauntered indifferently through the garden. But Sarah saw nobody, being absorbed in plans as impracticable as they were complicated, and in peevish recriminations. Those "dogs of journalists" insisted on ignoring her. Howattain fortune thus? A thirst for applause haunted her as closely as her thirst for money, and with parched mouth, bowed down in her chair, she thought of the means to satisfy both. Suddenly her eyes, fixed on the ground, perceived the continual passing to and fro of a persistent shadow. She raised her head, and saw a man of elegant figure and aristocratic appearance ogling her with his eye-glass. At first she was angry at being thus stared at. Then, her romantic nature awakening, she thought that perhaps the stranger might be the charming prince of her dreams, the magician whose golden wand was to transform her life. Her countenance changed. Her lips were

wreathed in a wise half-smile; her eyes became engaging. Five minutes afterwards, the unknown had obtained permission to sit beside her, and half an hour later they parted company good friends. The actress exulted. The conquest she had just made was the Prince de Dygne, an odd swell priding himself on his originality in love, and showing his gallantry in every clime. In her pride, Sarah lost her head. She forgot her projects, her Machiavelian plans, all the accomplished coquetries and shynesses by the aid of which she hoped to draw into her net once for all a rich prey. And like a grisette, whom she resembled in this common garden, she yielded at once. Veranne had just announced to her that he was setting out on a journey: she was free. A *convenient* dinner was proposed and accepted, and the promenadress of the Tuileries only left the prince on the following morning at ten. On entering the Boulevard Malesherbes she began to comprehend her want of address. In that way she would never have an earnest lover, or, if she ferreted out one, she would never keep him. Therein was the eternal delusion. De Dygne had treated her as a child, everything in him showing an ardor to which Veranne had not accustomed her; but she, in his company, had only felt the sensations of a being anæsthetized by love. Three or four times a month she met the prince. While in her presence he was gallant and lordly, paying for her society with the most exquisite delicacy. She liked him very much, and that made her very eager to divine in what manner he looked upon their transitory and intermittent relations. But one day all her chagrins, all her delusions, were effaced before a sudden and frightful discovery. As soon as she was certain of this discovery, she ran, all in tears, to the author of her ill. The prince that evening was in a very gay humor: surrounded by friends (especially lady-friends) he was giving a house-warming in his new mansion in the Avenue d'Eylau. On receiving Sarah's card, he immediately went out to meet her in a little room adjacent to the dining-room. A cheerful clatter of dishes, a musical clink of glasses, and bursts of laughter came through the door. The prince, with an animated eye, welcomed his visitress with that politeness common to a man of the world whom a woman can never disturb. He even chaffed her on her sombre appearance and melodramatic toilette. But when the young woman, with gestures which still smacked too much of the Conservatoire, had broached her heavy subject,

the young man, master of himself as he was, could not keep from frowning. He was certainly accustomed to feminine scenes, but this one irritated him, coming from the little sprite of the side-scenes. Besides, it was a disagreeable dessert. One likes to digest in another fashion. Her accusations provoked a burst of laughter from him. Decidedly it was not in the Rue Vivienne, but at the Beaumarchais Theatre, that this little Jewess ought to have been engaged. But she continued recalling the imprecations of her mother and her aunt, and, in spite of her finesse, not observing that she compromised her cause and the success of her venture by acting the lover's parts of Bouchardy.

Finally, the prince could no longer contain himself: his politeness savored of irony and harshness.

"My dear young friend," said he at length, "since you are at the theatre, pray ask Augustine Brohan to guide you with her counsels. That very agreeable lady, when she gives you rules for conduct, will utter one of her witty mots, and say, 'When seated on a bundle of thorns one cannot tell just which one is sticking into him.'"

Thereupon, and with another laugh, he took his departure, excusing himself on the plea that his guests would be growing impatient.

III.

KICKS AND CUFFS

Cuffs and blows, and the frequent annoyances and incessant miseries of the sort which now made Sarah's home intolerable and rendered her existence almost insupportable, did not lessen the anxiety she had to endure in the theatre nor the innumerable vexations she had to put up with.

Among the members in the Rue Vivienne you would have observed a unanimity of opinion on the "Barnum" subject such as the house of Corneille had not often furnished an example of.

Sarah had succeeded in turning her back on the world. Proud and disobliging, she had from the very first offended and shocked the whole company. She had been exacting, and had succeeded in accomplishing this by her pretensions as well as by her tongue. Antipathy to her had succeeded indifference, and ill-will had followed antipathy.

In fine, her manner of publicly dressing out or perhaps of stripping her companions, her mania of telling tales about them, and her habit of putting her finger in the pie on all occasions, in such a way that its contents were squirted in people's faces—in a word, the whole of her proceedings, disgusted her companions and rendered her situation difficult. Taking new reprisals for what she styled injustice or provocation, she finally found that her position was no longer tenable. A final scene which she provoked through her arrogance with Natalie, one of the queens of the house, caused her cup to run over, the manager requesting her to tender her resignation. She had been engaged for a year; he had stood her eight months, and could not tolerate her any longer. Sarah was furious, and resigned, but not before she had relieved her heart by uttering spiteful and childish insults.

"It was likely that she would stay any longer in such a box, in such a barrack!" and she gave it out that it was she who had given notice. However, everybody was cold. The public ignored her,

The newspapers either omitted mention, or, considering the matter of no importance, did not say anything about it, and Madame Barnum despised them all the more for it.

Although she was very desirous of being puffed by the papers, she professed contempt for the people who did the puffing, and on this occasion she exhibited even an insolent contempt.

However, while the newspapers failed her this time, she had made for herself some useful connections with the aid of Veranne and the few familiar friends of the family. She used these connections now, kept besieging the people for weeks, and succeeded, through her perseverance, in entering the Lycée Dramatique, which was then a brilliant theatre managed by Montilly. Sarah accomplished here her first success in the *Père de la Danseuse.*

On this occasion, again, nobody noticed her. The press—shabby monster!—ignored her arrival at the Boulevard, just as it had ignored her departure from the Rue Vivienne. Madame Barnum had a fit of the jaundice in consequence; she attributed this, however, to some other cause. Aunt Rosette now came rarely, since money was scarce in the Boulevard Malesherbes. Not because she had formerly profited by the wealth of the family, but because, being refined, it was repugnant to her to see mother and daughter flinging insults at one another's heads.

The Jewess went so far that Sarah lost her patience. She had fallen out with Veranne, who had left Paris for the time being. The unfortunate woman found herself at this period alone, abandoned and very low. She was thinking of something extraordinary, of some impossible fortune, of something miraculous.

One evening Montilly received a letter on arriving at the Lycée Dramatique, just before the curtain was raised.

It was short; it was one of those notes such as they used to read on the stage in the third act. It commenced with the traditional words "I leave," and it finished with the request, "Pardon a poor girl!"

Montilly cursed and swore at first.

"Did I not tell you she was mad?" he cried to the manager.

The latter philosophically used this for advertising purposes.

For the first time Sarah was talked about in the papers, but it was in an explanatory note sent by the management and inserted upon the fourth page. Nevertheless the actress was not envious; in imagination she lived in Spain!

Why in Spain rather than in Italy, in Belgium, or in England, no one could ever find out, and she herself never knew.

A fortnight after this escapade, Veranne received a disconsolate letter from Madrid—one of those letters which hold out their envelope, just as some people hold out their hats. Veranne forgivingly took pity upon the said hat, which belonged to the Madrid turban species, and an hour later at the club, Halim Pasha having broken the bank, he blindly risked his last five louis. His picture passed eleven times in succession; so on the morrow Sarah received a subsidy.

"If you are not yet an eminent artiste," Veranne said to her, "you are nevertheless quite prominent."

In fact, Sarah was, as always, a little sharp. But this did not call down storms on her, and she began, before taking to bed, a sadly tiresome life of Bohemianism and expedients.

Leaving her creditors the door, she enjoyed delicious repose, the first she had had since leaving the Conservatoire.

Everything went well; accustomed to play minor parts about town as well as on the stage, she now had the pleasure of a fresh and natural creation.

It was in the year 1863, and Russian names were in vogue, so Barnum's baby was called Loris.

"Loris Barnum," repeated Rosette, the learned aunt, "sounds well. It is very euphonious and not common."

The good Rosette had reason beside that for adoring her nephew. He had just cut his first tooth when he was presented with his first plaything, a mechanical theatre. But the baby, who preferred the more natural occupations of his age, did not take to his functions as manager. With his little hands he demolished the actors one after the other, and the theatre, soon empty and abandoned, took refuge in a melancholy obscure corner.

Sarah had hardly regained her feet when she recommenced her adventurous career. She chased after men and engagements with frantic ardor. Veranne, notwithstanding the reconciliation which followed the return from Spain, remained the same. At heart he was a little tired of his lady-love, still generous towards her during the times of his good fortune, but showing her a little less indulgence at the too frequent periods when he had lost money. The comedienne herself became more wilful, egotistical and capricious. Her lover had long ere this perceived her lack of

moral sense, but with his aristocratic and refined nature he could not pardon certain coarse ways of speaking and looking, of which the artiste, in spite of her counsels, could not free herself.

And indeed the officer would have needed the patience of an angel to longer tolerate the pleasant farces with which she at present sought to enliven their friendship. "Farces fit for a common seaman!" said he. She had brought a number of large plants, which Veranne, who believed in the contagiousness of example, advised her to place in her apartment. The delicate child placed the plants in a flower-stand, but so arbitrary was her nature that the plants were forced to yield. They dwindled away.

In the mean time she met one of her former companions in the Conservatoire. At her house Sarah met and recognized George Lanceaux, the son of a rich military contractor. She might then have freed herself finally from her Bohemian entanglements, but, strange creature! she was but imperfectly furnished in her moral nature, and seemed to be condemned forever to mediocrity in her love-affairs. Endowed with talent — a young, ill-balanced talent—comparatively pretty, quite unscrupulous, without any sense, she seemed at first sight most thoroughly armed for all amorous adventures, and destined to succeed as well in public life as on the stage. Unfortunately, these appearances did not long deceive any one who approached her.

Madame Barnum possessed to the full the characteristic of her race—the love of money, but without the skill to obtain it. She presented a mixture of romantic and positivistic ideas—a curious study, willingly imagining, for example, that at the theatre it was sufficient for her to create the smallest rôle to be universally celebrated the next day, and in life to play "the bored" in order to make the millions flow into her coffers.

With men she behaved strangely, astonishing and repulsing some by moneyed extortions which, showing themselves too early, made her look like a girl exacting her wages. It was always before the most sceptical that she made a show of modesty. It was always the sharpest that she tried to persuade she loved. It was thus that, thinking herself clever and hoping to double the sum, she sent back to George Lanceaux the twenty-five louis which he had slipped into her hand two hours after their first "interview." That very day, it is true, finding, on coming home, only a plate of sausages for luncheon, she hied to one of those hos-

pitable houses where passing strangers seek those pleasures taxed by the hour, like the cabs which convey them thither. It was there she was introduced to Sebastian Koll, one of those journalists of whom, in her thirst for advertising, she had dreamed. All Paris has known and knows Sebastian Koll, that man full of heart and wit, who would have invented the monocle, the dog, and the hand-organ if he had not found them in the world when he came into it. The journalist began by chaffing his new acquaintance, and gave utterance to a string of witty teasing that would have driven Villemessant, that enemy of gossip, to distraction. But on that score Koll was very rich, and Sarah kept her temper, in the sweet hope that he would pay her in a good notice for the offer which the journalist made her of a paste to sharpen razors, at the same time inviting her to dinner.

That dinner, in which the cook surpassed the wit, was the real entry of the artiste into the world. She found herself a woman, like La Barucci and the little Pigeonnier whom Veuillot had made famous. As to men, the company was a little mixed. There were the Duke of Arcole; Philippe de Cassa, officer and dramatic author for private theatricals, who was dreaming of the coming of a Republic, so as to act at the Française; the Prince Roubleskoy, the romancer Delayrac, the Duke of Genoa, Pommier the dramatist, the Prince Muray, and some other friends of the Tuileries. If not in social position, then through his stomach, a certain Koege held the first place among them. A strange fellow, that Koege! Usurer by trade, he willingly forgot his Hebrew origin to mix among men of letters. He was towards certain of his contemporaries an ignoble Gobsek; towards others—artists, for example—a good-natured fellow. He loaned to the first at from three to four hundred per cent, to the others at thirty per cent only, making up the difference with good dinners, with flattering hand-shakings, with theatre tickets, with drawings, with gifts of new books and first editions. All men coming from the Imperial Court, like most of the writers of that time, were under obligations to him at different rates. So that, on this occasion, among the invited of the uglier sex there was not one whose note he had not discounted in the course of affairs. Sarah, although in transports of joy at approaching these glories of Court and letters, behaved like a sensible woman. It was to Koege that she threw the glove. The next day they came to a mutual understanding.

She had not as yet confided her conversion to that son of Shem, and the old Jew had guaranteed her a monthly stipend. It would have been misery for the actress—a veritable abyss in which her family doubled their capacity of absorption—if Koege, happy and proud of his conquest, had not presented to her several friends.

Friends, to the Jew, meant clients.

The first was Moulet, a young libertine, an amiable young man to the residents. Then came Lanat, a manufacturer of cognac, deputy to the Legislature from the district of Fine-Champagne. The latter had a reputation foreign to his alcoholic productions. A short time after his election he had been invited to a ball at the Tuileries, and he went—in leather breeches! His servant had told him that the hosts of their majesties wore knee-breeches at soirées! Lanat owed to this innovation—an innovation which, by the way, remained without imitators—a short celebrity, by which the sale of his cognac was materially benefited. It was well before the affair of M. Darimon.

With these three men in hand Barnum ought to have been happy, but it may be in her spite with them she could not feel as before that happiness she so much craved. She had not improved her position, and from that time it became one of necessity—a position she could never get out of. Head-strong and incapable of following advice, the artiste refused to listen to the sage advice of Aunt Rosette, which, if she had followed, would have assured her future.

A lover, she told her, is a lord and master; he is a yoke. You must have none!

And, unable to get any one man of those courting her to support her, she preferred having only friends. Such was the maxim upon which she arranged a plan of existence from which she was never to deviate, and which gave her command of innumerable partners.

In the beginning this worked well enough. But then came the ups and downs. The people got tired after having been amiable dupes. This girl revolted at her most corrupt debaucheries, and only kept them up by the contrast of her own originality. She tried to persuade all of them that they were loved for their own sakes. To the new-comers she said each time, under the languishing effect of the good-night kisses, which saluted the rosy

morning, "You are the first whom I ever loved." But some indelicate beings discovered the trick, and at a supper at Brébant the actress was joked about: That she had made a journalist, not a . . . , but a hard case.

The word was taken up. And still it did not prevent Chalyl-Bey from paying his respects to Sarah, who received him in her accustomed manner.

Chalyl-Bey was the Ambassador from Morocco to Paris, and at this time still possessed a fortune, which, by giving royal entertainments, enabled him to keep up his reputation as a nabob in high life.

In courting the lean comedienne, the original Oriental wished perhaps to protest against the love of his compatriots for the obese Turkish slaves.

Unfortunately, Barnum was not able to utilize his favors, just as she had been unable to take advantage of her former good fortune, although when this generous Turk was presented to her she had been warned.

Twenty-four hours after his first visit, as no jewelry has yet been sent to her by the Ambassador, she loses patience. At once she writes to his Excellency of the fez, tells him of her misery, and receives the same evening . . . . 100 louis. As to Chalyl, he never returned. All her life, Sarah committed the same blunder. In consequence of this, she wished to console herself for the loss of her lovers by passing them over to her sisters in order to modify the charges made against her—charges that by reason of her ferocious egotism she was unable to refute. "But do not let us anticipate events," as George Prodel says. We must return to the continued extravagance of our heroine, and to her persecutors—that is to say, the sheriffs—whom in the course of these memoirs we shall run across at every step.

In spite of the advice of the famous Alexandre Dumas, the comedienne, from the time of her leaving the Lycée Dramatique, had continual love affairs.

Love affairs in fact; the only durable ones Sarah ever contracted!

These affairs commenced in the Boulevard Malesherbes. The partnership worked badly. She was sold out. Her mother cried bitterly, as M. Rigès had just assured her a small annual income. She carried her grief to a house further up the street. As

to Sarah, counting on her guiding star, she broke loose and engaged large apartments, in the Rue Lafayette.

This done, she meditated, when she was alone, on what had happened.

What was to become of her? She possessed for furniture a large bed, the only piece of furniture that was left her by the law. A bed it was. Well, but what would grave economists say? The Useful is not everything, and the poor comedienne passed through a period of idleness.

And then she addressed herself to her friends. She had a great many. She had too many.

To do them justice they quickly responded, and not one arrived with empty hands. One might say it was a picnic of upholsterers. Each one brought a piece of furniture—one a lounge, another a table, another a clock and candles. Lanat presented himself last, towards the evening. On the staircase they heard a well-meaning voice, but very false, trying to sing the "Postilion of Langjumeau," and suddenly the spirit-merchant burst into the salon, and sat down on a curious but familiar seat. He put his foot on the ground before Sarah. "Ella," he cried to the assistants, "you did not think of that guitar without strings. But I was there. The superfluous is *so* necessary."

The mistress of ceremonies was dying of laughter. When she was calmed they paid a visit to the dressing-room. With its furniture of different styles it looked like a bric-a-brac shop. The pieces were immense, and in some of them the seats could not be seen; the place now, at least, was tenantable. They kept their new location very ill, it must be added, for a real daughter of Israel. Barnum was dirty. Her unprovised furniture very soon had a dirty look. Moulet, when he found orange-skins on the sofas and lounges, exclaimed that Moses had been exceedingly far-sighted in introducing a pork-butcher to the people of his race; but the young girl did not become any more careful or clean. And they were full of indulgence for her. They held their sides when they were told that the comedienne put linseed-meal poultices on her stomach on going to bed.

"You understand," said the narrator, "it is very funny there are times when it goes slip-slop." This slip-slop amused the crowd immensely. De Veranne, who from time to time came to spend five minutes in the salon, allowed himself to laugh quietly; and if

Sarah excused herself for her disorder and for her Oriental *laisser faire*, he would say, "No, my poor girl, you are not badly brought up; you are not brought up at all: it is very simple." But in spite of all this, creditors and sheriff's officers would not show pity. The chambermaid, the cook, the nurse of little Loris, did not allow them to enter. Wishing to escape from the crash, Sarah, the day before they were again to seize her, induced the three women to bribe the door-keeper, no one knows how, and to move the contents of the apartments surreptitiously.

They transferred everything to a little cottage at Auteuil; and life at this happy juncture began in the same old way, with the fear of more creditors and the bearers of stamped paper who were scouring Paris for their prey.

Truly, however small were the resources of the fugitive, however discouraged her friends were, she would have been able to get out of her trouble. But gossip and dirt reigned at her home. Now she abandoned her house for two or three days at a time, found that Auteuil was too far, and complained that the cab-men refused to carry her after the theatres closed. She asked for hospitality of each friend. One day, on coming back from one of her trips, she met with a peculiar surprise. Unpaid, and without money to buy food, her servants had disappeared.

The funny part of the trick was that they had profited by the lesson that their mistress had taught them in the Rue Lafayette. They had taken everything; they had cleaned the house! Sarah found only the nurse. She and little Loris had taken refuge with Madame Barnum. The comedienne naturally left her there. As for making a complaint, she did not dare, on account of her creditors, from whom she fled more than ever, and who were still ignorant of her residence in Auteuil.

This incident did not change her life in the least; it only diminished the number of her friends, and hastened her downfall. The artiste was in despair. It was in vain that she tried to make for herself what she called "serious acquaintances." Her nets held but small fish. Sorrow performed this miracle: it made her grow thin. Her lymphatic temperament, overcome by misfortune, gave way. In certain circles, when one was seen drinking a glass of orgeat, he would be asked, laughingly, "Are you, then, one of Sarah's friends?"

IV.

OF THE INFLUENCE OF WANT UPON FAMILY RELATIONS.

We remember having read once, we cannot now tell where, the serio-comic history of a family of the Rue St. Denis, which, spending the summer on the sea-shore, got lost along the cliffs and was surprised by the rising tide. The facetious reporter who related the adventure of these brave *bourgeois* had arranged it in ballad form. He described the frights of this little *prud'hommesque* family group, and ended every stanza with the refrain, "And the sea was always rising!"

As we advance in the history of La Barnum, we are ever haunted by this recollection. There is, in fact, a refrain which we must ourselves have recourse to at the end of every page of these memoirs. It is this: "And want always lasted."

This was not at all surprising, as Sarah invariably failed to be accepted seriously by a permanent lover. Like the slender-waisted bees that she resembled, the poor girl was plundered; but she used to knock the skin off and to bruise her feelers without gathering anything with which to sweeten her miserable existence. As to her hive, it was not with honey that she used to line her cells, but with stamped paper. And so, at this time, her hive was a lodging-house. She did not know where to rest through fear of her creditors. It would have been nothing had she been alone; but Madame—mother, who had lost her jointure, would worry her every day, M. Rigès having played his lady-love the poor trick of dying before he changed the allowance he gave her into a steady income. Life has such hard blows as these. Thus the comedienne in partibus found herself with a nurse upon her hands, with a child, and with the heavy expenses of a family of three persons. Being a fatalist, she still believed in her star, and expected, but with a strong mixture of impatience, the arrival of the nabob who was to make her wealthy. To kill time, she frequented places of vulgar amusement. She was seen at

Cora Pearl's and elsewhere. Still, these relations were of but little use to her. Her notoriety was null; her beauty had nothing attractive, and she did not know how to set it off. She only looked well in a high dress, and did not know it, as she did not know how, when she made up her coiffure, to "underline" the charm of her eyes and mouth. As to her toilet, it was composed of eccentricities, the adoption of which as the fashion afterwards made a fortune, but which at that epoch simply made their creator ridiculous. She looked again for an engagement, tried a thousand fruitless proceedings, and was soon disheartened, tired of being humiliated and refused everywhere. Then it was that, pressed by want, she fell so low as to appear, under a false name, in a fairy piece at the Porte Saint-Martin!

Poorly paid, as one may suppose, she had only consented to this supreme fall in the fallacious hope of fishing out an adorer to match the color of her dress. She played the *Princess Souci*, and, as this part demanded a dress open at the sides, she expected to triumph, thanks to her flesh-colored tights. Alas! a theatrical career is paved with disillusions! La Barnum experienced them most cruelly. Against every expectation, she was detected among the fifty or sixty figurantes as lightly dressed as herself, but only to be laughed at. She moved the risibilities of the good young men of the orchestra when she came on the stage, showing her thin shanks, her clownish knees, in a disguise which underlined the hollows and showed the bones to advantage. As sincere historians, we must acknowledge that Sarah, in the *Princess Souci*, marvellously resembled a peculiar spider. They even talked of inserting for her in the play a "March of Insects." She had not the patience to wait for the execution of this project intended to put her on show, and, having found that such exhibition of her form would always drive away the audience, she gave up the Porte Saint-Martin, after fifteen days of profitless performances.

It was at this moment that she made the acquaintance of Mme. de Sablon. This noble lady had become rich, thanks to her activity; but, charitable by temperament, she still liked to do something for the young friends who were attracted by her amiable manners. As obliging, on the other hand, towards men as she was towards women, she was the providence of young men whose purses had been lightened by races, clubs, and so forth, and who no longer could obtain from selfish or too austere parents the means

of continuing their mode of life. At a time when, with the assistance of science, the longevity of owners of inheritances increased continually, Madame de Sablon could always get for those who, on good security, implored her for loans, the confidence of the clerical attachés of M. Octave Feuillet's theatre.

This amiable little blue cloak, hired out at so much per cent, could not fail to pity the misfortune of *Princess Souci.*

The charitable woman, therefore, took an interest in her welfare. In two visits an understanding was made, and one fine morning the comedienne found herself installed anew in the Boulevard Malesherbes, not far from the maternal residence, in a pretty first-floor elegantly furnished apartment.

La Barnum, in ecstasy, thanked her saviour in petticoats, who did everything decidedly well, for the very same day, at dinner, she introduced to her new friend M. Roger Trimont, a rich manufacturer of champagne, whose conquest the young Jewess immediately made.

A less precarious life then commenced, for our heroine, taught by experience and tired of want, resolved not to allow her prey to escape her. To attain this end what must be done?

Sarah was asking herself this question aloud, two days later, in her little cream-colored satin sitting-room. She had risen and was standing before a mirror, her height seemingly increased by a wrap with an extravagant trail, her physiognomy made tragic by the powder on her cheeks, the strange scaffolding of her hair, and the infatuation of her pale face in the multiplied turns of her muslin cravat with its exaggerated bow; the serpentine and flowing lines of her body, reflected in the mirror, took the fleeting indecision of spectral shadows. She addressed herself, this lean pythoness, like Don Carlos soliloquizing in the fourth act of *Hernani.*

And, like Don Carlos, she received a reply.

As in the antique romance of the "Talking Well," a mysterious voice answered her—"Love!" It was equal to the "Clemency!" of the poet. And, again like Don Carlos, she followed the advice.

Desired to follow would be more correct. Like hell, the first-floor apartment of the Boulevard Malesherbes was paved with good intentions. Sarah's complex and ill-balanced nature must have been stranger than ever at this time, in that she dreamed of being sincere in order to play her character all the better

whilst obeying her friendly oracle. She seriously endeavored to love Trimont, then to believe that she loved him. On looking deeply into the matter, it might be that she was merely obeying her secret and constant desire to taste the real joys so sweet to her friends, and of which ill luck had left her in ignorance.

She worked so arduously at the task, was so far convinced of her loyal attempt, that if she did not really love the amiable champagne-merchant, she was at least capable of persuading him that she admired him.

Sarah resembled one of those boasting men of the south of France who, in the fourth or fifth edition of their lies, suddenly, in the middle of their anecdote, come to believe that they no longer lie, that their story is true, and that they are sufficiently sincere to humiliate the Alceste who hears them.

Was this illusion on the part of our heroine a sign of her pervading talent? Perhaps it was. In any case, only great artists can thus throw themselves into the parts they take.

When Sarah said, "Come! come to me, my Roger!"—when, nestling down in her rocking-chair, her eyes artificially bright, she called the young man to her, stretching forth her arms—when she uttered those three syllables, "My Roger," with all the captivating music of her mellifluous voice, one would have been tempted, on hearing her and considering her leanness, to prescribe for her a treatment of cold water and bromide of potassium.

But no one was there to witness the love-making of the two; and Sarah, who was decidedly destined to remain an imperfect woman, was risking nothing in bestowing her most charming smiles upon the man she was endeavoring to love.

And yet it would be dragging Truth into a pitfall—a pitfall in no way disagreeable to the relater of the story, Dame Truth being very lightly clad — to affirm, as we have just done, the perfect solitude of our heroine during those amorous interviews. In reality, the amelioration of her position, and especially the close neighborhood, had brought her nearer to her family. Madame Barnum was beginning to exact payment for what she had done for her eldest daughter; and Annette, next in age to the artiste—a precocious child who carried her thirteen years as well as her comrades did their sixteen summers—was nearly always at the house of the artiste, whether M. Trimont was there or not.

Peculiar creature, this girl! More precocious than any, as vicious as . . . a few, she was certainly more fully developed, in every sense of the word, than Sarah had been at the same age. This was due less, perhaps, to her inferior education than to the surroundings to which, from her infancy, her mother had accustomed her, for she was the favorite child—than to her recent dancing education in the Rue Richer, where they obtained their first drilling.

She had learned everything except dancing, disliking the hard work, and thinking herself too fully developed to acquire the necessary agility required to be perfect. Reine, her young sister, had continued alone the studies which they had commenced together, and Annette, whom Madame Barnum had never opposed or scolded, had become a regular visitor at Sarah's apartments. She did not trouble herself. Her elder sister, who, if not successful in giving herself that peculiar appearance that leads one on, had not acquired a moral sense. Before the girl she was unconstrained, drying her cheek after Roger's loving kisses with a shamelessness which her infidelity did not palliate. She often kept Annette to dine with her, being frightened at the shadows and loneliness, and sometimes even kept her all night.

For he, naturally grave and serious notwithstanding his youth, was married, and, although held in check-strings, managed to elude them. In order to see his sweetheart of an evening he had to make excuses, or put on somebody else's shoulders the responsibility of his late hours. Madly in love with Sarah Barnum, whose commands were law, she had by degrees convinced him he was loved for himself alone, and enslaved him. He tried every way, with an obstinacy worthy of an Apache Indian, to free himself, to invent a pretext for leaving his wife at the ball, theatre, or evening party, thence to fly to the arms of his dearly beloved, although perhaps she could not devote more than half an hour to him. Often did he call only to find Annette staying with Sarah, the latter expecting no callers. Naturally he did not double his monthly allowance to the actress, and distress reappeared in the house in consequence of the Jewess's disorderly living. Afterwards Madame Barnum, under pretext that she had the nurse and young Loris on her hands, and that her younger daughters were rapidly growing, became insatiable. The everlasting misery reigned again.

Its reappearance worried everybody, and very naturally one

morning the idea struck the tribe to utilize Annette, who, brought up in the way we have just described, was bitterly complaining of remaining idle. The girl was disgusted that her début was so long delayed on account of her youth.

The semi-poverty which again appeared at the house of her mother and sister made her decide to try her luck. She was fourteen years old. But how should she obtain her introduction to the life she wished for? She smirked at those who frequently visited Sarah, but all in vain. Every one feigned not to understand her; they were perhaps scrupulous, or perhaps they feared the consequences of so youthful an infatuation.

Reduced to that, Annette addressed herself to Griffeport, the story-teller, who, so to speak, sent her back to her doll.

The distress becoming very pressing, she walked the street as many foolish girls do.

One day she had the joy of seeing herself followed by Thremer, an old jeweller, very rich, but extremely close, and who by his silly propensities was often led into trouble.

The débutante, being well aware how this had for a time made the Jew very careful, and warned moreover by her previous experience, was very cautious this time not to own her innocence.

But it was not without cruel suffering that the poor girl feigned an experience she had not had.

Like the young and stoical Spartan who, according to a very improbable story, allowed a fox hidden under his dress to gnaw at his vitals rather than confess his theft, she quietly endured the martyrdom, and by her heroic Jewishness succeeded in extorting a salary from the old Don Juan.

This De Sade of jewellers, after ignobly bargaining, gave her five louis.

Her sister's friends had taken an interest in the *gamine*, and loved her greatly. One of them had even tried to put her on the stage, and had her engaged at the Fantaisies, where the débutante was now playing Cerisette in *Carambole;* and it was due to her experience on the stage that she had acquired her unparalleled "cheek." They tried to console her, but her mother, a very practical woman, found something worth more than mere sympathy.

She induced her favorite daughter to send a note to Chalyl-Bey, Sarah's old friend. She only needed to say to the good Turk,

"Come and see me then, Excellency. I play in *Carambole*, and they say I am lovely in it. . . ."

Chalyl came in fact, and found that Annette had not deceived him.

As she played in the first act only, she took her supper after the curtain went down. At the table she amused him so much by her lively and wicked wit, that the Oriental ended by longing for what he had at first accepted only out of curiosity's sake or in idleness.

So much so, that this experienced diplomat, who boasted that he thoroughly knew woman, and all the women, was duped by a mere child.

The little girl wanted to take her revenge for the failure with the jeweller; and in order to do so she persuaded the good Chalyl that he was her first lover.

The *gamine* related her triumph everywhere, as she had related her misfortune. She was exultant.

The young Barnum's enthusiasm subsided when, after three or four interviews, Chalyl slipped out of her hands.

Annette already knew the miseries attendant upon a light purse, which had so reduced her elder sister. She thought Sarah owed her support and counsel according to the laws of nature, and she went to solicit aid from her.

To do this she had to make the acquaintance and conquest of Lanat, the heavy drinker, the man with the skin trousers—the same "dear Roger," manufacturer of Champagne, who had said to the tragedienne "My dear, we will revel in liquor." Lanat, without having broken off his relations with his former friend, had ceased for some time to visit her. A story, perhaps having some basis, may explain his anger. It was due, perhaps, to the fact that the member of the Chamber of Deputies had been the first to perceive in the reverses and failures of La Barnum the contempt she felt for his lymphatic temperament.

The state of Annette's health doubtlessly reassured him, admitting that her rapid convalescence had not completely obliterated the memory of her unfortunate accident, for he immediately declared his love to her.

Too well bred to receive him with disdain, the young girl resisted a little, but so very little that before she knew it she had ample cause to regret it.

How could she, in fact, have found the time to reflect upon the danger of her course? Lanat sufficed for her no more than for her sister, and she gave him assistants, all industrious and charming gentlemen. She met one of them, a rich Cuban, Count Fernanda, at the house of one of Sarah's friends, whom he visited so often that he laid himself open to the suspicion of being the lady's favored lover. Sarah would never have committed the imprudence of leaving one of her friends alone in her room with the Count, but she didn't dream of distrusting the girl, and one day left her alone with the noble foreigner. The innocent child took advantage of this to make an appointment with the Cuban at the house of a friend of hers. One appointment followed another. This went on for months without her confiding friend knowing anything about it, the latter even telling her grateful young friend of her secret conquest. The appointments were so brief, and the gentleman was so reserved in certain places, that her little friend did not yet know who the man was whose caresses she received!

For Annette, as for Sarah, nothing but check-books and a well-filled purse had any value. It was about this time that the new débutante was seized with a ferocious jealousy at seeing Reine, her young sister, developing more and more each day, and becoming beautiful to look upon. The preparatory dancing lessons aided in prematurely forming the young girl. She looked now like a little woman in spite of the exquisite gracefulness of her form—like a little woman with the face of a child. From her mother she inherited an Hebraical purity of countenance, whose classic severity was relieved by her smile and her big eyes—the smile and eyes of M. Rigès. But what enhanced her beauty most was her hair, which was thick, heavy, very long, and of a golden color. As no one ever paid any attention to her, although her dresses lengthened every month, her hair was her only coquetry, lasting her for years. She cared for her locks lovingly; she combed them in a scientific and precocious way; she was proud of them; she adored them.

However, it was not their beauty, it wasn't the grace of the child, which in the Rue Richer, as well as in Sarah's parlor, made the little Reine the favorite and pet of every one. The friends of the house adored her above all for the contrast she formed with her two elder sisters.

Nevertheless she wasn't an angel. Brought up like her sisters, as prematurely steeped in vice as they, the little Reine only differed from them through her happy character and her native fidelity. Always neglected, often maltreated, she had suffered more especially since the death of M. Rigès, a death which made her indeed an orphan.

The bad treatment she had since received from her mother and Annette did not make her any worse than their former antipathy had embittered her. A precocious resignation came to her which softened her graceful ways, brought a pallor to her face, and filled her eyes with a more tender regard. But when, on growing up and becoming a woman without ceasing to be a child, she excited the jealous rage of her sister, the life of the poor little one was made a veritable martyrdom, which the egotistic Sarah did not deign to perceive.

One morning when she was feeling very sad, and when her eyes were red with weeping (her mother having whipped her for no reason at all), Annette suddenly entered the room and found her looking in the glass. The child had left her hair hanging over her shoulders and was softly brushing the golden waves in the sun. Thus, sitting in the light by the window in front of the narrow glass, nearly dark, which reflected the sweet milk-whiteness of her half-naked neck, she was so very beautiful that Annette felt jealousy biting her heart furiously. The actress remained motionless at the entrance of the room, remembering certain hints, certain phrases, from her friends concerning Sarah, especially certain looks which they exchanged. If she were able she would have taken away all Sarah's adorers. Pale with anger, her lips white, the young girl resolved to go to Mother Barnum, of whom she was always the pet child.

Suddenly she threw herself upon Madame Barnum's neck, caressed her, confided to her her fears and despair.

The mother did not think of resisting or of calling her guilty.

"You little savage!" said she, "you annoy me greatly with your long hair. You only think of fixing it instead of going to work. I am going to cut it at once."

Had the ceiling fallen, it would not have had a more crushing effect on the poor little unfortunate. She cried, threw herself at her mother's feet, and asked for mercy.

It was in vain. Annette, impassible, was warming her feet in

front of the fire, now and then looking at her sister with an evil eye.

The scissors glistened. Reine fought and tried to escape.

The matron slapped her face and laid her across her knee before her, gripped her with her feet so that she could not move, and seized her silky hair. The steel bit. It snapped. During five minutes the cutting of curls too thick for the scissors could distinctly be heard. The victim was crying incessantly, kneeling among golden hair which brightened the floor around her.

On her shoulders, caught by the woolly thread of her dark dress, other curls were rolled together in bunches, and it seemed, in looking at these sunny spangles, that the infant, in childish glee, lolled among straw in some attic. When, at the end, the Jewess, rising, moved back a few steps and contemplated her work, Annette also approached, and bantered her, happy to be avenged.

Reine, her strength gone, her spirit broken, was still kneeling. Great tears rolled down her cheeks.

She resembled a poor shorn, shivering lamb whose feet were benumbed from long pressure of the shearer.

Between her sobs her body shook, and so the scissors cut irregularly.

Close-shaven, her head looked like a pair of stairs. She was very near ugliness.

And from that day a terrible life of vexatious humiliations, wounds, and insults began for the wretched Cinderella.

V.

LOVE DOES NOT KILL.

Oh, the terrible things they write about nowadays! Speaking of our heroine's young sisters, we have, in accordance with our promise, anticipated events. Our first chapters have perhaps been premature. We trust our readers will forgive us in consideration of the example we set before evil-doers.

Now it is to Sarah that we come. Three years have passed since she left the Théâtre Corneille. Her ambitions are more definite, without growing less; she knows life, and is sorry to have suffered from men and other things; she is always dreaming of an engagement. But the engagement does not come!

The actress becomes disheartened. Luckily, Providence, which always has a regard for tenacity of purpose, weak or strong, finds at last that the artist-stage had awaited sufficiently long.

Overruling Providence manifests itself usually for small reasons, but produces the grandest effects.

Here is the history of that intervention and the events that produced it.

A certain banker with an aquatic but Spanish name had a love-affair that he wished to get rid of, the lady having fallen in love with a very clever and talented fellow, a future lawyer, who had dissipated his fortune in trying to lead a fast life. Wishing to make himself agreeable to the lady, but not knowing by what supreme and gracious act he could renew their old love, he had the bright inspiration of rendering a service to his successor. To accomplish this it need not be said that he remained anonymous, and that De Chesnel—the lawyer—did not know in what way the windfall came about.

In fact, one morning the director of the Fantaisies found himself announced as director of the Parthénon, a subsidized theatre, and came to propose that Chesnel should be his partner. As might be supposed, the lawyer accepted; Rilley being one of his

friends, he did not doubt at all that the man of the theatre, while asking him to become his associate, merely obeyed the orders of his commander, the financier.

The Parthénon, under this new direction, entered a new era of prosperity. Now it was to Rilley, the incarnation of that Providence to which we alluded a minute ago, that Sarah came and offered her aid.

And this monster of a Rilley had his ears pulled, as it were. The stupid fellow found the artiste too thin. But luckily De Chesnel had a better scent for genius. He foretold the future of the young woman, and insisted that they should engage her, which was done.

La Barnum found herself at the height of her ambition. Understand that they gave her one hundred and fifty francs a month, besides the prospect of playing for years. The essential thing was that she should return to the theatre. As for her own small affairs, they went on pretty well. The management kept up the system with vigor, and the number of those that took part in it ended some days by filling out their own wardrobes,—for the richest of men became misers with him,—so that once in the grooves Sarah at once devised her way of operation.

"What is most curious," said she, "is that the band goes like a single man, and that the eight together make an excellent family. Each one has his day, and never a quarrel! They adore one another; and I think, on my word, that even if I left they would continue to reunite in my salon!"

And she added, "Do you know how I call my club? My menagerie!"

This was doubly right, because amongst the leaders they noticed Messrs. Mouton, Basset, Lebœuf, Renard, and several others with names as much like those of animals, whose station in life we could not, without entirely taking away the picturesque element, describe as we have done for the four preceding ones.

Notwithstanding that the first enthusiasm passed, the actress found her condition too humble, and to Chesnel she said so. "My girl," said he, "do not despair! Play any part. The most essential thing is that you *play*, that every one may always see your name on the posters. The theatre is a public affair. Do like the chocolate manufacturer X——. By reading on all the

walls of Paris that it is the best of all, people become convinced and buy." This then is what Sarah took for her motto, "*Despite Everything.*" And with her natural instinct and connection with theatres she concluded she was an excellent adviser, and persevered to the end. In spite of sceptics, it appears that devotion —that is, the devotion to the art of which we speak—finds sometimes its recompense. The recompense of La Barnum was at the end of eighteen months in a short rôle suiting exactly her nature and well adapted to her physical defects. She created it in the King Œdipus.

This was a real success. Paris did not fall under the weight of her success, but from this date on did justice to the new artiste. At length she knew the joys of a successful actress.

In the mean time she had the good fortune to get on the right side of some of the journalists.

At length the puff so much coveted came. The said puff was not valuable to her self-love alone. Sarah gave private entertainments, which were a means of increasing the number of her admirers. Nevertheless she had to struggle with some of her comrades who were brave enough to try to oppose her recruiting operations.

One evening, while acting at Mme. Millet's with Antoinette, who had obtained a real success at the Gaieté, she noticed a young club man of the name of Terson, who captivated her at once. Our heroine was certainly smitten. Antoinette had remarked this eligible party, and was as anxious as her comrade to make his acquaintance. Very soon the two actresses guessed by their glances that they were rivals, and determined to try hard which could win the prize. The question was who could first secure a presentation to the fortunate young man.

They manœuvred to effect this. At first Antoinette appeared likely to carry the day, but when her companion saw herself on the point of being distanced she conceived a brilliant idea.

She fainted. Terson, of course, made haste to give her his assistance.

In an instant he had taken in his arms the interesting ailing one, and carried the precious but light burden to a sofa in the next room. There he was most prodigal in his attentions. The comedienne, rosy with pleasure at having conquered her rival and satisfied her caprice, opened her beautiful eyes, and very soon recovered,

The next day her saviour took a place in her menagerie.

The story was known at the Parthénon, and all were very much amused with it. Besides, La Barnum trumpeted her good fortunes, and imagined she had more than was actually the case. Even her own stories were more exaggerated in proportion as others made more fuss over the affair. For the falling off began to make itself manifest in spite of the number of the faithful. One of her most amusing inventions was to interest her good friends with the letters which she said were addressed to her by her lovers as rich as they were deeply in love.

In this way she was cruel to many of these unfortunates, who lost their heads and thought about suicide. One of them continued to follow her carriage, and she was afraid of seeing him throw himself under the horses. As she referred so often to this story, they began to believe there must be some truth in it, and resolved to ascertain the fact. One of the party was charged to look into it. He found in reality a man who ran behind Sarah's carriage, gesticulating and crying with all his might. But, deception! this was one unfortunate to whom the comedienne had ordered her door to be shut in his face, and who followed her everywhere, claiming the amount of his bill. The unknown lover was a creditor. How the Parthénon rang with laughter when this was told! But the débutante was not discouraged, more especially as an unhoped-for success suddenly brought her to the front. They gave at a benefit the first representation of an act in verse—"The Voyager," the work of a youth. The celebrated Hagel, charged by the author to create one of the rôles of the piece, asked and obtained that Sarah should play the other part, that of a young Italian troubadour. It happened that this act, a little masterpiece on which no one counted, succeeded marvellously. Next day La Barnum was finally well known in Paris. It is easy to guess her joy. However, this triumph did not satisfy her pride. Her friends little by little began to grow cold, less weary of hearing her say invariably, "You are the second," or "I love only you," than of seeing themselves mocked. Truly, the beautiful one was taking it too easy, drew the long bow too much; and the hosts of the menagerie soured little by little, ceasing to be agreeable to each other, and had some jealous quarrels. That brought disaffection. The discomfort became misery at the lodging of the artiste.

Aunt Rosette, our old acquaintance, had little by little resumed her visits, there, but each time the distresses of her niece rent her heart. Then she lost patience. Sarah truly was charming to her only when she made the morning present of a nicknack or a piece of finery to "her good little aunt." She seldom failed, in the evening, to send and borrow of her five louis, which half of the time she forgot to return. Rosette ended by finding that these presents cost her too dear. She did not abandon her young relative on that account, who would have done quite otherwise in her place? The sons and daughters of Shem have the family instinct, and always press their elbows close together.

But resolving to get "the little one" for once out of trouble, she decided—the heroism of aunts!—to ingratiate herself with her friends and acquaintances in favor of the unhappy girl. Very soon she found her "quite fashionable." At this time the obliging woman lived in the same house with Anna Deslions, whose present protector was Marasky, the richest banker in Odessa, who had made himself a reputation in high society by his generous gifts and his love-affairs.

People told the most fantastic stories about his generous habits, which made the débutantes open their eyes.

Rosette thought if she could harness such a personage to the chariot of her niece she would make a masterly move. This thought had no sooner come to her than she betook herself to the country.

"Just think," said she to Sarah, "a man on Anna's birthday sent her a penny bouquet of violets containing a check for fifty thousand francs!"

The two women at this looked at each other with gleaming eyes.

The success of the comedienne in *Le Voyageur* facilitated matters. Marasky was presented to her, and paid her court. Sarah remained cruel only long enough to allow the banker to become inflamed. Then began an amusing comedy.

First La Barnum made, as she said, a sweeping stroke. The stock company was broken up and the doors of the menagerie opened.

She was eager to get the banker in the toils, to let him believe that he was the only one received, alone loved beyond everything; in short, it suited her purpose to play with him this

comedy of love and disinterestedness, in which this young woman was at her best. However, at the last moment she made an exception for two of her animals—those of Terson. To these she did not shut her doors. After this she commenced to draw around Marasky the tightest of nets.

"O dear angel! how I love you!" And she even refused his presents! Did he think she would sell herself! Ah! the verses of her rôle there at the Parthénon had been made for her. She was the grasshopper, the wandering and tender bard who knows only how to love and to sing.

Marasky looked at her without a laugh from his cold and piercing little eye.

As usual the artiste had entered into the soul of her part, "pinching her bones" occasionally to wake herself up, and asking herself if she did not really like her Russian from telling it him so often. No more than his predecessors did the noble stranger regard Sarah as a woman like the rest. And that enraged the actress. So, a fortnight or three weeks after having cleaned the house out, she came back to her old friends. Her waiting-maid, a sharp little person, rendered her on this occasion a thousand services, helping her escapades, and managing that "Monsieur" should always find "Madame" alone.

Then, besides, the actress had the theatre as a pretext and an asylum. Her box permitted her to receive whomever she saw fit.

Thanks to her, the actors of the house alternated with the managers.

Meanwhile, the Parthénon gave the first representation of "The Natural Child of Mauronde." Our heroine created in it a rôle not without fame. But the success passed away quickly; always fantastic, always aping originality, she soon became tired of the monotony of the theatre.

She had lately invented a new method of rendering herself interesting. It was to make herself the embodiment of the consumptives, a thing which had been abused by an old-fashioned littérateur.

At every moment she fainted from habit, at the end of which she levied real imposts.

Little by little her old friends understood the trick; but with the new-comers, from whom she had not yet levied enough to

tire them, the trick would take. But appetite comes in eating. Sarah tired of having spells only in her own room before the raising of the curtain or between the acts. She resolved, then, one day when Marasky had been, according to her, too mean, to try a great stroke.

That evening it was in the midst of the acting that she became ill. The curtain was lowered, and Angel, who was on the stage with her, rushed to her aid. Stronger yet than De Tirson, the actor seized his comrade, laid her on his extended arms, and thus took her to her room.

Although the actress was aware of her lightness, she admired the muscle of her saviour, and reproached herself on the way for not having noticed it sooner. A tender feeling came to her, when, with her eyes half closed, very pale, fainting, and letting herself go, she was being carried thus. Now she remembered. He was very nice, that Angel, and it was necessary to be, like her, without leisure not to have appreciated that fine fellow. And once in her room, when he had administered the smelling-salts, when she reopened her eyes, she had not the strength, poor thing, to detach her arms, hysterically knotted round the neck of the actor. No, she had not the strength; "that muscle" had killed her will. Angel, without wiping the white powder from his face, embraced her as tightly. Neither Marasky nor the "commanditaires" were aware of the new fancy. At any rate, the artist was exemplarily discreet, outside of his comrades in the Parthénon at least.

It was thus that on a certain evening, when there was no play, burning to meet his adored one; but fearing that a meeting in a stylish restaurant would compromise her, he asked her to supper at the restaurant of "Madrid." Le Bois de Boulogne, on that freezing November, must certainly be less frequented than similar establishments on the Boulevard.

No sooner said than done. Hiring a cab, the Bois is reached. The place is found closed. They knock. One waiter, two waiters —"rari nantes"—appear.

"Madeira? Port? Sherry?"

"No! A room!"

A room, at half-past seven in the evening, five degrees below zero! The two functionaries were in a quandary.

"Go ahead! quick!" exclaimed Angel, helping his companion, all

wrapped up, to leave the carriage. "Between you two fellows you will be well able to serve us a supper. But first make a fire!" And the couple entered a dark passage, full of solitude and neglect, where the past gayeties of by-gone parties had left but dust and sadness on the naked walls. A door opened before them and they found themselves in the customary "buen retiro," with the looking-glass full of names, and the soiled sofa.

By the yellow color of the candle which the waiter was holding, the place vested with a sad horror, it was a melancholy spot, smelling more of mould than of the atrocious remembrance of loves whose ephemerous vulgarity it had sheltered.

The man tried to light the gas, but the burners had not been used for two months, and the dry, half-strangled whistling which those brass mouths gave vent to taint the air, without giving any light. Great shadows projected from the candles fell on the walls, and made of the looking-glass, where their tumultuous battles ended, a dark lake, round which a tarnished varnish bordered the inky darkness. Angel was grumbling.

The waiter, as yet stupefied from surprise, was trying to get the gas burning, and, little by little reminded of his professional duties by his unnatural visit, was mechanically saying, with his nose on the fixtures,

"Pea-soup—bisque—soup à la Crécy—lobster, American style—Bordeaux crawfish."

"Shut up!" exclaimed Sarah. who was up in the classics.

The waiter was unmoved. "Asparagus," he sighed; adding, as if coming out of a dream: "If Madame would have the extreme kindness to lend me a pin, perhaps I could succeed in freeing the burner." The tragedienne handed him a hair-pin. The man opened the narrow opening closed by the dust, applied his candle, and a clear light, lively, yellow, blue, came out, filling the shadows of the room with its warm rays. Then the cold was felt the more by contrast.

"Make a fire immediately! A fire before all!"

It was lighted. Naturally it did not burn. Sarah repeated the words of Cambronne. This made the fire-place no brighter.

"Madame will excuse me," said the waiter, "but no one ever comes here in winter, and the fire-place is only there for ornament any way."

Then he blew the coals, kneeling before the rusty grate, even

pushing his mustache between the bars. Sparks reddened the black mass, and a sharp, thick, and heavy smoke penetrated into the room.

"Then shall we say potage bisque ?"

"Whatever you choose," said Angel, impatiently, who, amply furnished with that caloric peculiar to young people in love, did not feel the cold creeping into his bones. The dinner was frightful. However, the two lovers did not notice this at first, being entirely occupied in wiping their eyes, for they wept and coughed continually, strangled, suffocated, by the victorious smoke. A time came when this was no longer endurable. Sarah, whose fine eyes seemed by reason of weeping to be "bordered with anchovies," following her motto, left and ran to the window, which she opened. The smoke struggled against this invasion of cold air. It became thick, formed itself into an opaque cloud, then gathered about the gas-burner, and finally rose towards the ceiling. Breathing became possible. For a minute this was a keen enjoyment for the two diners. But soon, struck with the cold, the young woman's teeth chattered. Angel rushed to the window and shut it, but the smoke came down again all at once, and the chimney began to belch forth fresh torrents. He was forced to open the window again; then, discouraged, he went and sat down by Sarah's side.

"I shiver, dear love," said the comedienne; "hand me your overcoat."

He obeyed. Then she took from the dish before her a shrimp, which she sucked daintily. At the end of a minute she stopped eating, and again her teeth chattered. Angel, whose love killed his appetite, had meanwhile fallen on his knees and clasped her in his arms.

"Dear angel! dear treasure! do you love me ?" said he.

"How cold I am!" she returned. "You have nothing more to put on me ?"

He took off his jacket and covered her limbs with it. She took another shrimp.

"Do you love me ?" he repeated, still on his knees.

"Do I love you!" and she raised her glass to her lips, but without tasting it she set it down. "On my word, I am freezing, my love! My feet are benumbed."

He took off her shoes and wrapped her ankles in his vest. Then he continued:

"Do you love me truly, really, my Sarah?"

"Can you ask me?"

And she gave a little shiver, ensconced herself in the angle of the wall, and trembled again. He tried to find something which he could still strip from himself, but could find nothing better than to make a collar for her of his arms.

She condescended to smile.

"Then, you mean it, you——"

He did not finish. A sudden attack of sneezing tickled his head and irritated his nostrils.

"God bless you!" piped his companion, discovering a new dish.

But Angel was unwilling to feel the cold which crept into his shoulders and back. Dismayed, stopping his nose with his handkerchief, he remained in shirt-sleeves and in the same place, embracing his adored one beneath his overcoat:

"How madly in love I am!" and the sneezing continued.

Sarah was no longer cold. She kept on eating in good humor, and shaking with a funny laugh whenever Angel sneezed. The poor fellow meanwhile spoke through the nose and shivered with red eyes.

"My Sarah! Atchi. . . . My beautiful Sarah! I adore . . . . Atchi! . . . ."

The comedienne spent an hour at supper. Romeo paid for it by a cold in the head. They kept up their loving talk. Why should she trouble herself? Marasky continued blind and deaf.

The pearl of lovers, this Russian! He believed everything; discussed nothing. Not the shadow of a quarrel with him! She had only to allege the necessity of a visit to her aunt, or a double number of rehearsals, in order to find herself free.

At bottom she would have desired to see him jealous. She even reproached him with not being so, being again seized with her desire to captivate him completely, to inspire a true passion.

"And still I adore you, and still I love you; and you are the only man who has taught me and made me share its ecstasies; the only one who has touched my heart!"

He used to listen, quite calmly, to the music of her voice, to lend himself to her cat-like clinging. But his eye remained cold, or rather lit up with a sudden and fleeting gleam in which she tried

in vain to distinguish a thought; trembling, sometimes, when she believed she discovered there disbelief and irony, or, at other times, radiant when she thought she read there mingled joy and pride.

Now one morning, Marasky, having put down the envelope containing his monthly six hundred louis on the corner of the table, took his hat and his leave.

The same evening, in a note of two lines, he stated that he would come back no more.

Such was the catastrophe. However, astonishment dried up Sarah's fierce despair. Why this flight? She begged an explanation.

Aunt Rosette, sent into the country, returned heart-broken. The banker did not like the "strolling actor," as he called him. He had tolerated other people of his own class, but this prejudiced man refused to share with Angel. La Barnum was crushed: he knew all, then! And he said not a word, the hypocrite! This, then, was what his vague sphinx-like look meant!

But what next?

The inquiry was begun, and well carried on. And the actress learned, to her indescribable astonishment, rage, and despair, that her trusted one, namely her maid, had betrayed her. It was not, moreover, one of those common and ugly acts of treachery common with unpaid or ill-treated servants. It was the involuntary treachery of a worthy girl, but one less . . . hardened than Sarah. She was in love, poor girl, and told her lover all!

And who was the happy man she told? The banker's own body-servant!

The baron every morning used to learn from the zealous but talkative lackey the goings on and movements of Sarah during the previous day.

On what, after all, do the destinies of empires and the fortunes of pretty women hang! If Sarah had taken a maid made of ice, or if the Russian's valet had not been so good-looking, the actress could have carried on her arrangements for a long time. But, alas! no one can foresee the future. The Napoleons have their Grouchy; women their stupid or indiscreet maid, and both meet their Waterloo. However, the former alone abdicate and believe that their star, which is only veiled, is extinguished. Woman, like the Old Guard, never surrenders. Sarah was from this point of view a woman ten times over. So she struggled on,

Her plan was soon made. Being unable to deny them, she saw that her relations with the managers were owing to her want of money, which through delicacy she did not dare to mention to the chosen of her heart.

As to the actor, she said she had been maligned; she would swear he was to her simply a brother in art. This style of defence was easy for her, for Angel had never set foot in her house.

And by Jove, Marasky knew "La Dame aux Camellias." He would pardon in his needy friend infidelities to which she was driven, which left, right in the depth of the heart of the poor girl, her overpowering love whole and pure. Had she not always sung to him her romantic refrain, "You are the first man whom . . . the first man who . . ." (well-known air)? Only, to succeed in winning him back, to make her assertions clear beyond dispute, she had to give the fugitive love some all-convincing proof.

And Sarah poisoned herself! Ah, what an abominable stage-scene that was! How splendidly it was worked! A letter of explanation and farewell—a letter dignified, brief, and towards the signature overflowing with a tenderness to which the traces of tear-drops bore witness—drops from a bunch of violets on the paper ruffled beforehand—sent to Marasky's club at the hour when, every evening, he sat down to play cards. After which the household were sent away, the house set in order, and dressed up as if there was a death; but not a door was bolted. Then the actress put on again her troubadour dress in *Le Voyageur*, let her hair hang down her shoulders, stopped the clocks, lighted all the candles, strewed her couch with camelias and roses, and at last took to her bed. On a table at the head of the bed was a sheet of paper on which she had written this line from her part: "He who follows the birds to heaven, and who passes away."

Below this a trembling hand had traced some words:

"I die loving you; to live without you is to me impossible. I forgive you. Let me be buried with flowers and music."

Then came her signature, the date and the hour. At the side of the paper an enormous flask, the largest the druggist at the corner could find, reflected the pale light of the torches, and its label—a small printed one, evidently taken from a smaller bottle—read thus: "Sydenham's Laudanum." Marasky would not have been a man if, on reading Sarah's letter, he had not naively believed "it had come," and to his great chagrin, nay, even to his despair,

properly feeling a trifle vain, he found time to impart the news to his friends at the club en passant. It had the effect of a train of powder. The comedienne had become a celebrity within six months. The Boulevard echoed her fame, and it was a question whether *Le Chante-clair* should not issue a second edition.

In the mean time, Marasky reaches his victim's house. One, two, then three, five, ten physicians follow him. Marasky begins by imploring them to save her, and then gradually smells a rat, but remains silent, his masculine pride rejoicing at the flattering reputation he will gain by the suicide of the celebrated Florentine singer, the adored star, dead because of love for him. In the mean time, the doctors are doing their utmost. Sarah, who has only swallowed a few drops of laudanum, bravely allows herself to be drugged, and towards three o'clock in the morning the conclave of doctors pronounce her out of danger. Marasky, got rid of —once is not forever!—promises to procure from his ambassador a ribbon for the disciple of Esculapius first on the spot. The other doctors make wry faces, and depart. The pair remain alone.

The next day there was a sensation. The newspapers dwelt only on the suicide of "poor Sarah." On the Exchange business was almost at a standstill, and around the basket was fastened an inscription. *Le Chante-clair* excused itself in its local column for not issuing a supplement, on the ground of an accident to its machinery; and if De Villemessant found that it was "a good one," he would refrain from publishing it in the *Figaro*. In short, it was one of those nine days' wonders that Jarrett and all the other American managers had never yet obtained. Of course the Parthénon was closed.

Marasky was beaming. That morning his valet was more gossipy than usual; the Russian did not visit Sarah again until evening.

However, he hesitated. The comedy was known to him at present: what was he going to do? His eye, in looking at the patient —now really ill from the antidotes she had taken—resumed its cold severity. But the noise about the pretended suicide continuing, he determined to wait before deciding on his course of action. Besides, the actress was charming in her dying rôle, and he would have weakened even if his vanity had not been flattered by the noise of the event of which he was the cause. How endearing, loving, and affectionate she was! He would never find a lady-love like her.

He resolved to wait. Sarah waited also. What! her lover remain cold and sceptical! Having taken all these emetics, was it possible that this mean fellow felt no emotion for her? Why did he not try to hasten her recovery by one of those famous bouquets of violets which in former times he was wont to rain upon Anna Deslions? Ah, well! Anger seized her after discouragement, but her anger was assuaged by the tender dew of the affecting newspaper articles of which she was the subject. Twenty-four hours' confinement in bed was enough. She longed and thought only of her reappearance on the boards.

De Rilly came to tell her that the box-office was besieged, and, pleased at reinstating the Russian in her favor, she arose.

Forty-eight hours after her poisoning, she made her reappearance in *Le Voyageur*. On the fall of the curtain, her head was fairly turned with cheers and applause. She supped with Angel.

Marasky did not forgive her for this speedy return to the stage, which dissipated all his doubts, if any remained, and cut short—too short, in fact—his fame. A despatch from the Russian Embassy altered his plans. Providence had furnished him with the means of revenge.

Two weeks after the recovery of the tragedienne the financier set sail from Marseilles. A letter explained to Sarah the cause of the disappearance of her protector. She found at the same time that the ingrate had left without leaving her a cent, or even paying the rent for the month already commenced.

"No one would treat a cab-driver so shamefully," she cried. "The miserable scamp!"

VI.

RELATING TO THE INFLUENCE OF A FIRE ON THEATRE FIRES, AND ON THOSE OF THE SPECTATORS.

If in these memoirs the historian of Sarah Barnum is compelled to fatally violate the sacred rule of the three unities, there is no reason why he should neglect certain little points in the life of our heroine.

Like boys let loose in a toy-shop, we have among our documents and our souvenirs but the difficulty of choice. Until now we have taken them by the armful, at random, but giving, like the boys just mentioned, the preference to the most showy attractions. Certain episodes have been developed in a manner that people of art will not fail to find exaggerated, but we hope—it costs nothing to hope—that we will be pardoned by the good-natured reader.

It would be the moment now perhaps to make a parenthesis, in order to study certain details, for example, the development of the artistic tastes in our ex-poisoned friend. No one speaks? The parenthesis is opened.

It will be a short one, however.

It was the day after the success of the *Voyageur*. Sarah received a small statuette, which, although it was not a *chef-d'œuvre*, was nevertheless cunning, as a bourgeois would say, "Chat noir style" (name of an inn of Louis XIII.'s time, and also of a comic journal). The said statuette represented the artiste in her romantic costume of a Neapolitan troubadour. It was signed Moulin Mathias. Although Mlle. Barnum found no resemblance to herself, she could do no less than thank the author.

And the tragedienne, instead of simply sending her card, wished to go in person and express to him her gratitude. When it is known that M. Mathias lived on the Boulevard Rochechouart, that is to say, quite a distance from the Odéon, her attention will be considered all the more courteous. This visit to Montmartre

was an event. It is still spoken of at the "Chat noir,"—we mean the Cabaret and not the journal this time,—when Henri Pille is weary of teazing Rollinat under the white eye of that exquisite and original artist whose name is Willete.

In those staid times, to tell the truth, there had never been seen in the studios situated between Le Cirque Fernande and l'Elysée Montmartre other than vulgar models and figurantes, from the Théâtre des Batignolles. Hence, the arrival of the actress of the day produced a sensation.

She was charming, it must be admitted, this comedienne. Already dreaming at this period of harnessing artists to her chariot, she wanted to make a conquest, and consequently had made herself irresistable. Dressed with art, she seemed plump. As original as she was handsome, she was at this time bringing out her house costumes, whose silky nervousness,—pardon the metaphor —and ultra-Parisian cuteness, was soon to revolutionize the feminine toilet and the paintings of the day. But as nature will out, Sarah Barnum spoiled the effect of her costumes and the grace of her demeanor by these words:

"It is I whom you meant to represent, Monsieur. Ah, really! that is sculpture, is it? Well, I will try my hand at it, then; I I will not do worse anyhow!"

From that day forth she became the pupil of Moulen. She had her studio at Les Batignolles.

Let us now return to our heroine whom we left, freed by Marasky, lamenting like Agar driven to the desert.

"Vengeance!" cried she, when she had sufficiently soaked with her tears the bundle of effects at the pawn-shop which for the moment composed her only fortune.

To avenge one's self, one must possess some of that gold wrongly called sinews of war, because we are obliged to fight with all our might to get it, and because, being necessary for the day of battle, it is indispensable in time of peace.

Sarah understood this, and called upon the ancient hostesses of her household whom her pseudo-suicide had brought back. They agreed and she left for Baden.

Received in the land of the Youlette by her friend Pigeonnier, Barnum put herself in search of a handsome young man named Basileus, who was the intimate friend and the compatriot of the runaway banker. To make this foreign gentleman fall in love with her was an easy task. Northerners are warmer-blooded

than people of the South. Some people are unmoved by any warmth; others have incessant need of increasing it.

Basileus had so much of it that he would have frozen any other woman.

But the sweet revenge, although it appeased Sarah, did not enrich her; and, as the intimate friend of Marasky had often informed all Odessa of her good fortune, she dreamed of getting something else out of her trip to Baden.

As it chanced, a great deal was being said about the arrival in that merry abode of certain French princes, who, exiled from their mother country, and therefore dear to the enemies of the imperial rule, went about everywhere carrying all their fortune with them, like the ancient sages.

The actress, who had always liked the navy, chose the old sea-wolf of this royal band, the Prince of J. . .

But, as bad luck would have it, the prince was drawn to Matilda Rohan, an artiste whose inexhaustible wit to-day still feeds a host of men about town.

Thus it was that Sarah could not carry the opposition. Many political allegiances have a similar cause, at which the people are amazed.

Without doubt, in order to forget her repulse, and the other prince being monopolized, the actress commenced a riotous life, which the Kursaal was not the only hotel troubled. They experienced something of it at the Hotel Stephanie, where she brought so noisy a troupe that they had to beg her to leave.

This made a scandal. The culprit knew it, and in order not to confuse her sending back, she set out for France to find a more hospitable caravansary.

It was not brilliant, this return of the troubadour of the traveller. Her expenses were fearful and each day increased them. And no way of running again to her old partners. They were all away at the watering places; Paris was empty. Sarah could no longer do anything but dream. The officers informed her of the sale of her furniture.

Then, one fine morning, the papers published the following:

"Mlle. Sarah Barnum, upon returning yesterday to her home, had the unpleasant surprise of seeing her lodgings invaded by the firemen. In her absence, a fire, whose cause remains unknown, but which is probably to be attributed to the awkwardness of a

servant, had started in the apartments of the actress; and, before help could be organized, had destroyed the furniture.

"The only thing for the firemen to do was to save the other floors and to deluge the charred carpets with water. The damages are placed at a sum of . . . . but are haply covered by the insurance.

"The despair of Miss Barnum at this disaster cannot be expressed."

The next day, the same papers announced that the insurance company refused to pay the policy, it having expired on the day before the disaster. Sarah thus learned that one cannot be too early in renewing a policy.

To heap up misfortune, the owner of the house claimed an indemnity; and, instead of pitying her lot, her creditors were clamoring for their money.

The unfortunate woman took refuge in a lodging-house, and this time lost courage. Without money, worried on every side, her only resource was to telegraph her losses to her friend Pigeonnier, who was still at Baden.

Pigeonnier was deeply grieved. Her luck at play had not been good, but her heart was moved at the idea of what her comrade was suffering, and she unhesitatingly took the train for Paris. Scarcely had she arrived than she hurried to the Mont-de Piété pawned her jewels, and Sarah was saved.

This did not restore her Bohemian gayety, her sneering heedlessness of former times. Impatience possessed her. It was too stupid never to get to the end of her misery, or of a condition of inferior fame perhaps even more intolerable.

The young woman, who, while recognizing talent in no one, tolerated the success of her comrades at their various theatres, felt herself mad with jealousy at seeing the same comrade fortunate in the homage of their admirers. It was not enough that they gained some applause, those friends whom she judged scarcely worthy to act as her substitute; yet they may without trouble attain to that luxury, comfort, that high life, the object of all her vain wishes!

To have so much talent, to be known, to have such beauty and to stop half-way—it was idiotic!

As she meditated on these things, De Chesnel came to cheer her mind.

He loved his boarder deeply, very deeply, this good De Chesnel! At first he was imperious. He called her "his star," reminding her that it was he who had discovered her, and that seeing in her a great artist of the future, he had forced Rilly to engage her.

Then this model manager, grieved at his idol's misfortune, came to offer her a benefit performance, which put her afloat again. He would work up the press and organize a performance such as had never yet been seen.

Of course Sarah accepted, and immediately commenced preparations to get up an unequalled exhibition. De Chesnel, on his part, gave all his attention, ran all over Paris, omitted no steps, and succeeded in issuing a marvellous programme.

The hit of the evening was a piece sung by Ratty, the incomparable singer, who until then had never consented to appear at any benefit performance, and still less to utter her wonderful notes on a dramatic stage.

It was therefore quite an event. The *habitués* of the boulevard were wondering by what charm Sarah had obtained this assistance, a favor no one could have expected to obtain. The story was a simple one:

The diva had married the Marquis of Maulx, who had formerly been one of the silent partners of the comedian, but had quit the menagerie in a cynical manner without paying his share of the expense. The victim of this proceeding had at the time thought of publishing it, just as in clubs: but on further reflection she postponed her revenge.

For her benefit she remembered the debt in good season, and served notice on the marquis to pay the debt, by prevailing on his wife to come and warble at the Parthénon.

The marquis recognized that he was guilty, gave way, and decided his better half; which inspired the following mot to the beneficiary:

"I have made them both sing!"

De Chesnel did not forget a single thing. In order that the creditors might not make any opposition to the receipts, no price was marked on the tickets. Each spectator paid as much as he wanted for them. It was a kind of public subscription.

And the work of selling the tickets began, assisted by an enormous advertisement. Every one was repeating:

"That poor Barnum! The fire left nothing; nothing whatever!"

Sensitive souls even dropped a little tear, and it was decided that the calamity in the Rue Berlioz had devoured a fortune. The tickets were all sold, and very dearly.

A rich Peruvian, Mr. Lope de Vega, took three boxes, for which he gave three thousand francs. Consequently, on the eventful day, not a bracket-seat even was left, and Sarah had pocketed a then unprecedented sum: thirty-three thousand francs!

The performance was splendid. At Ratty's side all the theatrical celebrities appeared, and the heroine of the festival was received with cheers. Her happiness was complete. But what gladdened her heart the most was to see all her former faithful adherents, all her old friends, reunited for this occasion. The good silent partners, full of remorse at the remembrance of the manner in which they had abandoned her, and of their avariciousness, and of pity on seeing the distress of their ex-tamer, fought for seats. The rank and file of this army occupied a large part of the hall; they applauded unanimously like a single man, highly flattered inwardly at the success of their former hostess.

La Barnum amused herself exceedingly at looking at and counting them through the holes in the curtain.

She remarked to a comrade, "They are all there! If they think they are paying their debt they are greatly mistaken! But just look at them! Eh? If I have loads of creditors, I have a still greater number of debtors!"

To which the friend replied,

"An orchestra of rabbits!"

The bad luck was now dispelled, for a time at least. Moreover, Sarah had made a fine capture.

The banker Jacques Consterney declared himself to be her adorer, and the comedian had engaged in the Rue d'Italie a fine apartment, prudently hired in the name of her second aunt. She would now be able to quit her furnished rooms!

Yet if she had been less forgetful, less haunted by ambitious dreams, she would have regretted a little this humble abode, because, after the first moment of vexation was past, the Bohemian girl had past some merry hours there.

Angel, though, did not forget. And for a good reason. One of the most interesting remembrances he took away was this:

The banker Consterney, afraid of Barnum's appetite and of the projects she was making for her installation in the Rue d'Italie,

had felt his Jewish instincts cooling his love. His heart had softened. He would wait, thought he, to penetrate into the heart of the citadel and to establish himself there until the benefit performance had taken place, because its receipts, employed by the artiste for her fancies, would lighten by that much the expenses he would have to meet, and which he expected would be very heavy.

But the cunning fly divined his plan, and, wishing to have the banker bound hand and foot, she carried him to that one of her friends who had rendered her the greatest service—that is to her and her friends—naturally, her lord and master, the Duke Niño Fernandez, rich hidalgo and diplomatist. After this she employed with the banker ordinary stratagems, pretended to sacrifice the duke—and the worn-out man of business yielded.

Some days were yet to elapse, and during that time the Spaniard came every evening to present his homage to Sarah. Unfortunately the affair moved a trifle slowly, and the poor Angel was growing desperate. During the visits of the diplomat he remained silent, impatient, and mortified, in the little room near by where slept Reine, who more and more abused at her mother's house, had taken refuge with her elder sister. The retreat had for furniture only one bed, and the poor boy was obliged to sleep standing.

One night that he was there, and tired with standing had seated himself on the foot of the cot and hardly dared breathe, poor little Reine, head leaning on shoulder, profited by the moonlight and regarded the young man, not without pleasure. He did not notice it, furious at waiting longer than usual.

Time flew without Sarah appearing. What was she doing? Would the duke never leave her? Still she was cunning enough to get rid of him quickly, if she would give herself the trouble! He raged.

Minute followed minute, hour followed hour, and yet the door remained closed. They did not hear the duke go, and never did. Reine ceased looking at her companion.

A noise of chairs moved and shutting of doors soon reached the ante-room, but the prisoner was afraid, and remained motionless, Sarah having ordered him to wait until she called him.

The little maid herself failed to understand.

"It is odd!" she chuckled.

"Yes, very funny indeed," growled the comedian.

Then, as three o'clock struck, Reine yielded to pity.

"It is not possible," said she; "something must have happened. Would you like to have me go and see? I will make some excuse to go in—say that I am thirsty, and can find neither matches nor water pitcher"—

He consented, quite happy.

And she got up, blushing to be seen *en dishabille* by this handsome fellow, whose eyes troubled her. Quickly she glided into her sister's room: "Sarah! say, Sarah! have you any matches in your room?"

Sarah did not answer; the room was black as an oven.

The little maid was afraid, then, becoming courageous, she went to the bed, feeling her way, found her sister's body under the bedclothes and touched her.

"How? What? What's the matter?"

And the comedienne awaked, threw off the clothes, took a box from the table, and struck a match.

Reine uttered a cry. The glare blinded her.

"Well, what is the matter with you?" said the Barnum. "Go to bed at once. You might have come in without awakening me." She made her a place beside her in the bed.

But the young girl, speechless, stupefied, remained motionless.

"And the duke?" she stammered.

"The duke? the duke? You thought that he was here yet? No indeed! He cleared out three hours ago. Come, hop in, go to bed and let me put out the light!"

The young girl uttered a new cry—of indignation this time. "And Angel?"

Sarah jumped like a fish: "Ah! how good she is! how good she is!"

Then she began to laugh wildly, rolling over in bed in a fit of gayety which seemed as if it would never finish. And when she could speak, panting still from her laugh—"Oh, how good she is!" she cried; "I had forgotten."

Her fit of mirth became stronger than ever. She was laughing still at the forgotten, disconcerted Angel; she laughed, not able to do anything else.

And during this time, Reine returned to her little bed, hid her head in the pillows, thinking how handsome Angel was, how she

loved him, and how he was her sister's—her sister's, who, having the happiness of possessing him, forgot him!

We come now to a calmer period of our heroine's life. Installed in the Rue d'Italie, but not in the luxury that with her comrades she always dreamed of and longed for, the tragic actress remained the same fantastic creature, selfish, proud, and cold. More than ever thirsting for notoriety, she continually begs for it with persistent ardor. For all she has caprices, but she is satisfied with none. Strangely complex in nature she is judged in ten different ways; she does not even know herself well. A continual uneasiness, due less to her whims than to her want of order, renders her disposition more capricious than ever. She is coldly corrupt, vicious by habit, naughty by liking, eager for gain by instinct, sensational through idleness and a wish to throw dust in every one's eyes, envious by temperament, but she is still an artist, and, loving nothing in the world, she adores her profession. Finally, to paint her as she is at this time, she is an artificial woman, a clear-headed, very clear-headed, creature; and the striking trait of her character is her joyous scepticism. She don't care a snap for anything. Without taking thought about it, she derives that power from her cool contempt of men and things. She rails at whoever approaches, and her raillery is terrible, sparing friends as little as enemies—perhaps less. She quarrels with the whole world, but is so charming, so entrancing, that her house is never empty; she is praised to the skies as well as detested; and her fierce egotism, her bad tricks, which ought to ruin her, make her dangerous, hence powerful.

Jealousy, of all bad feminine feelings, was the most deeply seated with her. She proved herself jealous of all her comrades—jealous even of her sisters.

Some time after her benefit performance she met at the house of a friend that rich Peruvian, Lope de Vega, who had paid three thousand francs for three boxes.

This exotic millionaire was commonly called "The man who was shot." He owed this nickname to a scar to be seen on his forehead, supposed to have been made by a ball from a revolver. This gentleman was a great gambler, and one day, it is said, a better, who found his display of eights and nines at baccarat too common had thus marked him—in order to know him in future in all the gambling hells.

We need not say that this affair, the authenticity of which was not, and is not yet, well established, took place on the other side of the Atlantic.

"The man who was shot" used to visit the Barnums, saw Reine there, was pleased by her, and wanted to gain her affection. The young girl was then fourteen or fifteen years of age, and though corrupted at bottom by the examples which had always surrounded her, had yet remained loving and kind, charming, too. The Spanish-American dreamed of being the first lover of the charming child.

Sarah actually jumped up and down in her mad jealousy. She would willingly have strangled Lope, who between the famous actress and the child chose the latter, when by a stroke of the pen he might have enriched the other, and have got out of it at least notoriety.

And, in her wrath, she threw her sister into the arms of Charisson, a man of the world, outside "society," a brute, moreover. Terrible tales were told about this man. It was this Tunisian of the Champs-Elysées who got hold of the poor little darling; it was this person of indescribable manners who captivated the poor little Reine!

Her bright sunny locks had grown again, longer and silkier, but never again would flower the bud Illusion, that in the days of her most deathly sadness Cinderella had believed she would see come forth on that dunghill which had always been for her, Life.

Having quarrelled with her mother, no longer being able to stay under her sister's roof, the young girl, only fifteen years of age, but whom grief rather than the precocity of her race had already made a woman, fled with her few poor possessions.

A furnished room in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins housed this insulted child, this crushed heart, this poor soul without a conscience. What could she do but weep bitterly as others had done before her? The ignoble Charisson had not paid her for being the slaughtered lamb, but now free, she would doubtlessly be happier. Had not her sisters succeeded? Had not Jeanne found at her age the means of subsisting?

Necessity, as well as that absence of all moral feeling which characterized all the Barnums, did not admit of hesitation. And she tried it, her pretty face, pale from suffering, not sensible to a blush. Poor little one! She did what she had been taught to do.

A day came when, desperate, dying of hunger, she gave up the struggle. Her little heart broke; she sobbed continually; then the reaction, a gloomy resignation, came. She wished to make an end of her sorrows, to go far away to see if there wasn't a world where little girls could be happy, never receive any more kicks and insults; where they could play in big gardens with comrades with angels' eyes who would embrace their little friends, without insulting them or doing them harm. Life was too sad; it were far better to be dead! She bought a pistol, laid herself down on the bed wet with her tears, unbuttoned her corsage and sought the place where her heart was. Her hand shook, and across the little Childish form the weapon fell, its cold contact making her tremble. She shuddered, tried to think, before firing, to whom she should address a mental farewell, and not knowing of any one, her sobs burst out afresh. Her flesh recoiled, instinctively clinging to life; a natural fear overcame her. She began to consider, covering her face with her hands, as in the days when her mother caught her in her uplifted arms—then pressed the trigger.

At the sound of the pistol the neighbors ran in. Happily Cinderella wasn't dead. The ball, badly aimed, had deviated, and passed above her shoulder into her left hand.

Sarah was notified. This attempt at suicide having created some noise among her associates, she took her sister once more to her house. Self-love and kindness combined, soon cured little Reine.

Two days after no one in the Rue d'Italie thought any more of the affair, Sarah least of all. They had other things to think of, if it was only to laugh. For they led a gay life. The Barnum was no longer the young girl of the preceding chapters, so easy to beat. Sneering at everything, she was even more of an actress off than on the stage. Her guests were her victims; we won't say anything of her regular followers.

Nevertheless Jacques Consterney remained faithful to her, consoling himself with making no answer when she tapped him on the cheeks, exclaiming in her rich, harmonious voice:

"Who is Sarah's darling?—Jacquot!"

This had no effect upon the banker, who remained obdurate as regards money.

Having given two hundred louis monthly for board, he declined

to give any more. This gave the imagination of the actress full play. She composed a part and played it admirably. Her last creation was that of a consumptive in the last stages. Up till then she only had fainting fits, feigned indispositions, simulating every form of disease, without any positive illness. Jacquot remaining obdurate, she went further. One day, a friend of hers, coming to pay her a visit, found her stretched on her back on a sofa. The Barnum was shivering, and held a handkerchief spotted with blood to her lips. Near her sat Consterney trying to console her, but her contracted face showed that the banker for once did not belie his name. The new-comer was, like him, astonished at the scene before her. "Good heavens! What ails you?" she ejaculated in her terror. "What's the matter?" "I am lost," sighed Sarah in a feeble voice like a mere breath. "Look—see." She extended her bloody handkerchief with a gesture like Camille.

The banker tried to console her once more, promising to pay the debt which tormented her. Then he left, the illness of his charmer not being able to make him forget his business at the Stock Exchange.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than the following transformation took place: the Barnum gathered herself up as if on springs, jumped up in the air, quivered like crape beneath a pall, and fell—this time forward instead of backward. And she laughed! and she laughed! and her eternal "Oh! what a good one!" only interrupted those laughing spells.

"Will you explain this to me?" said her astonished friend.

"Look here!" said the actress; and she then showed her in the middle of the ball which her handkerchief formed a fine pin with which she was cutting her gums. "You see," she added, "it is very simple. You draw your breath so, and in a few moments there is enough blood in the mouth to spit into the handkerchief. It is not very hard!" and her laugh sounded sharper. However, to own up, for his stupidity Consterney deserved to be fooled thus. He was "useful." One afternoon, when he was making an eternal stay, Sarah, who was burning to be at liberty, whispered in the ear of a comrade seated at her side, "You shall see how I will get rid of him." On this she turned towards the banker and says. "Say, Jack, aren't you soon going to break up camp?"

"Are you then in a hurry to see me go?" answered the banker. "What have I done?"

"Oh! nothing, my darling, only I have an engagement. I fancy I ought to have started an hour ago! There, you are stroking your whiskers, making me lose my time, and you don't have suspicion that there is at this moment in a cab, at the corner of the Boulevard Haussman, a fine young fellow who adores me, and is waiting for me. And what if he lost patience? If he is gone? And I am dying to embrace him! Go, Jack, go quick. Here I am with my hat and gloves on."

Consterney rose, laughing heartily. He kissed the hands of his sybil, and saluted his friend, saying: "What a funny girl, eh?" and he winked, pointing to Sarah with the heavy laugh of a happy man. He then went. Meanwhile the friend, won over by the gayety of that contented lover, was laughing heartily.

But the actress took her by the hand:

"Come on quick!"

She pulled her outside. At the corner of the boulevard she showed her a cab, at the door of which was the fine young fellow she had mentioned, Charles Rochey, who was making signs to her. "Well," exclaimed the artist, "have I lied?" Every day it was a story just as funny. The constant stream of friends, of courtiers, furnished the actress a thousand pretexts for foolishness, at which the victims laughed, but less heartily than Consterney. Sarah wanted a target, and she wanted one every fifteen minutes. The last one invited, on his departure from the parlor, always seemed the most unwelcome, Barnum, who accompanied him, going so far as to make faces behind his back, making believe to kick him. As to the others, when their turn came, they suffered more, and one after the other provided fun to the others after having had theirs. On certain evenings none dared to go, thinking of the fun which would follow his departure.

And then it was the theatre which more than all fed the wicked vein of Sarah. She held there by her noise, more than by her success, an enormous place, very little in keeping with her thin person, and she was ever recurring to it in her conversation, and in her current life. As all true artists, she loved it for its own sake; for the ugliness of its under life, for the vulgarity behind the scenes, as much as for the brightness of her triumph. She brought the theatre everywhere. It was the style, towards

the end of the empire, for private performances, for improvised scenes, for a universal capering. When Sarah was not engaged by the "Parthénon" she was almost always invited to come and recite poetry or play the "Traveller" in parlors. These performances before these stiff and select audiences did not give her any less fun than the others. One of them was marked by a comical event which amused people for a long time.

It was at Arsène Houssaye's, the ex-director of the "Comédie Française," a man of wit and a fine writer, who, from painting and lovingly studying his dear eighteenth century, has resuscitated from it the exquisite politeness, the gossip as elegant as witty and has made young again the powdered grace of that incomparable time. Sarah, late as usual, quickly dons her costume of a Neapolitan troubadour, and takes a cab with her friend Pigeonnier, the Sylvia of the "Traveller."

The two artists arrive, come on the scene each in her turn, and hardly reunited in exchanging their answers, signify to each other by looks, their surprise; the audience in the first rows laugh quietly, laugh while they clap behind their fans, their handkerchiefs, the discreet laugh of fashionable people; but they laugh. Sarah gets mad, her pride revolts, she bites her lips, she frowns. But pretty soon it is the audience's turn to get irritated, for now it is the troubadour who is laughing and none the less quietly on account of her rôle. Sylvie does not understand it any more. Is it that her dear friend, profiting by the want of a prompter, wishes to cause her a lapse of memory? She watches herself, and succeeds in not spoiling her effects and her answers; but once in the parlor set apart as "behind the scenes," she takes Barnum severely to task.

The latter, whom nothing restrains any longer, laughs harder, very much at her ease, and at last says to her astonished comrade:

"Look here!"

She shows her left leg. Horror! She dressed herself in too great a hurry, put out of place by the shakings of the cab, the false calf got turned and spread its rotundity on the front of her leg.

The actress has the appearance of having a swelling of the tibia.

"You understand," she says, in her cunning way, which mocks everything, "the ridiculous situation, when I saw all those people laughing, I took advantage of your monologue to follow the

direction of their looks, and find out what amused them so much. I lowered my eyes, and I spied that! For a time I could hardly keep serious. A little more, and I would have burst out on the stage. I was choking not to be able to laugh as I wanted to." And with her two hands she put back into its place the fractuous false calf which gave her something like a leg. "And though I always wear them," she added, "it did not prevent their making fun of my poor marrowbones. What would it be if it were not for my false calves?"

At that time Sarah spoke willingly of her lankness. Her artistic studies, which we mentioned further back, had not yet developed in her the feeling of plastic beauty. So, in her apartment in the Rue d'Italie, her cronies had free admittance to her dressing-room, and surprised her in all apparels, and even without any apparel, without her taking umbrage. She had the pride of being taken for what she was, and in her jealous disdain of other women, she affected a great disdain for the mystery with which they surrounded their toilet. Also, to tell everything, in her perfect vanity she believed herself, even physically, a being incomparably perfect, undeniably superior. At the theatre her dressing-room was constantly open, and all, even to the firemen on duty, could see her dress her head, and even with a touching innocence, occupy herself with more delicate cares, such as her false calves! They were a concession to the Oriental tastes of the vulgar herd. She was well as she was. Only to do as everybody, she made herself "rotund." It was thus that in dressing herself before her "menagerie," she borrowed from each his handkerchief, to raise up her poor neck, or rather to fill up the fold of her skin, underlining her appearance wherever nature had made it possible. Later, as will be seen further in these "Memoirs," our heroine acquired at last the knowledge of plastic beauty, and was thus made aware of her imperfections. She understood that special science which forces a woman to put in relief the beauties and to lessen or hide the defects of her form. From that time she was not seen any more running, half-naked, before everybody, through her apartments, or across her dressing-room; and her toilet-room became an inviolable sanctuary. Loves from a poet too much given to illusions, it appears, gave returned prudence to Marion Delorme; art and a true pride gave back modesty to Sarah Barnum.

VII.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SUCCESS ON MANAGERS.

Although we have had to stop very often to recount the anecdotes of which this recital is full—anecdotes that are very often typical—and have had to relate by the way, years have passed nevertheless, and Sarah Barnum has changed with them. In fact, to be strictly exact, we should close the chapter with a new portrait, and it would be better, perhaps, to devote a chapter to each of these periods of the life of the comedienne.

But to follow a regular system is not always the best way to be amusing. So, fie on regular plans and pretentious methods! To run away from school is always tempting. We have no ambition to draw a picture, the less so as by the multitude of our sketches we shall compose a kind of mosaic that, although it may be less learned and of inferior merit, will find indulgence from the reader by the variety of its colors and the intentional confusion of its lines.

The Empire was trembling. War had broken loose—a fearful war. Paris was invested. We find our tragedienne once more—or, if you prefer it, our comedienne, Sarah—if it were only from her way of living in the city—following the two professions at the head of one of the ambulances which the besieged capital had established in every public building that could be spared. The Parthénon was transformed into a hospital, and the death-rattle was heard instead of the sweet and musical verses.

As usual, La Barnum took her rôle very seriously, and became perfectly identified with her new impersonation. You should have seen her walking up and down the floor among the beds of the sick, assuming every emotion, going about in an agitated manner, to make the spectators fully understand the multiplicity of her natural gifts! But there was one thing that marred the joy that she felt in the exercise of her new functions and the display of her authority. Were the ambulances made, yes or no, for the reception of the wounded? Yes. they were. Well, in this

case, why should she, an ambulance attendant by vocation, be a plain and simple nurse? The Parthénon should only take in such soldiers as were picked up on the battle-fields, and not fever cases or convalescents, young militia-men dying with consumption, insatiable appetite, or dysentery. That a theatre should be turned into an ambulance was something grand and noble, but to change it into a hospital was something disgusting. Ugh!

And so the artist walked up and down on the balcony, looking out like Sister Anne to see if anybody was in view. How she would have blessed the vehicle with the Geneva red cross that would bring her some wounded soldier, a real wounded, crippled, and interesting soldier, who would have to have his wounds dressed with lint, and be operated on with nice shining instruments, and not one of those pale men with fever that must be drowned with quinine and subnitrate of bismuth!

It would not take much to make her go into ambuscade near the fortifications and manufacture some real wounded men—all for herself. She would take such good care of them afterward! Let us state at once, however, that although she wished to have genuine wounded—a desire inspired by the generous emulation that existed between the different ambulances—the actress showed her patients that tender care and devotion which was a characteristic of every Parisian woman during the horrible siege.

La Barnum was not, however, alone in the theatre. Her friend Pigeonnier seconded her as well as she could, at the same time making less noise about it. But our heroine, who even in this task of self-denial and sacrifice still believed herself on the boards, showed her love of appearing and acting in all her manners, and her childish jealousy toward anybody that attracted the slightest attention.

An ex-midwife, whose pseudo-medical knowledge procured her employment as a sick-nurse, contributed in no slight degree to encourage such unnatural sentiments. This "little angel-maker," who was exceedingly cunning, thought she could make a good position for herself by the assistance of La Barnum, and to this purpose flattered her vanity and encouraged her revengeful ideas. Every morning she had her lying gossip, but in order to succeed it was necessary for the hag to get Pigeonnier into disgrace.

At this she worked incessantly, and this is how she succeeded.

Pigeonnier, who was then well off, used to supply the hospital

with provisions from her own money, but the time came when every resource failed and the charitable public would have to be applied to. The Barnum then wrote to some millionaire bankers and some well-known people imploring them for help. But her correspondents, thinking that she might trouble herself to come and see them, did not make her any reply.

It was then that Pigeonnier commenced, with the Baron de Raps and at the house of the same persons, a turn which, at the end of two days, had before yielded several thousand francs.

The reader who has been willing to follow us thus far, if he recollects what we have said concerning the character of Barnum, will comprehend what a thing jealousy is. The adroit woman carefully revived this jealousy, and the storm broke out one fine morning, immediately following a deplorable incident.

In the absence of Sarah, as her duties did not hinder her absenting herself from her slight business, some soldier receives a severe attack of sickness. Pigeonnier hears of it and learns from the doctor that the soldier betrays symptoms of typhoid fever, or more probably small-pox, so that in either case the malady is contagious. But the doctor dares not take upon himself the responsibility of ordering his removal to Bicêtre; such removal, owing to the severe cold which existed, would risk his life. The artist responds that she fears nothing for herself, having already cared for relations who were attacked by these two maladies, and that besides there were prepared certain retreats for the reception of sick persons afflicted with contagious diseases. Whereupon she causes the soldier to be received in one of the aforesaid retreats and promises to bear the expense.

Sarah returns, learns the fact, and immediately flies into a passion. This is going to contaminate the ambulance, infect the household, destroy the world, propagate an epidemic!—never! This is not because she is inhuman. Like all her companions, we repeat it, she performs her duty valiantly. Only she likes to make her authority felt, loves to contradict to be contrary to her rival, never thinking that her childishness can become a homicide. At her order the soldier is taken to Bicêtre. He dies there on arriving! This causes some excitement. Pigeonnier naturally reproaches her friend for this murder. There follows a scene. The Barnum unveils her true character—envious, proud, and spiteful. Her discourse was such, her insults so horrible, that a

journalist present at the explanation, chronicler to the orchestra to the Barbier, the spiritual Mantier, was indignant, and cried out to Pigeonnier, on his pointing out to him the female tragédienne pale with rage: "I do not know whether you will pardon her, but I shall never forget it! . . ."

Pigeonnier ought to have given her pardon, as we shall see from what follows, but at the moment she departed, refusing on account of the homicide committed by Sarah to make the report that authority required of her. She went to offer her services to what seemed the least in view, namely, the ambulances, that of the Chaussée Clignancourt, where she had the honor of caring for the wounded till the end of the siege, and of being the only artiste, the only laywoman mixed with the nuns.

The death of the poor small-pox patient was soon forgotten, and the Barnum, henceforth disencumbered of her rival, employed her functions in abusing Consterney, for living at the Parthénon according to his fancy, and there leading an all but melancholic life.

It is on this wise that she there received the Marquis de Rogé, an ex-lover of Anna Deslions. Not content with receiving him in her own abode, she goes to see him at his own house. One time she nearly froze there. The next day the stock of fire-wood belonging to the ambulance experienced a drain, thanks to which the Marquis's house became less glacial. The dear De Rogé was to her, it seems, only an indifferent acquaintance.

A friend asked him for his impressions of Sarah: "Surely, friend," he responded gravely, "I cannot but tell. . . . When she comes I have felt an inspiration. I have heard the noise of knuckle bones knocking against each other. It was a soul that was passing."

The siege completed, Paris is revictualed, but the Commune breaks out. Consterney removes his charmer to Saint Germain, to await the end of the crisis, under cover of chances. There the life is the same as at the Parthénon. Jacquot remains blind to what is going on. After some hesitation, Sarah's choice, guided once more by her incurable jealousy, fixes itself upon a young clubman, Armand O'Konil, a grand musician. This noble Irishman, of princely blood, was in fact at the moment a worshipper in chief to Reine.

Barnum could not but envy the happiness of her sister and

destroy it. That the ex-Cinderella should have for a lover an agreeable gentleman, with so fine a figure and so excellent a position! Well, then! This can never be! She will enter a campaign, conquer, and the honors of Armand O'Konil go from Reine to the comedienne. Her sister will weep,—but she has got used to that.

However, the new comer, from a simple visitor on his first appearance, gradually fell in love. Quarrels took place, and he becomes jealous, being able no longer to endure Consterney, and revolting with all his proud nature when he reflected on the falseness of his rôle. Being a lover of such a woman did not match well with a royal blason. So, resolving to end it, when, on his return to Paris, he had the chance to gather in fifty thousand francs in two hours, he hastened to Sarah.

"My angel," said he, waving his pocket-book, "I have a fine collection of banknotes. You will do me the pleasure to put your banker out of doors, and love me at my own convenience. Eh?"

He received as answer neither "Yes" nor "No," but, on the morrow, Consterney, being alone in the artist's boudoir, the waiting-maid entered with a bill, which she said required immediate payment. "My dear," sighed Barnum, "give me ten louis to pay this bill." The financier turned a deaf ear. He even remained immovable at the "My good Jacks" which were showered upon him. He was not miserly, but really he could do no more. He had already paid her bills three months in advance. He would not relinquish a cent. "Ah! Is it so?" she cried, "but you do not know that it was purely through love that I ask you for money? Why, there is O'Konil who offers me fifty thousand francs to leave you. In fact, I am very foolish, having only one word to give." She did not finish, believing that Jack was about to yield, as usual; but the banker retained his happy smile, and looked at her without the least emotion, while caressing his whiskers. "Ah!" said he, at last, "I thought you were an intelligent woman, my poor Sarah. How! O'Konil offers you fifty thousand francs, and you hesitate? Why, accept, accept; I will be your lover for love alone." Sarah, nonplussed for a moment, clapped her hands, and began to laugh, like a "little whale"—that was her word. Good! good! how droll her "Jack" was! Decidedly, he was the man she wanted! And when she had laughed to her heart's content, they arranged the matter. What had been pro-

posed was done. O'Konil gave his fifty banknotes, and from "auxilliary," or "extra," became principal. He had the honor of being on guard, and thenceforward carried his head boldly. As for that excellent philosopher, Consterney, he was unaware of the scruples of the young man, his predecessor. He rubbed his hands, having discovered as a business man that he was doing a good trade.

Every Sunday, in fact, she went to breakfast with him, and always found twenty-five louis under the napkin. In this way he got out of it at the expense of two thousand francs a month. One hundred louis instead of the two hundred he had been accustomed to pay up to this time—that made a difference of one hundred louis beyond doubt; those beautiful hundred louis that the banker, an orderly man, charged regularly under the head of "general freight" in his private books. And, as a memorandum, he put down also this economy of his; the cessation of drafts on his private account, of those drafts that used to be changed into ruinous presents.

Everything passes, everything goes to pieces, everything fatigues. One fine day O'Konil, French by naturalization, was obliged to join the regiment in which he was an officer. With him Sarah had had some hours of good luck, but their irregularity annulled their benefit, which went off as rapidly as they came in.

The young man gone, she wanted to go back to Consterney. She attacked him with pressing demands, but she always met a formal refusal. She found out at last that she had let the substance go for its shadow, when the banker, asked by her to take again his old rôle and his original place, obstinately refused, as he did not want to become the responsible manager of the Barnum partnership, and finally broke off.

The crowd of creditors necessarily increased; like a kennel of hounds, barked louder, and scratched at her doors. Misery came again, but Sarah lost neither her serenity, nor her good humor; these are the two sides of her character, either of which prevailed according to the nature of her audience. As always, she laughed at everything, and, providing her self-love was safe, she scorned all the mishaps of life.

If the servants, not being paid, and not being able to feed themselves, tried to demand wages, she left for some weeks,

spending her time at the Théâter, at her studio, at Batignolles, and with the favorite of the day.

Only one thing succeeded in exasperating her; the frequent return home of her son Loris, now a boy who went to all the schools of Paris and of the precincts, one after the other, and was always sent back for non-payment of his board-bill.

This little matter, however, found Sarah as well armed as she had been against all the other misfortunes of her life. She had something else to think of! M. Perrinet, the director of the Théâtre Corneille, the first dramatic stage in Europe as well as the best subsidized, came to offer her an engagement. To re-enter as an officiating priestess in the Temple, where she had first appeared like the future great priests, who initiate themselves in the beauties of a religious life under the cheap surplice of a chorister, it was her dearest dream; she gladly accepted.

Unfortunately, Du Chesnel, upon hearing the defeat of "his star," got very angry.

There was a very hot discussion on the subject. The man and the director had high words together. The latter went so far as to begin a law-suit.

They pleaded, but the justice considering that if Sarah was the star of the Parthénon, she was nevertheless the receiver of the ridiculous salary of three hundred francs a month, sentenced the fugitive to pay an equally ridiculous fine—Six thousand francs.—At that time, as on the occasion of the first appearance of Barnum, when she had just left the Conservatoire, the celebrated Savard was at the head of the Théâtre Corneille, holding at least all the best rôles. Her influence was tottering; the new director, Perrinet, couldn't bear her for this single and natural reason, that the artist had been the favorite of his predecessor, but she could not be replaced; her talent and her reputation kept her in her proper position. At that time, furthermore, a talented but long-haired comedian the—handsome Money, of whom Sarah had been a companion at the Parthénon, without noticing him, because of the different grade of parts they played, never playing together, and of the small place he was holding there, began to make for himself a good reputation.

La Savard admired the young comedian very much, and to him she advanced money without concealing it.

Here, then, is Barnum, installed in surroundings that she no

longer recognizes, but where her last successes give her a certain prominence that her ambition and her intrigue increases very rapidly. She appears first in an old play by a modern author, and proves a failure; but she loves her art and doesn't get discouraged. Upon that, they get up a superb drama, the work of a talented poet, whom politics have for a long time kept away from the theatre. It is a new triumph for Savard, and Money gets his small share of it. Sarah now first begins to notice him. Always a female Don Juan, always spurred by the desire of finding at last the man that shall teach her happiness, the new Diogenes whom she seeks in vain. She thinks that it would be sweet and piquant at the same time to take the comedian in her toils. Ambition also excites her, and her money matters, still very bad, always at the worst, show her the necessity of a profitable protector. It would be very amusing to take away from the queen of the house both the man she wants and her rôles. This idea intoxicates her, and she puts it into execution quickly.

Money, infatuated, flies into a passion. He loves Barnum truly —he loves her so much that he becomes immensely jealous, to the amusement of the company of the theatre. She, more than ever, becomes wrapped up in her rôle and becomes bewitching. Notoriety, her only love, does not suffer. She plays with the affections of the artist and his jealousy, as she plays with everything, and with their aid she keeps in order the managers who would have left her.

That trick is not always easy, but she laughs at ill fortune. For a whole year she will abuse the honest young man who worships her —for a whole year she will make him believe that she lives only for him.

Sometimes, but seldom, he refuses to believe her, and then they quarrel frightfully. One day they quarrel in a cab bringing them back home. Pushed to the last resort, full of anger, knowing no longer what to do, Money, who in order not to strangle his companion, looks instinctively for something he can destroy, smashes the glasses, and with a kick breaks in the front of the hack; the driver shouts, stops the vehicle; thence scandal, a crowd. Sarah has already jumped from a side door. She is not moved; she smiles all the time. But while she goes away the comedian is fighting with the driver and a policeman. It is at the police-sergeant's office that this adventure ends. He pays ten Louis to the

driver, and, ashamed of his anger, but grieved at Sarah's behavior, he goes to join his syren. He finds her sleeping. A good many people are astonished at the continuance of these two old favorites. They even spoke of a marriage. The habitués of the theatre announced it several times. Sarah gave something for this kind of rumors. Preferring to be believed crazy rather than have it found out that she was abandoned, she concealed the distress of her position under color of a blind attachment to her lover. She lived alone in a garret, five or six floors high, horribly near the roof, and never left it unless to go to her studio. But she never quitted her "At Home." Only, considering the number of creditors who were always at her heels, she never retired until it was very late in the night.

Poor creditors, they kept on whining. The entrance of their debtor at the Corneille Theatre seemed to them to prognosticate a return of some part of the money they had lost, and the disappointment they experienced only served to increase their anger. One of them, a dressmaker, got tired of waiting and followed Barnum, tracked her in a way which would have done credit to a better cause. She would have taken possession, but the actress, as we have already stated, had rented her rooms in her aunt's name, "Mother Rouque," and she testified to the furniture being hers. Only a few of Sarah's personal effects were sold, only such as she had left behind. The droll side of the character of our heroine in these tormenting times lay in her self-possession. All her troubles, instead of crushing her, seemed but to stimulate her to fresh exertions. Her sharp repartées and cutting remarks were remembered long afterwards by the habituées of the Corneille Theatre. One day, in rehearsing Feuillantin's "Oracle," she surprised her friend and companion, Emilice Brozat, enveloped in a dressing gown and watching the scene. Brozat, a lodger in the house, in order to obtain a leading part, had to wait until one of the principals fell sick. It so happened that Sophie Croiset, the author of the "Oracle," was at that time indisposed, and did not come to the theatre oftener than she was obliged. Emily, therefore, never missed a rehearsal in the hope that Sophie would be unable to act and that her part would be assigned to Emily. This darling of the sailor boys, the abhorred by all the married and respectable women, played comedy as easily as she knitted stockings.

Sarah had foreseen this result, having caught her spying and

hailed her. "What are you doing there?" she cried. "Have you come to my funeral? Too soon, youngster, there is no corpse yet!" This sally made all laugh. Brozat was not liked. The actor Biron, having one day seen him arrive at the theatre in a carriage with a magnificent horse exclaimed, "What sense is there in seeing such a fine animal drawing such a jade." Occasionally, however, Sarah's sarcastic humor would savor of bile. She was nervous, fanciful and easily put into a passion. The non-success of her appearance on the stage had embittered her early days. She knew at that time, those discouraging hours in which an actress doubts her own powers, and anxious to be satisfied as to her abilities and to have an impartial opinion on her merits, she begged Pigeonnier to come and see her play, and give her advice. "You are," she wrote to her, "the most honest person I know, and you will tell me what I am worth." Pigeonnier had forgotten the history of the ambulance. She came, saw Sarah, applauded and comforted her. The Barnum reassured as to her future, being sincerely judged, studied hard, anxious to have her say in the "Oracle." Unfortunately, her temper got the best of her on several occasions, and things did not go so smoothly as she wished. The celebrated comedian Ménier, who introduced her, on leaving the stage in one of the acts, had displayed a little too much freedom and caused a scandal.

As he made some observation, she fired up, added insult to insult, and so far forgot herself as to throw her part in face of one of the principal actors, at the same time, insulting him most unjustifiably. Menier went straight to the manager, and said if Sarah was not suspended he would immediately resign. This caused a great stir. The Barnum having recovered her composure, understood the extent of her fault, and, with her usual promptness and resolution, determined to stand her ground and take her chance of the consequences. Accordingly the artful creature at once saught the author of the play.

Feuillantin was enslaved, and insisted that the young actress should keep her part. Menier had to swallow the affront. The guilty girl excused herself, and manifested the greatest deference and respect towards him. Before playing in *Phèdre* she went and asked his advice.

The introduction of *Phèdre* was quite an event. Sarah had already gained a brilliant reputation from the play *Oracle*, a tri-

umph, not unrivalled, as she played with Sophia Croiset, who also achieved a triumph in it. But the part assigned to her in *Phèdre* did not seem suitable, Savard being the title-rôle indicated by tradition of locality and previous surroundings. The new star obtained the position, however.

One day the director, M. Perrinet, called her to his office and asked, point blank, "Do you know the play *Phèdre*?"

Astonished though unabashed, she replied, "*Phèdre*? I rather think so." The few hundred verses which constitute a good scholar's knowledge in the tragedienne class were nothing to her in the face of losing a good job.

"Yes, sir," she replied boldly.

"Then you are going to play it!" said the autocrat.

Barnum was radiant. Five minutes afterward, La Savard, sent for in her turn, went in the other direction.

"Madame," said M. Perrinet, "do you know that you are to play *Phèdre* in three days?"

"What! *Phèdre!*" cried the artist, "and in three days? But you cannot think it, sir! It is some years since I played that rôle, and you want me in three days to go all through it! It is impossible."

"But it must be," replied the director, "you must re-learn the rôle, and in three days."

"But, sir—" . . .

"It is like this, I tell you: first, this piece is announced; *Phèdre* will be played."

"I shall not play it."

"Just as you like."

And the Savard, as she had promised, kept her service-tickets for nothing. She hoped that M. Perrinet would change his mind before her refusal; he did nothing of the kind. The pachalick, hating the actress as much as her predecessor had liked her, tasted a too savory pleasure to dishearten the poor woman wholly, and at the day fixed, Sarah appeared in *Phèdre*.

If there was a broken heart for her elder and rival, it is superfluous to say it, Savard cried with rage, and suffered as much, as Barnum had the most brilliant triumph. The ambitious young woman had accomplished the marvelous feat of learning her rôle in three days, helped in her lessons by the previous counsel of Ménier, the great comedian, whom the talent of his young pupil had

enraptured, so much as to make him forget his old quarrels. The success had been as great as had been the effort. The critic even asked himself if a second Rachel had not been born, and proclaimed her as a star of the first magnitude in the *Oracle.*

Feuillantin's piece had only presented the dramatic qualities of the actress. She had, under the velvet, made them suspect her claws; but in Phèdre she brought them out plainly, and let the professional fury flow over the passion that henceforth would be the characteristic of her talent at the theatre, as its absence had been the characteristic of her incompleted temperament of woman.

Only Savard, to whom that young star was condemnation, was not long in complaining. The new comer monopolized all, and did not let the ex-star play. She went and found Perrinet, and demanded a reappearance, in a dignified fashion, on the scenes of her late triumphs.

The director heard her complaints without a word or gesture, but while she rolled out her melancholy chapter of recriminations, he fixed his hard eye on her.

At last, the attitude of the old man tired the visitor.

"But answer me, will you?" cried she, "say whatever you like."

Sarah for the moment did not grow old. The success had beautified her, had made her exuberant. The *Oracle*, that she only spoke of as a fetich, had marked a new stage of her life. Everything smiled for her; everything she did succeeded. The "press" that she played to charm had permitted the constitution of a solid stock company this time; yet it was not only artistic ground that she entered victoriously. She sent to the Salon a work that every one remarked and spoke of highly. The great artist Gustave Dargent was friendly and it was also at this time that, executing an original caprice, she overcame the last degree and found herself a finished woman. It was one morning, she had just dismissed a rich railway builder who had come from Nice to present his respectful addresses. They announced Mr. Vestibul, a talented young architect, whose father-in-law, Menier, had recommended him to the tragedienne. "Why do you not have a mansion built?" asked the visitor. "It costs too much," replied Sarah. "Too dear! Go along! If you like I will produce a superb edifice. You will only have to pay the expenses of the deed

and to have it registered on signing. They will give you time for the rest and I will give you credit, Saperlotte. You have a fine future; do not to hesitate in taking engagements." The Barnum burst with laughter; but little by little the idea of having a mansion constructed, while she possessed the ten thousand francs of the builder, while she owed every shop in Paris, enticed her entirely. She would only take precautions to hinder the manœuvres of her creditors. The architect went with her consent; and eight days afterwards Sarah was a proprietor, in the environs of Ponc-Monceau, of a pretty little piece of land, on which Mr. Vestibul installed an army of workmen, and, a rich person having placed himself at the head of her adorers, the actress sailed from them with full sails on the stream of prosperity (old style).

VIII.

ADVERTISEMENTS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND NOTHING BUT ADVERTISEMENTS.

WITHOUT consecrating several volumes to these memoirs, how shall I avoid forgetting here and there, as we drift leeward, as sailors say, the episodic personages to whom our attention was given in the first chapters?

For those who have nothing to win our sympathy we cannot, and we do not regret, the speed of the recital which obliges us to leave them abruptly on the way, but there is one of them—little Reine—whom we reproach ourselves with having seemed to neglect. For this always calm character *does* win our sympathy, and its sad grace attracts us. She is worthy of a place for herself alone—her individual romance, of which she can be the sad and tender heroine. A saddening heroine, alas, and who throughout the acts or chapters will always lead the same misery, the same grief. Moreover, we can in two words trace her life from the epoch when we saw her ask the dead man the secret of suffering no longer.

Little Reine had grown quite pretty, had become a woman, but had continued her oppressed life. Her sister's jealousy in taking O'Konil from her, condemned her.

The young girl still knew, because of fleeing from her cruel sister, the sombre hours of despair which had inspired her with the desire for suicide, at the time of her first attempt at independence. In order to live, she went down, always down. It was biting.

The poor child suffered all the consequences of her deplorable life; all, all, all of them. The last and the worst was her connection with an unknown whom little Reine's handsome hair had ensnared one ball-night at the Opera. She accepted an invitation to sup with him, and when she left him, she had a little money in her pocket to live on for a few days.

Shortly afterwards she felt ill. A physician came to see her, but when he had examined her, he gave her so frightful a diagnosis that she fell back and fainted.

"No! that was not possible! She would not believe it."

But the atrocious conviction must come to her.

The disease, the hideous disease, had fallen upon her young flesh.

Her prostration before the evidence of it was such, that she did not think of death, she had not strength to do so. She took care of herself mechanically, because she was ordered to. She recovered.

But the blow was struck. Morally she was broken; dead was her youth, dead her tender goodness of the olden time. An old age had fallen upon her, leaving her brow without wrinkles, but gnawing at her heart. Physically, she was undermined by a strange consumption.

Her weak constitution had not been able to endure the energy of the treatment, and her weakened frame was checked in its developments. She coughed all winter. In the spring red spots marbled her cheeks, and from that time the consumption "galloped." Unconscious at first of her condition, she owed it to Lancet, the liquor-seller, that she did not die of want. The ex-deputy courted the youngest sister, as he had done the two older ones.

But she seemed to him so different from the others that he really loved her after having merely pitied her.

He dreamed of curing her, made her pass the summer at Eaux-Bonnes and the winter at Pau. Yet all this barely checked the progress of the disease.

When on her return to Paris, little Reine had to take to her bed all at once, when the gravity of her situation was known to all, Sarah took her to her own house, in the Rue d'Italie. The tragedienne was much complimented for her good heart. At that time the Barnum, in default of other means of advertising herself, had invented all sorts of queer and odd things before which simple people fainted. In Mathias Moulin's work-shop she had acquired a taste for death's heads and had beaten about all the environs of the School of Medicine to obtain a dozen, with which she adorned her room.

Established to her taste by this display, which gave the room a false appearance of being a cemetery, she conceived the idea of having presented to her by her friend Terrier an ebony coffin, lined with silver and satin.

The coffin she used as a bed.

The first time she lay in it, those visitors who had not been forewarned stopped on the threshold, overcome by fright. The actress had lighted candles, put on a white robe, and, paler than ever, her head seemed livid on its cushions of white satin. She remained motionless, inwardly amused at the fright of her friends, and really appearing as if dead. At last, not able to contain herself, like Lazarus she came back to life only to burst out laughing.

Altogether Sarah was not more successful in this scene than in her former love affairs; she remained cold as the wood of her eccentric furniture. Now, it was in this chamber, at the side of the bier, in the middle of skulls, that she installed the sick one. She had given up her bed to her, and as she was not going to sleep out, she passed the night in her coffin.

The poor consumptive, in viewing this dismal furniture, suffered a veritable martyrdom. Horrible nightmares haunted her short and light sleep. She must awake her. Alone she would die of fear, and trembled almost as much when her sister lay down on her bier. It was soon certain that little Reine was lost.

"You would do well to take away your box," the doctor said to Sarah one morning when she accompanied him; "it is premature. . . . . Mademoiselle your sister will not require it for some days yet!"

The box and the skeletons disappeared. Little Reine intuitively knew what their taking away meant. She did not cry, but revolted, and in her desire for life, clung to existence, dragging along her days which were numbered, with the energy of a drowning person who grasps at a straw. The terrible struggle lasted an excruciatingly keen eternity. How she fought, furious and half mad! To die at eighteen! She rebelled at the idea, and raised herself from her bed, haggard—sometimes to repeat a prayer that nobody heard, sometimes to curse her unjust fate—unjust and cowardly! Die! Die! But she could not! Once in terrible despair she had wished it; but she was a child then! She only felt the pain of her bruised knees at her first fall! She did not remember and only saw about her suffering! But now she was a woman! In spite of her sad condition she still lived. She first loved Lanat. She had found much happiness with him. He was all she could desire, and in the presentiment of her coming end she cried, "Love!" Once, when Lanat arrived, the child had a singular attack. A transitory infatuation galvanized her ema-

ciated body. It was a terrible scene. The weakness overcome, the dying girl, with affrighted eye, reviewed her tortured life, lived over again her early misery. Then she accounted for the beginning of her illness, recalled the opera, her sickness, the unmentioned past. Her slender body would heave with passion. She clawed at Lanat, passed from jealousy to hate, or overwhelmed herself in imprecations against men.

And she would come back to her horrible complaint: "It is of this that I am dying!" One day, broken down with sobs, she could not finish, and fell back on her pillows. Little Reine was dead; Cinderella suffered no more. . . . . The ebony and silver coffin, lined with white satin, would not do for her: it was too expensive.

A bier of oak, the customary bier for people who are neither rich nor poor, received the child on its bed of sawdust, but even on a pillow of white satin the little one could not be prettier. Death had cured her, and now bathed her head in a halo of sweet serenity and infinite grace. Reine looked as formerly. She seemed to sleep, consoled at last.

Sarah wore her mourning gayly. The good souls who wish to see reproduced in the novel the winner of the Montyon prize, and not such as we jostle every day in the street, will surely cry at the unlikely thing and tax us with odious exaggeration. Never mind, the Barnum that we wish to photograph in these pages was neither angel or demon. She was the production of a happy medium: she had a complex organization like everybody else—a little worse than the rest, if you choose, but in all she was what she ought to have been—the exaggerated impressions, the original predisposition, the instinctive egotism and all the exterior causes which had influenced her physical and physiological state, as the serious Reviews and Paul Bourget would say. Each man, Alphonse Karr says, has three characters: The one he has; the one he thinks he has; the one he wishes to have or pretends to have.

Our heroine herself possessed even in this reckoning five or six characters. We could double the figure if Sarah, a woman with a clear head and self-possession, had ever deceived herself as to her moral worth. She had a clear idea of what she really was, but what she wished to appear was not a settled matter or exactly marked out. Her borrowed character was in fact by no means an unchangeable one. It varied according to the places and

witnesses, was not the same in town as at the theatre, and was shaped according to circumstances and people. Therefore, in order to close this parenthesis, which some will find useless, the actress at the death of her sister feigned the most intense grief. When her fountain of tears was exhausted, she thought about making profit of the situation. Inimitable actress as she was, she succeeded without effort. Notoriety—always notoriety—was to be her plan. Paris was inundated with letters about her. The newspapers—good children as they had always been to her, inserted all the notes that Sarah sent, all the articles that she asked for. The burial was magnificent.

Phèdre there again found tears. Old M. Perrinet seeing her weep in torrents and attempting to conceal them beneath her crape veil, exclaimed "Certainly she is very brave!" and he was softened, and forgave readily this woman, at whose theatrical impersonation he was wonder-struck. In fact, never had any one of his pupils the pathetic accent, the expressive mimicry, which was found in Barnum, she thanking her friends for the "evidence of sympathy," "the proofs of devotion," which "had been given her" in the sad affair.

All Paris was represented—critics, men of the world, and of society. Sarah profited by this to renew her acquaintances, and to keep up a good understanding by this hand-shaking.

"This is not a burial," exclaimed one narrator; "it is a first or last representation."

"Yes," replied another, "and, what is better, a representation disregarding authors' rights and the rights of the poor."

Further, the two detractors were not behindhand in offering their encomiums. Sarah had an immense popularity, lasting a week. She would have buried all Israel to obtain a similar advantage.

As for the before-mentioned rights of author and of the poor, they were perceived all the same.

The poor little Reine had no longer need of anything but flowers. She got them, and Sarah, drying her eyelids, knew so well how to count up and recover the expenses which she incurred by the funeral of her sister that she got them paid for in succession by the various guests of her new clientèle. Here let us utter a protest against the apostles of "high art" and of sympathetic temperaments in romances. We fashion our heroine as we

please, and upon "human writings," as the fashionable novelists say. The reader is at liberty to exclaim against what is unnatural or to imagine that we are delineating a monstrosity. Monstrosities do not live—at least they can only exist swimming in spirit bottles, and we should do wrong to see in our model simply a marble figure—a type used up, a noodle, a vampire, or a money swallower. Should we, like the author of "Charlot s'amuse," select our subjects for a story from the hospitals, we would admit that in our eyes Sarah is a medical study rather than a philosophical one.

Do we represent Sarah Barnum as the ideal money-getter? No, no indeed. As a bungler? Yes, but only as a selfish bungler, nothing else. As will be seen elsewhere, in what follows, our heroine had only the money which her talent, and especially her reputation, gained for her. The theatre furnished her lodgings, and if that only procured to her, sham woman that she was, a moderate amount of credit, it was not a bad tribute to the address of the artist and of her managers.

Sarah—was she the type of originality marking an epoch, or even a school of acting? She was neither; she was simply one who could divert. Before she came, nervous diseases were treated at the hospital, but on her arrival she threw both physicians and bromide of potassium out of the windows, from which, like a female Don Juan, she made new conquests. She had a nervous temperament, and drew from it an extraordinary line of action. Only her temperament, for the reason that it had lost all sense, never had anything terrible or tragic in it.

If the actress had been brought up and managed differently, and had followed the logic of her inborn disease, the Barnum would not, at the Salpêtrière, have needed douches nor the strait-jacket. She would have amused the attendants, so the nurses said, she would have delighted everybody, and morphine would have made her only silly.

During life she used the misrule of her innervation as she abused everything, men and circumstances; as a knowing girl, somewhat in the manner of those learned men who, in order that no natural power should be lost, utilize the tides and await the time when they will be able to use the lava of Vesuvius as a motor!

Our heroine was a triumphant, exalted bunch of nerves, breathing its unhealthy intoxication over Paris.

But she, using her temperament as does a juggler, or an ecstatical fakir, preserved the coldness of an idol, and never exhibited on the stage the passionate folly of her own nerves. In other words, her brain only was carried away; the heart maintained its regular and rhythmic beating.

Musset said to the dead Malibran:

> "Quelques bouquets de fleurs te rendaient—ils si vaine,
> Pour venir nous verser de vrais pleurs sur le scène,
> Lorsque tant d'histrions et d'artistes fameux
> Couronnés mille fois, n'en ont pas dans les yeux?
> . . . . . Au lieu de ce délire
> Que ne t'occupais-tu de bien porter ta lyre?
> Las Pasta fait ainsi: que ne limitais-tu?"

This was not written of the Barnum.

Her pulse, like that of Pasta, never had one pulsation more than usual, even when she played *Phèdre* or *Camille*. Her impersonations did not crush her. She never had a death-rattle after the fall of the curtain. A comedienne become tragedienne by the chances of the stage, by the crowd's favor, by her own freaks, she had talent, but no fire. She learned to die on the stage, and died marvellously, every night, for many years. But her death remained the reproduction of an hospital scene, and if she made the audience shudder, it was that shudder caused by a physiological experiment.

She caught people by the nerves—that was her originality; everybody before her having worked, some on the heart, some on the senses of the public. She found the Achilles-heel of the crowd, the virgin corner, and took a good bite, and then maintained her hold. The bitten got used to her fangs and desired no others.

The artificial was her allotment. She was beautifully artificial. Whoever visited her was conquered. On leaving her parlors, the caricaturist Grévin's women were thought natural: real, also, were considered the Parnassians contemplating them; and it seemed that the undressed dolls of novelists of the "Gyp" type had just been visited.

Because, being insensible, and knowing herself to be incapable of winning a single person, she had nothing to do but to endeavor to ensnare everybody, to make all her guests her slaves. She caught every being who approached her. Her smiles brought her impunity, and her enemies were her adversaries only in an inter-

mittent manner, consoling themselves for the bad tricks she served them, finding her even more exquisite than when they first felt her claws.

From her strange eyes she brought to bear, with royal bounty and universally, her strange power, which placed at her feet an array of slaves without being able to claim an isolated adorer. It is because of that feline power, that captivating suppleness, was not born in Sarah. She constituted, acquired a power, artificial like the rest, which the woman owed to experience. The charm of the Barnum was a reasoned charm, a calculated charm, a fixed idea. And what made her stronger was that she disdained nothing nor anybody. She would have been a great politician; she would have inspired fanaticism like Bonaparte, devotion like Maria Theresa, because, more expert than the Old Man of the Mountain, she distributed her *haschisch* to all, equally adored by her dressmaker and the ambassador in vogue, the errand man on the corner and the actor who plays with her.

Unfortunately for her, she knew how to attract but not how to keep. Her violence, idiosyncrasies, her fantastic caprices, her cold wickedness, extinguished all fervor, all devotion. These were renewed or replaced by virtue of her charms, but her residence was never a house—it was a passage.

After this picture, let us resume our narrative:

Reine is dead. Sarah has had a mansion built. She installs herself in it. A difficult installation. She uttered a frightened cry as she entered the vast empty apartments; how furnish all that? She was not accustomed to despair, and her ingenuity had conquered other difficulties. Gradually, presents assisting purchases, the new residence became inhabitable. The nick-nacks arrived, and the artist, who, at first, had seemed still thinner in the mournfulness of the empty rooms, devised the "set-off" which became her so well.

It was not in vain that she had become a painter and sculptress; it was not in vain that she had created a court of artists around her.

After Dargent, Lerin became king of the court. He was only a friend, but he one day had the audacity to want to marry, and Sarah, jealous of everybody, had the caprice to prevent his marriage—as good a way as another of exhibiting her power. The means which she employed will not be mentioned.

To console himself he painted the ceilings of his rooms. He heightened the commonplace subject chosen by the proprietor, *The Rising of Aurora*, by modernizing his personages, and making them lifelike especially. Sarah was represented under the features of Aurora so well that all beholders were enchanted.

One of the first persons admitted to contemplate the work could not dissimulate a smile, however.

"It is you," said he; "greatly like you."

And the Aurora replied, rising for good: "Yes, it is I . . . but well supported."

The ceiling, the Mæcenas-like manners of the lady, the furnishing of the mansion, were, as may be supposed, new and excellent mediums of advertising. Sarah fell sick if the press passed a day without mentioning her. Life did not supply enough dogs for her to cut their tails; she manufactured some.

Her life was passed on a spring-board, and, possessing too much memory, she always recollected the words of Du Chesnel: "Let your name be always read. Reputation, you must know, is like chocolate," etc.

What a chocolate-box the Barnum is!

In a word, she economized with ability on her advertising expenses. Her subscription-lists were never closed, and every one had to subscribe.

"Small brooks make large rivers," said the artist; and every new arrival had to contribute, to enter the obligatory partnership. Unfortunately, it is unknown what a spongy soil drank up the river.

This manner of operating was not a new one for our heroine; we have seen her practising it in the preceding chapters.

It is in this way that at the Parthénon she unmercifully bled one of her comrades, Berron Junior. One morning he arrived from the theatre, where he had received some twenty-five louis, his month's salary. Expected at home by his numerous family, to whom this money was the only resource, he rapidly entered his friend's house, where she kept him. Weeping, she said that she was on the eve of an important payment, the non-payment of which would bring in the sheriff. She implored the actor until he left his small earnings with her; and the unfortunate man, whose children were about to starve, had not reached the door when the wretch exclaimed:

"Eh! every one his mite! They all have to come down!"

The proprietress of a mansion, the actress, far from abandoning her system of making everybody "come down," improved it.

However, she always derived but little profit by it. Continually short of funds, her careless spoiling, and her laziness for the slightest calculation—an abnormal feature of her character—caused her to be always reduced to expedients. Yet no woman was ever less generous than she.

She again had recourse to the expert matrons who are the providence of the unfortunates who are temporarily short of cash. But her youthful celebrity, her situation at the Théâtre Corneille, necessitating a show of keeping up appearances, she found novel plans for making new friends.

One of these plans was the selling of one of her latest works, a statuette representing "Madness."

On the discreet advice of one of the above-mentioned matrons, the art amateurs went to the petticoated sculptress, examined, and offered a price.

"Madness" was sold in this manner, God knows how many times.

The last purchaser whose trace we have been able to find had offered a much better price, for he remained a long while in the artiste's studio. It happened that the Barnum, being afraid of cold, kept up an enormous fire in this studio. The *dilettante*, on leaving, the house, found the Avenue Monceau terribly cold, and arrived at home, went to bed; an attack of pneumonia kept him there many months. When he recovered he had the impoliteness to send for the statuette, intending to offer it to the Æsculapius to whose good care he owed his life. Naturally it was refused. But how generous and frank are convalescents!

About this time, our Barnum, as a relief from her æsthetic labors, made numerous ascents in a captive balloon. Nevertheless, it did not satisfy this friend of versatility to be a comedienne, sculptress, painter, and aeronaut. Literature, the best way of advertising, tempted her, and it was these very aerial voyages which furnished her the means of dyeing her stockings blue: no pun intended.

Descending again to earth, she published "Impressions of an Ascent." An Academy without taste and entirely devoted to the party of the Dukes forgot to crown the new work,

The Institute has thus for all time recorded its contempt for play-actors. Sarah consoled herself by reading again the life of Molière.

Unhappily, the party of the Dukes kept the publishers in pay, and these made merry over the "Impressions."

Perhaps in this fact may be found the explanation of our heroine's increasing nervousness at that time. She fell back to advertising herself as an invalid. The Théâtre Corneille turned pale. So did the public.

Each week the play would be changed, ofttimes omitted. The comedienne would send word to the manager at the last moment; there would be hardly time to paste over the advertisements on the walls. And no room for doubts or anger. Did she not, when she constrained herself to play, have frequent hemorrhages which frightened even the most sceptical of her comrades?

A devoted legion of admirers was formed. Sarah, as a consumptive, became more interesting than ever. She was bewailed in romances with tears that were discrete but full of lamentation.

The Society of the Santon Muses—an association of poets of Saintonge—published verses to the great artiste, in which, without mentioning her name, they deplored the fatal evil which ravaged those dear lungs. Apothecaries tormented her.

It was the eve of her departure for London, where the troup of the Théâtre Corneille, taking advantage of the spare time caused by repairs to the building, were going to give a series of representations.

At London, our Barnum cast her eye on the Prince of Ireland. But how could she conquer this royal lover? She did not approach sufficiently near to him to discharge her batteries. Then it was that, always fertile in expedients, she attacked the Prince's aide-de-camp. The officer capitulated at the first assault, and by his help she reached his master, who struck his flag almost as soon as his subordinate.

Barnum's pride knew no bounds. Nevertheless, her triumphant joy was not unmixed. In fact, strange and horrible stories about the Prince were freely circulated.

The whole Court, following the Prince, came to show her respect at a charity bazaar, at which she was the glorious queen.

Such a success on the eve of her departure from London alone was enough to console her for her ill-luck at the theatre. She

had, however, attracted little attention and was in despair, and filled with jealous rage at the brilliant success of Sophia Croiset, who in *The Oracle* and *La Duchesse de Trois Monts* had filled all London with enthusiasm.

How should she bring herself into notice? How attract the attention of the crowd? The Barnum conceived and executed a stratagem.

She was to appear in a little act written for her and the English audience, in which she played a burlesque part. At the last moment she gave up her part. Great scandal and confusion resulted! A good "piece of advertising" also. The rebel was reasoned with and implored to yield, but she refused, and declared that she would rather leave the theatre; and the journals of Paris seizing upon the incident, and the affair being noised abroad, Sarah writes from London to the *Barbier* resigning her position.

On returning to France her friends interpose. She must not be guilty of such a folly! They certainly cannot allow her to commit it! And one of them who had friendly relations with M. Perrinet tries intercession with the director. The autocrat sends for the pouting lady, who, inwardly much amused, congratulates herself at the success of her trick.

"Come, come, naughty one; let us be reasonable. I am about to assemble the committee and have you made a full member."

The Barnum was in fact elected a full member.

She deigned to withdraw her resignation.

She took up her old life, her company, her many labors.

Her house at present was very much frequented, her dinners very largely attended. She reigned supreme. Each repast was a new exaltation for her egotistical authority and for her disdain for all the outside world.

She had "her chair," her own chair, a kind of sacred seat reserved for her majesty. She had "her glass," "her wine," "her cognac," different from those of the invited guests and put apart for her special use.

Of her cognac she was especially fond, taking willingly one pony after another, laughing when she felt the flush coming to her cheek, and livening all her being.

The siege of Paris had given birth to the fashion of liquors and alcohol, and the Barnum at times, from constantly repeating it,

had come to believe herself consumptive, and decided on adopting this as a remedy.

But one thing spoiled her joy: her studio, her parlors, were visited less by celebrities than by people who aspired to become known. As to her intimates, although her battalion was well composed, men of the world were wanting—men of the high world and of good society. An ambition possessed her to conquer a reputation in good society, to attach it to her chariot. She succeeded in doing it, thus: One evening one of her chums arrived at her house on business—a benefit performance. The visitor was accompanied by Baron Kapnicki, the first secretary of the embassy of Poland. Sarah promised her assistance, and immediately began to make herself agreeable to the diplomat. She showed him through her mansion, and while her friend was writing to the committee, whose delegate she was, to inform them of the success of her enterprise, the comedienne detained the baron in her studio.

Eight days later the same chum called again, but alone this time. The Barnum hailed her laughingly with these words: "Ah! ah! you don't know Kapnicki!"

"Well, what is it?" asked her friend with surprise.

"Well, we understand each other!"

"*We understand each other*," was understood.

"But see here," said the visitor. . . . . "You don't stand on ceremonies, do you? Before enlisting a person to whom I introduce you, you might at least ask me if I am at all attached to that person. For, after all, you did not know if the Baron was simply a friend of mine." . . . .

"What are you giving us?" answered the comedienne; "you know me too well. If he had been your lover you wouldn't have brought him here."

This reasoning needed no reply.

When all has been said, the actress found in her new conquest but a satisfaction to her self-love.

The Pole adored her; he thought her charming, witty, original, and said repeatedly:

"Sarah is simply immense."

He did not find her domestics above a bribe. The bright foreigner was as generous with the chamber-maids as he was with their mistress.

"In giving twenty-five louis from time to time to the waiting-maid, I am certain," thought he, "of being always well received; but how many times will I be obliged to multiply that sum in order to obtain from the mistress herself a smile such as the chick bestows on me?"

The Barnum, placed so high by the diplomat that he dared not offer any thing at her altar, had no need of this pretext to vary her attractions *ad infinitum*.

Her studio had a private entrance on a side street, and it was through this door that the communications of the day arrived. (Day is here a euphemism.) "Ma tour de Nesle!" said she, speaking of that fortunate door.

One night the young man was there. Sarah, like the moon, received him dressed in white, and invited him to sit at her side on a low sofa covered with cushions, that she called commonly her "tramway."

"Now, handsome soldier," said she, with a tired air, "tell me one of the stories you tell so well."

And she stretched herself with the pose of a sultana hearing Scheherazade.

The officer, surprised but yet calm, related as best he could the first story that came to his mind.

"Very funny," the sultana said, smiling. "You have something more interesting. Tell me another!',

O'Prinz frowned, scowled, but obeyed. This time she did not deign to smile.

"It is very interesting without doubt," she said, "but it does not amuse me. Find me something more entertaining."

At this, the captain stood up and took hold of Sarah in spite of her resistance.

The Barnum screamed and scratched.

One morning his paper, under the signature X . . . , related in quite a transparent way how he had courted the stubborn comedienne.

The Boulevard tasted the morsel with great relish and the hero of the recital became furious, as can well be imagined.

All of a sudden she called upon the officer for the letters she had addressed to him.

The ingrate refused to part with them.

"By Jove!" cried the victim, gasping for revenge.

And she called one of her guests, the little De Malgrainé, a pleasant and cheerful debauchée.

This one accepted the mission to go and ask the owner of the Fête Parisienne the name and author of the articles signed X . . .

There, naturally, the question was not immediately answered. He waited. O'Prinz, informed at once, had to find a substitute, as, being an officer, he could not fight a duel simply for an article that his uniform did not allow him to write.

To get clear he charged one of his friends, Karl des Foudrières, to assume the responsibility of the thing. Karl consented, and ran to find the proxy of the Barnum, promising to himself on his way to settle the matter without the least trouble.

"Sir, I am the author of the lines of which you complain. I have nothing to retract, nothing to rectify, and I am at your orders." And, pinking his man, all ends satisfactorily.

Karl arrived in high spirits, and uttered an exclamation on seeing De Malgrainé.

"What, it is you?"

"Myself."

He held his sides, laughing at the joke that obliged them to fight, old and good friends as they were. But, after laughing, the meeting was understood.

The agreement was that Karl would softly prick his adversary on the hand, and then a good dinner would settle the matter.

This was done. Victor and the vanquished one having covered his scratch with court-plaster—enjoyed the champagne, and Malgrainé, having gotten himself up for the thing, called at the Avenue Monceau with his arm in a sling. He was received as a hero, as an avenger, as a god!

Delighted with this new mode of advertising, and satisfied in her vanity, Sarah refused to release this young man, had him on exhibition a whole week, and forced him to keep his sling. Now, Kapnicki, seeing his rival feasted in such style, became extremely jealous, and, seized with emulation, he resolved to risk his skin in turn in honor of his fair one.

A fête given at the Polish Embassy soon furnished him with an opportunity. O'Prinz, who was very effusive, was invited. He came in full uniform, and marched through the salons to find and salute the ambassador. This duty accomplished, he turned to the attachés and the secretaries, all of whom he knew, and sud-

denly held out his hand to Kapnicki. The Pole pretended not to see his guest. O'Prinz, surprised, insisted, forcing the diplomat to look at him. But the latter in a haughty tone declared "that he would not shake hands with such a man as the officer!"

This affront was followed by the necessary consequences. O'Prinz wanted to kill his insulter. He happily contented himself with aiming at him a good sword-stroke, which cut the arm of the first secretary, and kept him in bed for two weeks. Still, the poor cripple was not repaid for his trouble by Sarah.

He persisted in disturbing the priceless Barnum. She thanked him with her lips, while rejoicing prodigiously at this new publicity.

The sympathies of the office and the solicitude of the actress' chamber-maids were but an imperfect consolation for the unfortunate Pole.

IX.

JOURNEYS GREAT AND SMALL.

THE wisdom of nations has not fallen into its dotage (one swallow does not make a summer) in declaring that one must not pursue two birds at once.

The Barnum for fifteen years had pursued at once glory and fortune. Her original talent, aided by a system of advertising such as no woman of the stage had yet organized, had procured her the former, but the latter had always escaped her. Neither her tricks, nor her eclecticism in love, nor her various protectors had made her rich. We have shown her at times attaining ease, but we have also shown her the next day falling into troubles, the persistence of which, more than her temperarment and her love of notoriety, explains her character, her headaches, her follies.

And Heaven knows that she never failed to levy a contribution on whosoever approached. Begging from all comers, according to the phases of her life, from one to five, then from five to twenty, then from twenty to fifty louis, she had nevertheless always at her heels, driving her to the most singular extremities, an army of creditors, a catalogue of whom would have made Balzac, Musset, and the elder Dumas turn pale.

With her there was an open gulf into which everything fell. And yet, if she had not bungled, she might have been rich long since, thanks to her sweet fashion of handing over her daily expenses to Peter and Paul. Did any one pay her a visit? Behold! here is a piece of furniture brought for which instant payment is demanded, or something of urgent necessity for which money must be sent in a hurry.

"But I haven't a cent," she cries, laughing, and rolling herself along on her "tramway."

The friend had to beg her "to accept this small service."

The funniest thing, moreover, is that, not content with taxing men, she did not scruple to always win at play, to squeeze from

Mother Girard, her factotum, the few sous that the worthy, poverty-stricken woman got from her mistress' friends. She then was forced to borrow from her friends. The debt contracted, instead of payment she laughed at her dupes. Another trait of her character was the intemperance of her tongue. To make use of people without making fun of them afterward would have seemed to her idiotic. She used cruel ribaldry, and spared no one, and preferred the chance of never being able to exact the second service of a person to losing the point of a joke.

Her eternal laugh saved her from the consequences of her raillery.

"What a top!" said every one; and often the victims gave up to the contagion of her gayety. Sometimes the women rebuffed each other, as did Winter's little one. She one matinée accompanied her illustrious friend to the rehearsal of a new piece in a theatre of the style in which Annette Barnum played. The arrival of Sarah caused a sensation among those who pressed around her. The star, however, posed, as she always did in public, kindly or dignified, with the airs of a queen, visiting her subjects. After the rehearsal, she thanked the members of her improvised court, and majestically returned from it. But there is a brave fellow of a janitor who had guided her in the dark passages and opened the stage-door for her. She must leave a generous fee to this slave of the bell-rope. Of course she has not a penny. "De Winter," said she, "lend me 20 francs." De Winter, who has forgotten his opera-glasses, has not the time to reflect, and does it at once. She pockets the piece as the porter buries himself in expectant thanks, and the two friends enter the carriage together. But the coupé had hardly started, when the Barnum cried out in her habitual spirited language, . . . "You are not the least bit generous, you!"

"How?" asked De Winter, choking with anger.

"Of course! Twenty francs for a tip. Dry up! You dress well. . . . For all that, my little spectacled snake, did you imagine that I intended to give it back to you?"

Another friend who rebuffed her firmly was Martha Pigeonnier. Sarah, like her sisters, owing her a thousand obligations, did not mince matters with her. The remembrance of services rendered never by any chance troubled the tragedienne. If ingratitude means independence of heart, she had more than an easy con-

science—so easy that it took an early flight and did not appear again. Without doubt it was stupid for this poor birdling to stay in an empty nest.

"Bah!" said the Barnum to Martha when she had to excuse herself for a little meanness, "you are a calf, I declare!"

"Take care," said the other; "even a calf may get mad."

But hydrophobia does not make its appearance quickly, and the devoted friend of yore did her other favors.

It was a loan which she made without begrudging it. For example, on the day when she was annoyed in her turn, she asked from Sarah assistance which would only have reimbursed her: she would wait for a good long time. This fact became apparent, among other things, in a comical manner while the two friends went to inaugurate the new theatre of Montefiore, one of the most frequented bathing and gambling places on the Mediterranean.

Everything heretofore had been delightful on the trip. The evening before the start, the Barnum begged Martha not to trouble herself about anything to eat. She took charge of that matter. At 7 o'clock the next evening the two actresses got into a coupé and started. Soon they got hungry. Then Sarah opens her travelling-bag, a little marvel which is at once a toilet-case, a provision-basket, a wine-cellar, and in short just what you need.

Bravely she draws from it a parcel.

"What have we to devour?" asked her companion.

"Some garlic sausages. . . ."

"How disgusting!"

"Yes, my dearest; I love it dearly. As I cannot eat any of it at home, so as not to poison people, I always take advantage of my little trips to gorge myself with it."

"Very well; we are alone with this garlic sausage. I have some bread. . . ."

"What else?"

"A bottle of champagne."

"Well?"

"A flask of champagne."

"And after that?"

"After?—but that is all."

Martha was obliged to resign herself and try to make a meal on garlic sausage. But at the second slice her strength gave way and she swallowed her bread dry. Sarah, however, crammed herself

so that one would imagine she had not eaten for a week. And as to the atmosphere of the car, it was unendurable. The first employee who before Lyon endangered his life in endeavoring to collect the tickets fell asphyxiated on the road.

They reached Marseilles. A long stop. The two travellers ran to the telegraph-office and announced their arrival to their respective friends at Montefiore, but Sarah was furious against the office. The ignorant employe who was at the gate—Oh, glory!—he did not recognize the *grande artiste*. He had requested her to write her signature which he read Barnieu, while that of Pigeonnier was received with great salams by the scribblers. The comedienne did not know that they had all applauded Martha, she having given some representations at the Marseilles, and that these gentlemen were allowed to enter the theatre at a reduced price. At the buffet her anger fell because she saw she was recognized. Then she assumed her society attitude. As her companion, dying with hunger, ordered a cold partridge, she cried loud enough to be heard by every one, "Oh, horror, meat! You eat meat!" and the delicate creature turned her nose with an air of supreme contempt. Then, stuffed with sausage and garlic, she bought a simple bunch of grapes and picked them like an ethereal creature living on dew and flowers.

At Montefiore, great success; after which Martha gave herself up to the pleasures of roulette whilst her friend went to Paris. Very soon with her pockets empty the player remembered that she had lent money to Sarah. Despatch after despatch. No answer came, and the actress had to content herself as best as she could.

On her return she reproached the Barnum with her selfishness. "For," she said, "in a similar case I should have done what was almost impossible for you. We are too old friends for you not to do your best to help me out of my difficulties, even if you owed me nothing."

"Bah!" said the other, "I knew that you would come out all right." She paid back the money in question, however, after much dunning and in ridiculously small amounts. "I shall only give you so much at a time," she said, without laughing, "but it is to your interest. I know what a spendthrift you are."

The lady had the gift of ready replies and droll answers. The excellent and bald-headed Arthur Simon, a journalist and man of

the world, who loved her well, and kept a standing advertisement in Le Chantclair, had reason to know her too well, for she paid him by boxing his ears. One afternoon he went to remind her that she had promised to dine with him. He found her laid on the couch in the work-room. At the first words she interrupted him.

"Ah, poor dear," she groaned, "how unfortunate. I shall be obliged to fail in my engagement. In getting out of the carriage before the theatre I had the imprudence to jump down before the carriage stopped and sprained my ankle."

And pretending to try to walk she got up and limped about with crys of pain. Her visitor was obliged to force her to lie down again.

"What a misfortune," my poor friend, he said. "I have invited the men that you pointed out to me and your are the only woman. It would be a real calamity if you did not come. Come, my little Sarah, a sprain is not enough to stop a plucky one like you. You must oblige us even if we have to carry you. You must come this evening."

He insisted so much that Sarah became furious, but was obliged to yield, and finished by promising to do what she could.

Arthur Simon thanked her, shook hands with young Loris, who was present during the interview, without saying a word; then he went out.

He had no sooner turned his back than the Barnum burst out in anger. She avenged herself on Loris, who laughed, and in spite of his being sixteen years old threatened to box his ears. She did not limp any more, but walked the room and swore like a cabman.

"What is matter with them?" she cried, "to annoy me in this way. It is just like that miserable Simon! I was not in a temper bad enough without him coming to finish it. Ah, the calf's-head." And with a mechanical gesture she pulled back the curtain covering the door where Arthur Simon had just passed. But the same instant an exclamation of stupor escaped her, and she recoiled.

There in the half-open doorway the blockhead appeared. The bald journalist had returned for his cane, which he had forgotten; he had understood the furious slang of the lady, and now standing in the doorway he regarded her with a comical air.

She stammered forth a few broken words.

"Good! good! I am not angry with you, my dear," laughed the journalist harshly. "Nevertheless, I rely on you to-night. Calf's head let it be, but bring the parsley."

The bald journalist vanished. And Sarah went to dine with him!

It was not, to be sure, the first time that, in order to escape from keeping a promise, the fair Barnum played amusing tricks, but it was the first time that all her witty inventions failed.

One evening about seven o'clock, her lady friend De Winter, already mentioned, arrived and found her in a scolding humor.

"What is it?" she cried "you seem decidedly out of sorts."

"Why," replied the actress, "I must get dressed in time to dine in town, and that always makes me cross. Oh pshaw! after all, I am not going. It will be comical. They expect me. Mme. des Lassez has invited a host of people to meet me. How fine they will look when they find I am not coming! And the Baroness herself—what a look of disgust!"

She burst into laughter over the anticipated disappointment of the hostess and of the invited guests. De Winter interrupted this hilarity:

"Why, Sarah, my love, you are surely jesting. You would not break your promise, and thus insult Mme. des Lassez. Every one has enemies enough, believe me, without making additional ones. Besides, she is a most influential person, and, moreover, is the friend of Arthur Simon, who introduced her to you. . . ."

"Oh! I am firm about it! Stop! he, Simon, will be at the dinner. How he will scold! Kapnicki will be there too! There! I am mad because I do not want to dine alone. I must, excusing myself, get him to come back here."

And Sarah walked up and down the studio, gazing upwards, trying to find a way to accomplish her object.

"See here, De Winter, I must find some new excuse, because indisposition is one that I have used and abused too often. I might really be laid up, and no one would believe it. You are right. In inviting Kapnicki here, I want them to be convinced that it is really impossible for me to dine with the Baroness, for I do not wish her to be angry with me. Yes, but how? I will send Mother Girard to tell her. Now, to succeed, it is absolutely necessary for Mother Girard herself to be convinced that I cannot leave

this spot. Ah! quick; close the doors! I have an idea, but we must be alone. Let no one enter."

De Winter stands guard at the door. In an instant Sarah seizes the painter's ladder resting against the wall, lays it on the floor upon a heap of overturned chairs, then seizing her pallet, paints upon her knees and elsewhere large black and blue spots, striking imitations. She dashes a little red in her hair, and ties over these artificial drops of blood a band of English gauze.

"Now," she cried to the stupefied De Winter, "I have only to put on an appearance suitable to the occasion, to smell salts, and wrap my head in a scarf. Give me the powder and the puff. There! that's it! Now I lie down on my 'tramway;' I put on a dying look; you make me a glass of sweetened water—without laughing—like a good comrade who trembles yet from the fright he has had—and Mother Girard enters. Tableau! I relate my accident, show her my wounds, and if the thing takes, as I hope it will, she runs down to the Baroness' house, swears by all that is holy that it is impossible for me to come to dinner, and then goes and fetches Kapnicki here. Ready! Look serious, or I pinch you. And now for scene first!"

In the mean time, Mme. Girard, hearing half-past seven strike, and Sarah not coming down to dress, resolves to go up to the studio.

Mme. Girard is the confidante, the housekeeper, the companion, and maid of all work for the fair Barnum, whom she has known from infancy, and whom she worships, forgiving her everything, happy in hearing the commedienne call her always "Nursey," with the baby talk of old.

The worthy woman enters without ceremony, but recoils aghast at the scene before her. Her hair stands on end, and rushing to the couch, she cries in a terrified voice:

"My Sarah! my Sarah! What has happened?"

De Winter, making desperate efforts to restrain her laughter, causes the glass of sweetened water so to tremble, that she spills part of it over her hands.

"Ah! my dear nurse!" groans the wounded Sarah, "a little more, and you would never have beheld your poor mistress alive. Just think of it! I was trying to arrange the hangings up there. I fell—look! see how I have bruised myself. Ah! how it hurts!"

Saying this, she displayed her wounds, and uncovered her contusions.

The good-natured Girard, heart-broken at the sight, began to cry, suggesting at the same time twenty remedies. She wanted to do this and that, but the Barnum interrupted her:

"There are more pressing things. Little fool—run to Madame des Lassez, and above all bring that good fellow Kapnicki."

The good woman immediately jumped into a carriage, though not forgetting to recommend the Barnum to the care of De Winter and the maid.

"That is done," exclaimed the actress, cutting capers on the divan as soon as her messenger had disappeared.

Let us follow the latter to the Baroness' house.

Half-past seven, eight o'clock had struck. The actress not hav- appeared, the guests began to feel uneasy; as to Simon and the hostess, they criticised the capricious absent one very strongly.

Suddenly a carriage was heard at the door. Every one listened, full of awaked hope.

The Baroness, not hearing any one announced, leaves the parlor, and—Oh! deception!—finds mother Girard, who is trying to persuade the valet to admit her.

Madame des Lassez, not waiting for her to speak, furiously exclaims:

"Useless—useless! Madame Barnum will not come. Do not make any excuses—that is sufficient!"

But Kapnicki, who has recognized the voice of the messenger, runs into the corridor.

Madame Girard, regaining courage, will not allow herself to be sent away. In spite of all, she wishes to do her duty and excuse her dear mistress. In short, while the diplomat and Madame des Lassez herself notice her pallor, her eyes filled with tears; they remembered how much she loves Sarah, and they listen to her struck by her sincerity and the tone of her voice.

The good woman swears by her own daughter that she is not lying. She relates in a voice still trembling with emotion, that on entering the room, she had found the actress stretched on the divan "in the act of sponging the blood which was flowing from a wound in the head, which she had covered with English gauze."

The actress, while trying to arrange the draperies of her studio, and wishing to ascend to the top of a ladder, had slipped and she fell "a distance of nine feet!"

"Ah! Madame—Oh! sir," repeated the good woman, trembling

all over, "The wound in the head is nothing in that place; when it bleeds freely it heals right away. But if you saw her poor knees, her poor thighs——"

She joined both her hands, looking steadfastly at Kapnicki, wishing to convey the impression to him that he ought to hurry to the bedside of the victim.

Everybody sent their condolence to the fair wounded one, and then went to supper.

Madame des Lassez was terribly excited. Kapnicki, overcome with grief, was desirous of going post-haste to the actress' house. Arthur Simon, more knowing—and with good reason—shrugged his shoulders. When the Baroness spoke of the wounded knees of the Barnum, he could hardly refrain from laughing, when he thought of those meagre bones.

"Confound Sarah," he said, in a low voice to his neighbor, "she respects no one; she is now cutting death's heads."

Supper was gone through rapidly and almost sadly; Madame des Lassez, more and more convinced by the undeniable tone of conviction of Mother Girard, felt uneasy. Before the coffee had been served, the diplomat and the journalist had obtained permission to go to the Avenue Monceau. They would bring back the news. They reached Sarah's house, ran up to the studio, and found the victim in the attitude described:

"What does this new folly mean," Simon immediately exclaimed, in a brutally cynical voice.

"Sir," replied Kapnicki indignantly, "you allow yourself great liberty in talking to Madame in such a tone; don't you see in what a condition she is?"

Pale, her head enveloped in a sling, which she lifts to show the band of English taffetas, and her hair reddened by clots of blood, La Barnum presents a horrible appearance.

"My poor Sarah!" exclaims the Pole, throwing himself at her feet.

"Hi! hi! hi!" sobs the good Girard, while De Winter weeps also—from having laughed before, and from need of laughing still.

"What has happened to you?" asks the journalist.

The Barnum, in a voice hardly above a whisper, related the story of her accident. Arthur Simon confesses very soon before such proofs that he believes the story, and reproaching himself for his scepticism, sends for a doctor and some arnica, and returns to

Madame des Lassez to inform her of the sad accident. From there he went to his office to write it up for the next day's paper.

Then Sarah thought of confessing her deceit to Kapnicki, and of placing herself at the table, but how to do it? Mother Girard did not cease to beg her to allow bandages to be applied to her thigh, some ice upon her forehead, and some ointment on her knees. And, what was more cruel, the diplomat who had just dined, and who had certainly eaten a great deal, begged her to go to bed while waiting for the doctor! Some, friends whom Simon had informed in passing, came and added their entreaties to those of the Pole. No imprudence must be committed. . . . She is feverish already. . . . She needed some rest. . . . etc., etc.

Poor Barnum had wished to make a conquest, and had succeeded. She was compelled to let herself be carried into her room and put to bed without supper and a lord! In order to get rid of her friends, Girard and De Winter, who were in accord with her advisers, and the doctor who was announced, she feigned sleep.

The next day the farce was continued. There were many callers. For a few they placed a bulletin in the vestibule. Before the callers, tucking up her petticoats in the same way each time, Sarah showed the tattooing on her knees. But it miraculously came to pass that the said tattooing, when winter came, had gone from the left to the right leg.

The first time she is alone an explanation is asked.

Sarah, filled with laughter, rolls up on her couch.

"This is how," said she. "This morning after bathing I made new tattooing, and made a mistake in the leg. Right away Mme. de Lassez calls, and I show her the marks; but, and this is the joke, on going away, she spoke to Simon about it, and they disputed as to the leg; Arthur saying that it was the left and she that it was the right! . . . Finally I painted the left one. . . . I can show both!"

At last, from telling over and over again about her mishap, Barnum ended by believing that she had really fallen.

At the end of a week her story had become stereotyped, and she recited it by heart with a serious conviction, even to her death that could not be contradicted.

Moreover, about this time she had more than one adventure capable of troubling her memory.

But in spite of that Barnum did not contradict herself once, not

even in her quarrels with the young De Malgrainé, her former champion.

De Malgrainé had taken too much advantage of the situation. Having fought and been wounded for the actress, he arrogated to himself a thousand privileges, and made the lady's life his own. The influence which this gallant hero won made his fellow-workers jealous.

There was nothing for him but a grave! It could not last. . . .

Little by little he incurred the ill-will of those there, even of habitués who were only friends of hers, and so wearied Sarah. He went so far that Sarah dreamed of getting rid of this duellistic nuisance. She had never suffered geniuses.

So when the chamber of the actress began to be empty on account of him, when she perceived—and one can imagine in what humor—that on account of him people were forgetting the way to her apartments, she passed from dreaming to action. This young blood was to be sacrificed.

To get rid of him honestly was foreign to Barnum's methods; but Malgrainé being a man who, being put out at the door, came in at the window, it was necessary to win him with kindness, to color his exile with a good excuse, to make it of advantage to him.

Sarah entered the field, and used her friends. The genius being the son of a former diplomat, Kopnicki interfered, and they got the young man a consulship in northern Illyria.

Only, as he was head over ears in debt, the Minister could not have his name appear in the "Official" till he had liquidated the amount. Barnum then interviewed another friend, who gave twenty thousand francs. The young man quickly settled with his creditors and went to his station.

Unhappily he found out how and why his appointment had fallen to him so unexpectedly as if from the skies, and in his anger he stooped to unveil before Sarah's friend, the lender of the twenty thousand francs, all he knew of her private life, and he knew a good deal.

The above-mentioned friend, a nobleman, politely showed him out.

"What you have told me, sir," he said, "may be true; but in any case you should be the last to tell it . . . to me especially."

Malgrainé sailed the same evening.

He had not failed to send a superb bouquet of roses to his benefactress every morning.

Now, this queer diplomat had scarcely arrived in Illyria when the florist from whom the flowers had been bought sent to the tragedienne for the amount of his bill—about eighteen hundred francs!!! After much indignation at this unceremonious act, she could not help laughing. That saved her from being "fooled"—she who amused herself in deceiving everybody.

"Oh! how good she is!" she cried.

This extravagance would seem to indicate that our heroine was rolling in gold. A terrible mistake. Never, on the other hand, at least since she had become a celebrated actress, had she felt such embarrassment and struggled against such difficulties.

So, as we have said above, the pecuniary embarrassment of the Barnum drove her into public view with blows, as it were. Then yet once more she committed a scandalous folly.

She had just created the part of Chloris in *L'Aventure*, and had not yet reaped the success she longed for. *Inde iræ*, as they say in the new young ladies' schools!

The critics dared not declare her excellent—her, the great, the only, the incomparable Sarah! It was too much. Rage seized her. Willingly would she have strangled with her weak hands Narssey, Vitet, Reiss, and Pommereynette!

At any other time this rage would have lasted eight days, but make allowance for the excitement of a penniless actress! And again, her anxiety and her expense were not enough: it was necessary that she should be refused permission to play in London, that they should take away her last trump before it was drawn from the pack. It was too much; she threw her resignation into the face of the director and *sociétaires* of the theatre of Corneille.

This rupture was also a tremendous advertisement. As to her withdrawal, she "finessed" a little, trusting in her star.

Behold her then at London, after a trip of thirty performances in the provinces, which yielded her thirty thousand francs—a drop of water in the sea. This time she crossed the strait alone. Sophia Croizet stayed at Paris; no rival! She was enabled to choose her parts, and look after her fame as she pleased. More than that, as she was the only star and her manager was intelligent, she was sure of an unheard of publicity.

She was not deceived, in point of fact. They kept her name

before the public in a wonderful way, and her success became extraordinary. Always skilful, she renewed her friendship with the Prince of Ireland, the chief of the aristocracy, who gives tone to the intelligent mob, and who consequently made himself the most active agent of her success, and kindly pardoned him for having arrived too late, and not having been able to bring the actress into notice on her first journey.

Sarah is in the seventh heaven, invited and sought for everywhere. Among other acquaintances she made that of a Solicitor Brandy, who made himself her protector, hired for her a charming little house near Hyde Park, and advanced money to her.

But the Barnum, if she replaced her fine champagne with gin and particularly whiskey, limited the change of her habits to that alone. The English—very haughty people—are astonished and soon become vexed, especially the owner of her house, at seeing the actress organize forthwith her *tour de Nesle*, imitating that of the Avenue Monceau. There is, in truth, in the country house a continual procession, a never-ending round of gayety that might be forgiven if one did not see among the guests Loris, the young son of the Barnum.

This son, besides, she took with her everywhere, as a new and original mode of advertising. On one occasion, being invited to supper and to recite some poetry at Lady Portogam's, the queen of London society, she even took the liberty of bringing him with her.

Gravely the servant announced:

"Mademoiselle Sarah Barnum! Mr. Loris Barnum!"

The effect can be imagined. Anywhere else people would have simply smiled; in London this proceeding condemned her.

The "ill-bred Frenchwoman" was not invited again, inasmuch as her "pose," her pride, her authoritative manner, her intentional impoliteness, her continual delays, had already exasperated everybody.

A final act of rudeness broke down our heroine.

Brandy had invited her to dine with him. Sarah having accepted and formally promised, the solicitor invited several of his friends, distinguished persons, and announced this feast—the society "of the great actress," to whom he would present them.

The hour for dinner arrives. No Sarah. Disappointment of the guests. Anger on the part of the host.

At the last moment the tragedienne pronounced her "Zut! they bore me," which is, to speak in the manner of the colleges for young ladies, the *alea jacta est* of her worst caprices.

As Sarah's irregularity and her want of education are known, hope is still indulged in and patience used as best possible.

Suddenly, a cab stops in front of the door. (See above the episode of the dinner at the house of Madame des Lassez.) And Mrs. Girard appears—naturally. Alas! although accustomed to errands of this kind, *P'tit dam* does not succeed in convincing any one. The solicitor remains incredulous in regard to the blood-spitting urged as reason for her non-appearance; he knows what to believe in regard to Sarah's consumption.

Besides, the good woman is not convinced this time.

Brandy dismisses her without being able to conceal his anger. "Enough! I know her," he exclaims. "This is sufficient. Only tell Madame Barnum that she has not only insulted me: she has committed an act of foolishness, and I can assure you that she will have to pay for it—and dearly."

The man of law kept his word. At first he ceased giving security for the comedienne, then he claimed from her the sums advanced by him. Moreover, as he made the matter public, an avalanche of creditors, English ones, rushed to the pavilion rented by the Frenchwoman.

The proprietor, whose excessive Puritanism did not permit him to excuse his own error except from contempt of the prejudices of cant, had let, at a high price, to this lost sheep a shelter, and he profited by this occasion to expel her without a shade of reason. This was a return to poverty.

The solicitor's vengeance may be considered ungentlemanly. In France a man does not revenge himself upon a woman, and certainly not by similar proceedings; but Providence has not the refinements of our gentlemen, and for the execution of her plans, caring little for our puerile and honest codes of civility, takes the instruments ready to serve her.

The Barnum left London therefore in a very pitiful manner. She had garnered a harvest of glory, had gained a prodigious notoriety; she brought back a high opinion, not of the generosity of the Prince of Ireland, but of the cleverness of her physicians; only she had gained there no sympathy, and if she made a great

deal of money she had spent it so quickly that she was more embarrassed than before.

At the moment of sailing she reflected upon her position and took fright. The Corneille theatre was closed to her; she had to give a heavy forfeit; her house remained in good part unpaid, as did also the lands which she had bought at Saint Enveloppe near Nazaire; in one day of caprice her creditors showed their teeth, she had been threatened with seizure, she had exhausted all sources for a loan; finally her wild pranks, discouraging everybody, had violated her last obligation.

This was not cheerful. What could be done? She would have preferred her former black misery to her present embarrassment, the chase for a five-louis bill to a pursuit for a bill of fifty.

In this state of mind she was ready for anything to get out of the scrape, and when an impresario proposed to her an extended journey in South America on advantageous conditions, she leaped for joy and accepted.

Start your fires, O steamers!

X.

TRIPS FOR PLEASURE AND HEALTH.

On arriving at Paris the Barnum found the situation a great deal more complicated than she feared. Never, oh never had she found herself in such a scrape! It was a real disaster—in fact, a worse than terrible wreck. Stamped papers everywhere, signs of a sheriff's sale falling from all sides worse than hail. Desertion by her friends that might discourage the most careless, the most philosophic of Bohemians—in fact, complete ruin.

One might believe that in leaving the Théâtre Corneille Sarah had lost her hold. Everything went to pieces at once—the tiles were falling from the roof, the chimneys were tumbling! There was no armor that could resist such an attack. She reproached herself at having regretted her former degradation and the little miseries of the past life.

Alas! it was now even worse. She despised the vulgar poverty which forces humiliating compromises and the discomfiture of his lordship, cringing so as not to pay his bill when it is presented, or the bill of five hundred francs brought to him by his coach-maker or his horse dealer, with rigorous exactitude. The same day the actress had need for five thousand francs, and dined at eleven o'clock at night, because the fruit dealer had refused to credit her fifty centimes' worth of Brie cheese and the butcher two francs' worth of chops.

Also, why did she not receive the Spanish-American impresario who came to offer her a tour in his country? Oh, yes; she would surely go. The Mexican, Chilian and Brazilian press, alone would bring her out of her trouble. And she engaged herself, eager to set out immediately; always ready to pack her trunks that very evening. She simply forgot her former promise, her signature given to the impresario of London. Better still, she also forgot the American, as soon as the industrious Curey presented himself in an affable mood. This one did not let anything trail along without result. A sheet of stamped paper securing

two thousand five hundred francs for each performance to the star, and of all her expenses. A scratch of the pen—there it is! She embarked in a month.

The Barnum gave a vigorous scratch which tore the sheet of paper. Zut! Her signature given.

The expedition was organized, the troupe got together. Annette, the sister of the star, was naturally given a place. After Sarah she was to be number one of the tourists. There was nothing to do now but to take the express for Saint Nazaire, and to embark on the packet La Fayette, to their destination Aspinwall (*vulgo* Colon). From there they would reach, by rail, Mexico, where they would redescend to Peru and Chili. It is very pretty, very fine—on paper. Very fine in the letters from Curey. At the desire of his colleagues, the manager made advance payments to all, except to the star. She had to travel and live at her own expense until the day of disembarking, or rather until the night of her first appearance. This is the way theatrical speculators do.

Certainly, the tragedienne had little foreseen the circumstances, and was well pinched to procure the sum necessary; but this expense was nothing to those that her experiment rendered immediately obligatory. The costume and the jewels! She had nothing left. The pawn-brokers had taken all. What sensations were hers one can guess. Alas! trouble never comes alone. A combination of needs made itself known among the artist's creditors when they learned of her approaching departure. They put the bailiffs on her track, and a notice of a sale soiled the new walls of the Hotel de l'Avenue Monceau. Another than Barnum would have thrown the handle after the hatchet, renounced the game, disembarked the best way she could, abandoning the mansion, furniture, and land, all the fruits of her many labors, to the rapacity of the vultures. Our heroine felt her courage increased, and perseverance grew larger as her danger grew greater. She held her own against the mob—as mob is the word consecrated to creditors—sometimes also called vultures. O, violation of sacred and holy science of natural history! . . .

As to stamped paper—she answered them with stamped paper, suddenly seized at the hour of the crisis by that fierce love of property that makes threatened owners real heroes.

She had forty days before her. Before forty days they could

not sell. Good fortune! forty days. She was saved. It was the delay that Christopher Columbus asked of his sailors. Here a parenthesis for the reader to be able to relish the exquisite justice of this last companion; was not Sarah going to discover America?

Forty days. It was assured safety, before the expiration of this time, she would be at her destination, she would have played, encased with dollars, and if at the expiration of the truce, she, by hazard, had not the fifty thousand francs that was necessary for her to obtain her freedom, Curey then could not refuse her an advance, and, by submarine telegraph, she would remain deaf. The principal of the aforesaid having accepted this system of electric settlement, she rubbed her hands; her joy was short.

The question of costumes and jewels still remained. The products of the debts contracted in view of her retirement being spent, and her pocketbook containing only the amount required for her voyage, what was she to do?

She was in despair when the Jew Abraham called *Pon-lorgnett* presented himself to her.

The good merchant brought the Barnum a collection of jewels, valued by him at one hundred and twenty thousand francs—jewels specially made for the theatre, and which otherwise mounted and all real, would be worth a million, according to the figure at which the Jew estimated these stones.

Brought is not just the word: Abraham offered to loan his collection to the comedienne, and naturally accompanied his offer with a demand for her signature.

He had in his pocket a little deed drawn up. The voyaguese engaged herself, 1st, to restore the jewels that she could not steal without being followed for swindling; 2d, to pay for their loan in two-thirds of their value, unless she kept them and gave one hundred and twenty thousand francs for them.

Let us pay the little bills and other old *guaranteed* papers that the traveller signed at the same time with the lease. This was not all. The Israelite had calculated all the possibilities of his risks by shipwreck, collisions or fire at sea, risks of assassination in America, explosions on the steamboat, accidents on the railroad. He had also had prepared an assurance policy on the life of the artist. According to the terms of the policy, he ought to get double his advanced money if any accident occurred to the assured. The Barnum consented to all that he wanted, grabbed the jewels and

cried: "Ouf!" At last, she was at liberty, at last she had finished all. In three days she will embark. Alas! there! Alas! a sorrow was to come upon her. Her sister Annette fell seriously ill. Her departure is delayed. It demands time to find some one that will consent to replace the patient for six or seven grand rôles that must be learnt on the way. After rough imprecations, Sarah hunted among her friends. She found none.

All at once, she pushed a vigorous "Eureka." She remembered . . . . Marthe was not there; her dear Marthe that loved her notwithstanding all! She would tell her. It was a question of life or death, and to save her Marthe would be devoted once more.

"My good Girard, quick! quick! Jump in a carriage, my little lady! You will find and bring me Pigonnier, cost what it will."

Pigonnier arrived, let herself be convinced, fooled, gulled, and as they had not the time to demand by telegraph her acceptation by Curey (who then was at San Francisco), the innocent actress embarked without any engagements.

"An agreement," the Barnum had said to her, "would be useless; since you replace my sister, you will have her rôles, and her pay, which is six thousand francs a month." Marthe had not insisted.

Had she not for three years refused Maurice Grau's request to leave for the United States at fifteen thousand francs a month! But to-day it means to save Sarah! Save is not the right word, for the actress had declared she could not survive her ruin, and this would be ruin, the most humiliating fall not to leave on the day named, and not to be able to appease her creditors in the forty days and be forced to sell her hotel.

Then, thanks to her friend, the actress is able to go. The passage was not noteworthy. The seasickness would not cure Sarah of her intense pride. Her desire for posing in her rapid conversations showed her childish self-love, and her habital endeavor to tyrannize the world.

One day, speaking of her influence of her "clan," she affirmed having had a vivifying action in all that approached her.

"Every one," said she, without laughing, "warms himself in my rays. I am like the sun."

"Yes, beautiful star," replied a friend, "you are like the sun· you dry up."

They reach Mexico. The ambassador and agent of the State,

Chevellett, made monster claims. but the Barnum only appeared as a phenomenon. They went to see her out of curiosity. "My talent," said she, "passes almost unperceived; these people here are incapable of appreciating me; but, what matters, the receipts are good!"

Still, if by force of dollars the artist consoled herself for not being applauded according to her desire, she did not pardon her hosts for not admiring her as a woman. She had to resign herself. The gin and whiskey aided her. She had the habits of the rum drinker, and was tipsy every night. The town and country moves without Barnum having conquered any one. Poor Sarah! Poor sun! As for the advertisements, they have counselled her to be exemplary; but her wisdom weighed her down and she reposed near the "angel," seized again by her old caprice of the "Parthenon." As for her friends, they are just as if they had never existed, miserable inhabitants of an inferior sphere. She lolls in her sumptuous car, lives high life at the expense of the ambassador and mocks her companions, who freeze in the omnibuses. Even in contempt of her promises, and that which she owes to that "servant" she completely forgot Pigonnier. The latter would have laughed if, at the expiration of the first fifteen representations, she had not suddenly discovered her imprudence, and the unheard of roughness and odious ingratitude of Sarah. Marthe demanded her money for the fifteen days and received fifteen hundred francs. She protested, saying she ought to have double, after what Barnum had said, and as she replaced Annette she had by right three hundred louis a month due her.

But Chevillett declared that he could do nothing. Sarah hid herself cowardly, and both of them sent Pigonnier to Curey.

Curey could not speak French! And also he knew nothing, did not understand what they wanted to speak to him about, and did not know Marthe. He engaged Annette, and was not held by contract with any but her.

The victim of this proceeding is naturally furious, but there will presently be another story. The Barnum made her sister, who was nearly well, come from France, whither she was slow to send money, for Pigonnier having played well must not play any more. She leaves nothing. The tragedienne is enraged, and wants to make all the members of the troupe sign a protestation that they will publish *urbi et orbi*, and in which it will be shown

that that flight was a decided desertion, so as to prevent the work and destroy the tour. For she does not want Marthe to return; she wants her. Her sister is still suffering, and might fall ill again; they must always be able to replace her. The menace of our Machiaveli did not stop for friend, she became sweet again with her eternal promiser. Pigonnier continued only to get the hundred and fifty louis instead of three hundred, but Sarah did not forget the services rendered nor her words, and if the expedition succeeded, her own money would indemnify her, and Marthe, letting herself be enticed by this piece of sugar, stayed! Her recompense was a series of small mean tricks that completely crowned the coward. The Barnum forgot her promises, and even refused her companion a loan of 25 louis. Without a compatriot that Marthe met, and who advanced that sum, the actress could not have paid her hotel bill at Rio de Janeiro, and embarked on board the packet without abandoning her baggage. This time, at least, she was fixed, as for the Barnum, she reigned serene and triumphant, not being able to suppose that at length devotion would cease, and that the accumulation of revolts would make resentment deeper. When the traveller came to Monceau Avenue she was busily engaged in liquidating her debts. She had not awaited the expiration of the delay of forty days for forwarding from America by cable the fifty thousand francs which must save her mansion from being sold. During the remainder of the voyage, four hundred and fifty thousand francs more had followed this first invoice. However, it remained for her to have done with certain creditors. After which, the jewels of Samuel being paid for, she bought others of infinitely more value, and began to build a villa on the lands of Sainte-Enveloppe, previously encumbered. All this caused a fine drain on the hoard which the tragedienne was accumulating, and the continual expense aiding, one month after her return she had no longer a cent. She gave herself comparatively little trouble on that account, however. Had she not the means to make other journeys? and having acquired a relish for travel by her excursion across America, she was now contemplating to go through Europe. Only this time she would be her own manager. Chevelett, by means of his usual commission on the receipts, would organize the thing in the best manner, and would play the advertisement with his ordinary ability. No sooner said than undertaken! The

boasting comedienne, besides, had prepared Paris for this new figure by spreading the report that she was ruined suddenly by the insolvency of one of her relations, charged with fructifying her grounds!

At first there was a voyage of experiment. The whole province was traveled over, and with the most lively success. Chevellet and his lieutenant, Lévy, Americanized the departments and raised theatrical advertisement to the dignity of an art. Their bills were poems, their methods the perfection of the Indian mail service. The press besides added to them a wonder, in singing all the praises of Sarah, in exalting her wonderful talent, and in magnifying her triumph abroad.

It is at this epoch, a time of the great drum and the cymbals, that our heroine reached her zenith. It is at this epoch that the stereotype plate brought the "grande tragedienne" into current language. Chevellet and Levy had a manner of pronouncing it, causing the *r* to roll, which, by itself used to draw crowds to the ticket office! We say that the Barnum reached at that time the acme of her success, but the word is doubly true, since from all points of view, her glory was complete and fame in a hundred thousand newspapers sounded her praises everywhere. Voluptuously, she bathed in this unwonted good fortune. She recalled her debuts, her former misfortunes, her dream of yesterday was determined on the day of her examination, when, before the Column Morris, sliming with many colored handbills, she had sworn to expose her name in letters so flaming that dazzled Paris should ring with her praise. Paris had not yet risen in applause, though always a good child, but her dazzled eyes were now beginning to twinkle. This dream had been realized like all the others, —all the others, save that of being at last a woman, and of feeling herself tremble on the arm of a dear being! save that of finding, as so many others, a worshipper who would kill himself on her account, of draining a proud torrent, instead of being exhausted in the lowest sloughs.

Her mental survey of the past should have made her good; it developed only her egotism. She was glorious, envied, to all appearance rich, possessed talent, had a passion for houses, but would live, strange creature that she was whose débuts we have related, coldly precise. Under the extra stylish bonnets of Virots—artistic wonders, beneath the robes of Pingat, those poems

of feminine costume—she was in pride still more like to a little Jewess who dressed herself and curled her hair in shops of ready-made clothing. And, in the mean time, having nothing further to desire, she had no other object of worship than herself; she adored herself. Having become her own idol, and consecrating all her gains to the last penny to her new religion, the peevish thing sought and found the perfections of luxury and toilet which might avenge her past privations and humiliations.

Nothing was fine or good enough for her. Her purveyors were those sovereigns who came to applaud her. Still she prescribes to them refinements. It is in this manner that she invented the Swedish gloves which come up to the shoulder. Their folds, forming in ringlets, conceal the leanness of her arm, and as she entrusted their fabrication to the shops of the Louvre, those wonderful producers, the fashion of them takes furiously. In the same way she stimulated Madame Lejune, her seamstress, and prevented this newly arrived artist from going to sleep on her successes by requiring of her new patterns, each more exquisite than the other. She obtained from her morning robes, skirts, bathing apparel, to drive painters to despair by their white transparency, or by the charming originality of their tones and their design. For the Barnum was a complete artist, even to the end of her finger-nails. But, through her worship of fashion and delicate luxury, pierced it must, indeed, be said, her need of continually improving nature. Ill favored by this cruel mistress, she nevertheless wished to be courted and admired. Her leanness thus seemed to disappear. It was the famous Léoty, her corset-maker, whom she asked to make her a new bodice. The latter fashioned her a kind of corset which entirely satisfied her, and which by its elegance and coyness was half sharer in our heroine's perfect shape. As to her complexion and her skin, she by no means neglected them. M. Legrand came to her rescue. She prayed him to velvet them as well as to perfume and soften them, and the crafty perfumer invented for his exacting customer that incomparable cream called Oriza and that matchless essence termed Oriza of the white sun-flower. During her country voyage, however, it was not only luxury and coquetry that kept our heroine free from the monotony inherent in all journeys of this kind; this journey was strewn with wild successes all along its course.

Amid the band that surrounded her, she met with players who

acted in the side-scenes when the curtain was down, and until all hours a comedy was played, in which she naturally held the first part. One of these, Angel, we know. He was no longer the valet of that gay Sarah. Her youthful first man, however, could not reasonably complain of her. He never lost an opportunity of being agreeably unfaithful to her. While she was hostess of her *car* during her American voyage, he used to escape from the troupe and run wild through Spanish cities to court a pretty girl, whose good figure wrested his eye from the contemplation of his osseous Barnum.

This girl was merely a poser, and the actor called her *his useful uselessness.* Thus he remained during this voyage, the comrade of the "gr-r-r-eat tragedienne," no more refusing to play the part of her protector when required than would any loyal man who scrupulously fulfils every clause of his engagement when well paid for it. Next comes Jack Madaly, an improvised actor, who felt a sacred inspiration one morning and hastened to Sarah to request an engagement.

This Madaly was a handsome fellow—"a male"—said Barnum. He was a fine specimen of the fine Oriental type, but he only takes from his race the large velvety eyes, caressingly soft, tenderly dreamy or wildly passionate. He resembles his race only in its classic traits, its hot pallor, its blood-red lips; he resembles it in its indolent and fatalistic character, and especially in its wonderful disdain of woman when away from her. It is only his purity of race that has remained. Morally, he is clownish, and has the qualities and defects of that tribe of Mediterranean mongrels who are alike Greek, Provincial (of Marseilles), Italian, Arabian, Jews, who are by fate bankers, merchants, or peddlers, when they are not navvies. Of course he was a comedian, but he had tried each one of these professions. Nevertheless, his vocation was a true one. Madaly had naturally and to a high degree, that which so many actors seek in vain to obtain. Naturally, he was not in possession of that self-control and that experience which can only be acquired by practice in the Conservatoire but he supplied all this by sheer force of his nature, for he was instinctively an artist, and when on the boards, he showed that intelligence, that passion, and that intensity of life which was in him. His talent strengthened each day and increased with each of his appearances. He was "somebody"

Sarah singled him out, as one perhaps already known, and flirtations followed close one upon the other at each halting-place.

The young man was in love with Nelly, an ex-opera-singer who had lost her voice and was now playing comedy. She became one of the troupe when the European tour began, and the directress naturally took her in hatred and led her a hard life, even after stealing her lover. Triumphs followed the new journey on all sides. Nevertheless, as the tragedienne was not satisfied with being called an artist, she had it spread on all sides that that she was engaged in several love scrapes. Princes and lords, men famous in art, in literature and in politics, the whole world was at her feet. In Holland, she claimed to have captivated a millionaire banker, Mynheer Chicmann, who was madly in love with her and followed her everywhere like a little dog. The truth is, said Mynheer was a good fellow, but merely a clerk at the Exchange of Amsterdam, and whose great ambition was to be a dramatic author, and followed Sarah to familiarize himself with theatrical matters, and have a play of his own acted some day either in France or in his own country. This "love-sick millionaire" became the secretary of Chevellet.

'Twas no matter; the story had been well told, and it made its way.

Chicmann, also, knew how to render himself useful; it would have been difficult to find his equal in organizing a reception at a railroad terminus, or in front of a hotel, to unite, in fact, were it in a desert, the music of firemen, sappers and miners to spend a thousand dollars and to smother in flowers his management. From country to country, from town to town, at last they arrived at Bucharest. Once there Sarah commenced operations. She no longer held Nelly in hand. She hated him cordially and furious to see Madaly, her "favorite," return to his mistress at all times. The enchantress received her "good-bye at the door," and in spite of the Barnum owing her a balance, she never hesitated but left at once, thereby satisfying her jealousy. Nelly cried, the tragedian rubbed his hands and Madaly, all Oriental as he was, allowed himself to be petted.

The rejected actress was replaced by Adele Belette, a pretty girl who had been picked up in Russia. Sarah at first was discontented, having no one to tease, but it did not last long. Her fellow-companions and the new-comer determined to distract her

attention. They came to Illyria. Their stay was remarkable for numerous incidents, of which a few from their nature will bear being detailed.

At Geneva one night Mme. Barnum, whom Angel and Madaly exchanged daily, quarrelled with both five minutes before the raising of the curtain. She was so mad that she could cry no longer and she refused to appear on the scene. Chevellett and Chicmann threw themselves on their knees before her, beseeching her to play her part. The house was as full as an egg. It would be a shame to disappoint them, besides she would spoil her reputation. Eventually the grand tragedienne allowed herself to be convinced and repaired to the dressing room to rearrange her toilet. Bang, bang, bang!!! The curtain! As usual a triumph, applause and recall, till in the 3d act of the scene in which she takes the principal part, the artist rapidly slides from the sofa as she faces the audience and remains extended as the dead. A dread horror prevades the hall, the lifeless corpse vomits mouthsful of black coagulated blood. The curtain falls! The spectators are requested to retire, their money will be returned to them, the crowd disperses cowed and dejected. But there is one who is most down-hearted of all, it is Chicmann, who was to receive a good percentage of the gate money, and who goes with the crowd. Suddenly the Dutchman strikes his brow! he has conceived an idea? He dashes to the box office, already beseiged by the crowd, he climbs the desk and addressing those assembled in his stentorian voice and rolling out his r's like a genuine Celt, says: "Ladies and Gentlemen: You came to hear the great Sarah Barnum, did you not? Well, you have seen her; she is dying. She kills herself by working too hard."

Groans and lamentations!

"Now, what do you wish? Your money to be returned! All right, wait a few minutes, but allow me to make an observation, a simple observation; the people of Illyria are proverbially generous."

Murmurs of approbation!

"You admire talent?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"You worship the artists?"

"Yes! Yes! Bravo."

"You are not like those Frenchmen who, having the happiness of

possessing the great tragedienne, will leave her to perish of hunger and compel her to ruin her health in running about the world to obtain a living. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, because our favorite actress has succumbed in trying to please you, are you, as admirers and lovers of the stage, going to treat her as one who has failed in her engagements?"

"No! No! Never!"

"It is a fact. You have the right to demand the return of your money, and I am ready to give it back to you. It is for you Illyrians to judge whether, at the moment when this grand actress may be dying, you would snatch from her her last gain."

Then a universal shout arose of "Never! Never! Long may Sarah live!" There were a few timid protestations, but they were drowned by the hurrahs.

Chicmann, enjoying his triumph, remained perched on his balustrade. "Come along, ladies and gentlemen," cried this Mangin, bold just now; "let those among you who wish to be paid approach!"

Nobody approached. "Well, I declare! The generous people of Illyria dunning the g-r-r-r-eat Sarah." That was good for the heroes of Magenta, those Frenchmen so saving of their blood and of their gold! And the spectators passed out without going to the desk.

What could the timid protesting ones do? To insist upon being paid would appear stingy, and at the same time it was acknowledging that they were not "lovers of art." And this before the best society of Geneva! Never! Rather death!

The doors once closed, Chicmann threw himself on the desk in order to laugh at his ease. Then Chevellette appeared, and, in his joy at seeing the receipts saved, allotted him on the spot a thousand francs indemnity.

Even for this generosity he was violently reprimanded by Sarah. But he didn't spare words in his answer, so indignant was he at her avarice. "How!" said he, "there is a good fellow who has saved you fifteen thousand francs, and you beat him down! Well! if I have to give it to him out of my own pocket, he shall have it."

As we see, Sarah's fainting-fits and vomiting did not prevent her from paying attention to this little affair.

Geneva all this time had no idea that its dear artiste was dis-

cussing a money question with the closeness of a Jew. It thought her dying and surrounded by doctors. The next day it believed, seeing her leave, that she was going to seek in her natal air, and in the ports along the Mediterranean, a slight relief from her incurable malady.

Poor Geneva! poor Genevese!

Forty-eight hours afterwards they learned that their idol had just made a tremendous hit at the grand theatre of Trieste.

However, the details of her syncope and her hemoptysis whilst on the stage were making the rounds of the European press. The Paris papers particularly were full of it. Their descriptions, amplified and moistened with tears, appeared on the first editorial page, if you please! They had foretold it. Sarah was killing herself. Already at the Théâtre Corneille had she not been constantly ill? Did they not recall the constant changes of programme, the continual postponement, that weakness, that spitting of blood, etc., inflicted on the managers?

And when she had sailed for America, had they not expressed the fear that they would never behold her more? If they could have spoken freely, they would have wondered at the miracle when they saw her return. They never imagined such a thing. A woman so slight, so thin, to expose herself to the dangers and the perils of a pilgrimage like this! Had she not been already ill, this life of fatigues, this bird-on-the-wing existence, would have ruined her.

Bosh and nonsense! The *Barbier* principally distinguished itself in this outcry. His description of the "agony" of the Barnum, a masterpiece of realism, made you actually shiver. One could see the scene. Nothing was wanting: the swooning in the chair; the spectral face turned toward the public; the rigidity of the features and of the bust; the frightful fixity of the large eyes, dilated and gazing into vacancy; the horrifying contrast of the black blood flowing without effort from those pale lips against her robe, white as a winding-sheet!

But all this prose annoyed a friend of the pseudo-consumptive, —such are friends,—who, having lived near Sarah, and being in her confidence, knew how much to believe of this yarn. She "let on" to an indiscreet journalist, who spread the news in his theatrical notices. "The tragedienne was no more consumptive than he. Only some time ago she had had a surgical operation of no

great consequence." This had cured her; but since, a phenomenon had taken place in her organization which can be explained medically and not otherwise—a phenomenon whose effects reappeared at regular intervals.

The amusement that this revelation caused on the Boulevards cannot be realized. During a whole week the doctors were driven to their wits' end. All their patients ran to them: "Doctor, have you read the article of Ventreblanc in the *Fait du Jour*?"

"Of course."

"And really believe that transfusion is possible?"

"Certainly."

Upon which the curious ones returned home laughing until they cried. The Barnum never again vomited blood—in public.

XI.

PUFFING IN PERFECTION.

We left the Barnum at Trieste, plunged in the perusal of the *Fait du Jour*. Never had twenty-five lines of printed prose caused so much rage as that paragraph of Ventreblanc.

"The dirty brute!" she shouted. "Can't he advertise me without touching on my private affairs?"

Thereupon she resolved to have nothing to do with any one but Angel.

"A reminiscence!" said she, speaking of this new and passing return to her old love.

In truth, Angel had her special favor for the moment. Verily he should never have let it go. On his return from America he hoped that his relations with Sarah would last forever, and that she would appoint him to take the management of a theatre of which she would be the bright particular star. Had it not been for the fiasco of the young walking gentleman, a very indifferent comedian, she would have married him on her return; for at this time she was commencing to think of marriage as an original finale, and the only ingenious way of advertising that she had not as yet employed. Angel was, according to her notion, the husband she needed. First of all he was dull, and jealous even of actors not of her sex. She did not wish her husband to shine in her presence. Then she would have managed him according to her own ideas. Without doubt she could have attempted to find a spouse in another class of society; she could have hunted out somebody, if not illustrious, at least notorious: but she would have been obliged to abdicate her personality in such a union. She would have been "Madame Sarah X . . . " or "Madame Sarah Barnum X . . . ;" while her idea was to remain herself, and to make of her husband "Monsieur Sarah Barnum." Angel being ridiculous in consequence of his failures, she renounced the thought of this marriage. And still with what emotion had she not repeated in those days, "I want my son Loris to have a father"!

Therefore at Trieste, as well as during the whole trip, the ex-

future was only a source of amusement. He played between the acts, as it were; and if his reign was longer than the reign of his predecessors, it was only because of the length of the stay of the company in that city, and because of the coldness that existed between Sarah and Jack Madaly. Our abandoned Oriental accepted neglect with his ordinary philosophy.

"Women being women, must needs be taken as we find them," said he. Had he said "to let one's self be taken by them," he would have been nearer the truth. But the "male animal" did not growl much. He had thrown the handkerchief to Adèle Belette; and so well that that pretty little thing had succeeded Nelly.

We can well imagine this did not suit Barnum. Even had Madaly never been anything to her, she would nevertheless have considered this new love of the actor as treason, and consequently would have cordially detested the actress who had dared to let herself be loved by him.

A woman allow herself to shine at *her* side! A woman allow herself to have a success, no matter how slight, before *her!* Never would she suffer such an outrage! And immediately she gave herself up to jealousy. To reconquer Madaly became her only aim.

Unfortunately, the happy artist seemed really smitten by Adèle, and the hard-hearted wretch feigned not to understand the reaction which was taking place in our heroine. Still worse, this spoiled sultan had the courage to resist her when she provoked him directly. Cut to the quick, furious, she became obstinate, and wished to get back the prey that in a capricious or tired moment she had rejected, but whom, in her egotism, she would not abandon to other lips.

Perhaps she would have accepted the rôle of "second fiddle" if she had overcome without trouble the resistance of the young man; but the latter continuing to refuse to yield and remaining as cold as marble to all the deductions that she used toward him, the tragedienne became really in earnest. In fact, the second fiddle wanted to be first. One day the troupe took part in a fox-hunt, got up in her honor by some of her new admirers.

Sarah was of the party, her admirers being with her—actors who had been transformed into gentlemen by force of circumstances.

Thus one may be a great artist and yet not know the equilibrium that is learned at Montmorency. The hunters proved this fact by falling one after another. Chevellet and Chicmann themselves emptied their saddles. Happily nobody received any great injury and limping along all were enabled to regain the city. Madaly in his Eastern capacity was better mounted than his comrades, but his beast stumbled and threw him in turn.

He had no trouble in raising himself. Barnum was at hand assisting him with her feeble arms, showering upon him a thousand attentions, and truly superb in her rôle of guardian angel. With what solicitude she set him on his legs and supported him to the carriage the wounded man alone will ever be able to tell. When he was comfortably installed in the coach, she seated herself at his side. Making an ear-trumpet of her meagre chest she cried, "Coachman! to the hotel!"

The road was a lonely one, but she found it too short, so much was she occupied, "Are you suffering, Jack?" softly and sweetly she asked, at the same time kissing the forehead of the wounded man.

"No, it is nothing," answered Madaly. "I beg you not to give yourself so much uneasiness and trouble. Pshaw, I have often been there before."

She did not weary of her attentions on that account, half lying upon her like a baby who is being cuddled, and she revealed herself to the young man as an incomparable Sister of Charity. She would forcibly examine the bruises that he had sustained in his fall. She caressed him lightly with a delicate hand.

"Do you suffer here!" asked the nurse, bending so close upon her patient, that her hair carressed his forehead. "Is it there? say!" "No, no," said he; "nothing troubles me but a general weakness that a night's repose will put an end to. Reassure yourself. I swear to you that I do not suffer."

Sarah continued to insist. "What I fear, you see, are internal injuries." She then continued to caress the happy victim, in spite of his protestations.

The perfume that was thrown off from the body of the nurse gave the comedian a slight headache. He would have paid high to have had Adèle in the place of Sarah. The hand of the Belette was still light and the ear-trumpet she furnished him would have capped the climax. But go and tell that to your directress. He

was therefore constrained to let her alone at present; he had a genuine sick headache, and in his back he felt the "little death's heads" of his companion penetrate more painfully at each jolt of the carriage, and this sensation helped to keep him rebellious to the caresses, and rebellious to that reconciliation which Sarah petitioned. The Oriental knew what women were, and was a proof against their wiles. He tasted a wicked pleasure in watching them uselessly exerted. With this he revenged himself. He thought of the indifference with which he had been replaced at Trieste. To hold the sugar-plum beyond the reach of the capricious one would be fair enough in war.

So he steeled himself to passively submit to her caresses, but had to struggle for success, as his charmer, desiring to triumph, used all her weapons, increasing the melody of her voice and the magnetic fire of her beautiful eyes. But at length he succeeded in mastering himself, and good as was the attitude of the hugging couple upon the route, scandalizing the good country people, astonished at French immodesty, Madaly, when the open carriage stopped in front of the hotel, had not surrendered.

Let us follow her later in the evening to the theatre. She arrives musing upon her plight, seeking upon whom to vent her spleen. So what does she discover upon entering the "wings" at the second act, but Adèle Belette, coquetting in the midst of a deputation from high life in Trieste, who have come for the purpose of complimenting Barnum!

Beautifully dressed and very pretty, her hated rival struts in the midst of black coats which hem her in, and which, she says, amuses the members of the deputation immensely, for they loudly laugh and seem to forget the cause of their invasion in the flies, and to take never more patiently the delay of the star to come to them or to receive them.

At this spectacle the anger of the tragedienne knew no bounds. She landed upon the stupefied group and vigorously apostrophized her dependent.

"Miss!" she went on in a rage, "do me the favor to go back to your room, and do not post yourself here till your part requires you. On my honor, your way of going on is indiscreet."

As soon as addressed the young woman at once saw the secret of Sarah's rude and brutal outbreak. Wild at being humiliated before visitors, she hits back in the same style, and there an inter-

change of compliments took place between the rivals, which is not fit to be repeated.

"Oh! yes, yes! Indecent," shrieked Adèle. "Hear the wretch prattle about decency. Where is my watering-pot?"

"Yes!" repeated Barnum, beside herself, "I will not let you use my dressing-room for your purposes. I open my theatre to artists, not to frauds!"

Beginning thus, the row was kept up. The Triestese were amused more than if they had stayed in the theatre.

In the end the manageress who, since her American tour, had taken to gulping down whisky, and had that evening, in her bad temper, taken at 10 o'clock the dose which she usually took only at midnight, descended to the meanest insults. And Miss Belette no longer restrained herself, and, pulling herself together resolutely, and putting her thumb to her nose, she wriggled her fingers, and yelled: "Fraud, well, perhaps so! But, the worst fraud is you! Plague on you!" At these words and this act, Sarah choked, and with a strangling voice, bade the bold girl begone. From that evening Adèle ceased to be a member of the company.

But her rival, without letting Sarah finish, had disappeared. In two jumps she was in Madaly's room, and told him all. The Oriental, whom his fall had made more stolid than ever, was not surprised, and put off all explanation till the end of the play. But, as soon as the curtain fell, the scene between the star and her rival began anew, and the actors had to join in it rather unwillingly.

"Do you understand," said Adèle to him, grasping him in the passage, "do you understand that piece of vulgarity there? I want her to settle my account and let me go, and instead of counting out to me my 1000 francs, she gives me 15 louis wrapped up in a receipted bill for 700 francs, the bill of the robe maker, who made my dress for the second act. But by all that's holy, that account shall not be settled thus! It is not a dress for my private wear, it is a theatrical dress needed for my part! It is stage property."

And Miss Belette, delighted at heart at having made Madaly interfere, kept shouting louder.

It was a fact, even in the course of her jealous rage Sarah was still the Jewess, and while getting rid of her rival was thinking

of her own pocket. To her motto ("In spite of everything," she might have added, "Let nothing go."

The coming in of the man who was causing all this disturbance did not help to calm it. The actor was then greeted in his turn by a string of insults. He was no longer "her good Jack" of the afternoon but "a fool," an "idiot," to quote only the least forcible of the epithets with which the actress assailed him.

He let the storm pass without answering, and with tranquil air led off his lady-friend.

Only next morning, when Barnum had him called, she learned that the "handsome man," having got paid, had sailed off with Adèle. For what country they had steered no one knew. At this blow she got mad. What! not content with humbugging her and assisting all her coquetry, not content with having her rage, he went off? The brute!

And Sarah's caprice, born of self-conceit and her jealousy, changed into a mad desire, an absolutely wild passion. This coward who fled from her! she would bring him back. Yes, but by what means? She was ready for anything, but what plan could she form? She contracted her brow trying to squeeze out an idea.

Letters? They would get to him too late! and where was she to write to? Run after him? In what direction? Macaroni Stadt was covered with bills announcing the coming of her company. What could she do with her artists?

No, neither of these ways would do. In the first place, she wanted to punish him even in buying him back. But then?

Suddenly the long sought for idea struck her. She hit upon the plan she had so much looked for. At once she hung on to the bell rope.

"Quick, quick. I have been robbed! Call the host at once."

The waiters ran headlong. In the twinkling of an eye the house is turned topsy-turvy, and the landlord, who arises late, hurriedly dresses to rush to the stair.

"Sir," said the actress, "I have been robbed."

"What! you robbed?" said he, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, sir. Yesterday evening, when going to the theatre, I put 17,000 francs in this drawer of the bureau, and this morning they are gone."

The Illyrian is in despair. However, he recovers his coolness, has the doors shut, and all the waiters brought in.

"It is not the waiters I suspect," she cries out, "but it is one of my companions, M. Madaly, who went off this night with Miss Belette."

However, the good landlord refuses to believe that two "artists"—two of those "delightful French"—that "pretty Miss Adèle," and that "so pleasant M. Madaly," were really the guilty parties. He worried himself while questioning his household. And Barnum taps with her foot and becomes impatient. Thanks to all these delays, the fugitives will have time to clear the frontier before they have set the telegraph to work. Oh, the joy of seeing him whom just at present she adores, brought back between two police officers; this joy for which she pants, shall she not taste of it? It would be so grand, so good, to have him there, at her mercy, humbled and wretched, and to go to see him in his prison, and after kissing him, as she thirsts to do, to say to him:

"Go! You are free. Come and love me. The money which wretches said you had taken is found all right."

And then in the evening, in the lazy sweetness which follows the first caresses, in that discreetly exquisite shade of curtains close-drawn, which is tinged with blue and red by the gleam of a night-lamp, far off on the sill of the alcove, a gleam which makes Sarah look like other women, what bliss to avow to him the trick to which they owe their good fortune.

At last that idiot of an Illyrian has ended his enquiry, the waiters are proved innocent, and the poor lover of the theatre and of artists, feeling her heart heavy with her lost illusions, decides to run to the authorities and to the telegraph office.

In all directions they have wired the description of the fugitives, of the male fugitive especially, for she had charged him only, so that they might bring him back alone. Alas! the day and the night pass without her hearing of his arrest. Next day, the police lieutenant tells her that Madaly has been recognized at the French frontier but that the order for his arrest got there after he had crossed. He had time to get to Montefiore, and Illyria had no extradition treaty with this small principality. Well on her guard in spite of everything, the actress said in reply to the officer, "That turns out wonderfully well," and that the money, locked up elsewhere by a chamber-maid coming back at the

moment, had just been found. Then, once she is alone, in her despair she gives vent to some hitherto unheard of oaths. If that does not console her, at least it arouses in her again more than ever her desire to succeed and her proud infatuation. Quick to telegraph!

To Mr. Madaly,
Actor,
At Montefiore,
Principality of Montefiore.

Come back at once. Most important.

SARAH BARNUM.

The hours roll on. No answer! She takes to swearing again, and sends this second message:

Mr. Madaly,
Actor,
At Montefiore.

Come back to me, Jack, I beg of you

SARAH.

No answer! A second day rolls by. Barnum swears no longer, except through her teeth. Her voice is broken, but she can still write, and she scrawls this third telegram:

To Madaly,
At Montefiore.

Ah, for God's sake, come back to me.

SARAH.

Nothing, nothing, still nothing from him. She does not swear at all now, the poor deserted woman. She lies on her couch utterly exhausted. Was there ever seen such an affront! As she is in despair, and thinking of packing up to follow the ungrateful wretch, a telegram comes at last.

Oh, that blessed piece of blue paper! How she would press it to her heart—if she were not in such a hurry to read it! And she reads:

To Madame Sarah Barnum,
At Trieste.

Come back to you? What for?

JACK MADALY.

"What for?" she cries, crumpling the despatch in her hand. "What for? He asks that!!! Quick, my good Girard. Hurry up full speed, and send this telegram:

"*Madaly, Montefiore.*
Why? Because I love you. SARAH."

And these words sent off, she waited with palpitating heart. Second telegram. Her hands trembled on opening it:

Sarah Barnum, Trieste.
Too late: so much the worse.

JACK.

Run once more, little fool! Sarah doesn't give up yet. For proof of which read the following:

Madaly, Montefiore.
Return, or I shall kill myself! SARAH.

This time Madaly softened. He replied:

Sarah Barnum, Trieste.
I ask delay. Impossible to return. Lost at play. Have need of 3000 francs. JACK.

"At last!" exclaimed the actress, "at last he is mine!" And radiant with joy, she sent the three thousand francs. Nothing now remained for her but to wait, to kill time as best she could until the arrival of her lover. For by a psychological phenomenon, very habitual in our heroine, she loved what she did not possess and what cost her some pains to conquer. Madaly belonging to the category of not immediately tangible things, she necessarily desired to have him in her power.

Yet this desire was the only form of adoration she was capable of.

Unfortunately one cannot leave Montefiore as quickly as one enters it, and the dear fellow Jack remained there twenty-four hours after the receipt of the money. Finally the fugitive arrived at Macaronistadt, to which place the travelling star had brought herself and her baggage from Trieste. He went to the Star Hotel on leaving the depot, and immediately asked the clerk to announce him.

After a loving meeting Sarah said:

"From now on, dear, it is over, and we can always live together, for it is settled we shall get married."

He looked at her without showing his surprise, still a fatalist and still resigned. Yet he felt certain Sarah did not lie, but desired the union. The idea had taken possession of her the preceding days. On reflecting upon her situation, her former dreams of conjugal life returned to her. Since she was really taken with "her Jack," it was necessary to utilize this folly. A marriage would be a new advertisement and make a great deal of noise. Besides, Jack was the man who pleased her best for a husband—sufficiently talented to be noticed and to serve her, and not enough to be a serious rival to her. And what a father he would be for Loris!

"Look," said Sarah, showing him to Madaly, "you shall see how I shall get rid of Angel," said the Barnum.

And going to the table the lady of the house wrote some words.

"My dear friend," she said, rising, and handing the paper she had just covered with an unintelligible scrawl to Angel, "you can go. From now on you are free. Your contract still has six months to run, but on presentation of this order Chevellet will pay you your whole salary at once." Angel, without the slightest trace of emotion, thanked her, complimented the young couple, and disappeared. One hour later, Chevillet, having cashed his order, went to the depot and took the first train home, delighted to have made such a good bargain.

Left alone, the young couple conversed together. Where and how get married? Sarah knew something about Gretna Green. She proposed England. There were still some engagements not yet kept. They decided to cancel those in Illyria and postpone the opening at Montefiore. Thanks to these changes, the couple had a few days to themselves; they took advantage of them to embark for the banks of the Thames. A mere nothing for such travellers!

While the two doves billed and cooed in the cars on the road to Calais, the company arrived by slow stages at the watering-place where they were to await the return of their manageress. Yet the latter, in having the opening at Montefiore postponed, had forgotten that her dear Lérin, the gentle painter, and her son Loris awaited her there on the day originally fixed by her. Unfortunate neglect!

The company, which replaced the ancient chariot of Thespis by the most delicious sleeping-cars and most rapid steamboats, embarked on one of the little steamers which run from Macaronistadt to Montefiore, stopping at different places along the route. It was in this way they stopped at Libreville, the principal port on the voyage. But whom should they find there?

Lérin escorting Loris—or, if you prefer it, Lérin accompanied by Loris!

Both of them had become impatient. Why did Sarah remain so long in Illyria? And tired of asking themselves this question, they had embarked for Macaronistadt. Their steamer went in the opposite direction to that of the actors, but chance had brought the two steamers to the same port at the same time.

"Sarah? Where's Sarah?" they exclaimed, stupefied at not finding our heroine in the midst of her companions.

They looked at each other, laughing inwardly, but not knowing what to say. Chicmann, very much confused, replied that "the manageress was travelling." Loris became anxious, demanded an explanation, and wanted to know at all hazards. In the mean while Lérin buttonholed the travellers and severally interrogated them. Very soon the truth was unfolded to him.

"Married! she has married at this time of life! O rage! O despair! And without saying anything to him—to him whose engagement she had broken! And with Madaly! It was too much!

Upon which, catching sight of the eyes of his young companion, he poured forth his rage and hate at him.

The youngster snapped up.

"It's that, is it!" he exclaimed. "Well, then, you shall see! Give me my Toledo sword!"

And the sulky little fellow wrote his mother a scathing letter, of which the following, with the proper orthography, are the first lines:

"*Mamma:*

"*I will no longer eat the bread of shame; I will work for my living!*" . . . .

Naturally, this letter was sent to the newspapers.

A good dog chased from his race. In the Barnum family nothing could be done, not even a spoonful of castor-oil taken, without its being immediately noticed in the newspapers. The newspapers recorded the solemn rupture which had taken place be-

tween mother and son. The young Barnum, they announced, was going to Africa. They congratulated him. But while waiting for the steamer, the good young man, who had retraced his steps, and returned with the company to Montefiore, began to play roulette, and a little while afterwards a new sample of his prose travelled in the mail-cars of France and Great Britain:

"*Dear little Mamma:*

"If the charms of your conjugal life leave you some leisure time, you will be very kind to think of your poor Loris, who, completely squelched, was fairly mouldering away at Montefiore, and ready to die for the want of one hundred louis." . . .

The Barnum sent the funds; she was too happy to cherish any ill-will towards the dear child. Her marriage had really had the desired effect. Never had people talked so much of her. An overpowering advertisement, fit to set every other artist crazy. Confusion, scandal—everything was in it.

In her joy she took her union seriously, and entered into the spirit of her rôle. Once more, "My husband" here, "my husband" there. Her mouth was full of it.

Madaly was constrained to play his part, to pose as a model husband. There must be order in a house, repeated the tragedian; and she exacted that the chief of the community should really exercise his functions—before the world above all. Jack gave up, as usual. Then they came back from England, when, after the representations at Montefiore, his wife reinstated herself in her mansion on the Avenue Monceau, he carrying the keys of the strong-box. And the word "strong-box" has here nothing metaphorical, Sarah having found in her incessant turns of the wheel of fortune what love had refused to her. That did not hinder her from finding out that she was at certain times pretty well exhausted.

The leakage remained the same, and the strong box which she refilled so often was always eluding her. She would have fallen back into the most pressing need had she gone eight days without playing. Her husband was too Oriential to even try to put the house into that order, of which she had impressed upon him the necessity. There must be an honorary proprietor, and before visitors she affected to take his orders. He must, they being present, regulate their expenses and make up the accounts. It was to him that the servants addressed themselves.

"Will Monsieur settle the bill of the hairdresser?" "Has Monsieur the intention of paying the butcher's bill?"

This setting of the scene, this deference established, all this housekeeping had imposed the husband on those of the frequenters of the mansion who had not yet deserted. Now it must be imposed upon Paris, and she declared that the oddity of her rôle gave a new zest to her passion for Jack. A benefit matinée furnished really the means for their trip. The bride and groom went there together, and as this was a first wonderful appearance it was a matter of great sensation. Madaly playing for the first time in Paris, and before an audience whose silent antipathy he guessed did not appear without emotion on the stage, but he recovered himself quickly, and from the second act his success drew him on to an acclamation in the fourth. The play was "*L'Amant du Cœur.*" The Barnum applauded less. She was very nervous, and had besides forgotten the flask of gin which she carried with her habitually at the theatre.

Most people found her inferior to herself. At all events, this representation had not the results which its instigator expected. She had not made any impression, and being punished where she had sinned, she commenced to suffer from this abominable advertisement. She had opened the door of her alcove; the reporters invited the crowd into it.

She had put her life into the street; the street entered into her life. She had uncovered herself publicly; everyone wished to see what was in her.

She wished people to talk of her; they now did talk of her too much. Paris, which had been shamelessly provoked for years, commenced to revenge itself. And its vengeance was all-devouring. Sarah was given to it; it took her and kept her, dissecting her with jeers. She was its *thing*, its *doll;* it amused itself with her.

And later on, when finding that by this overcooking, the publicity bought at this price Madame Madaly wished to withdraw, the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, said to her:

"A tooth for tooth, eye for an eye. Equal rights do not exist for you any longer, and neither as a woman, nor a mother, nor a wife, nor as artist, can you protest as you yourself; oh, poor nervous creature, you have broken down your strong wall Guillontet, to throw the marrow-bones at our heads."

The misfortune was that in posting up "her Jack" the Barnum

did not shine alone. The comedian, notwithstanding his promises of talent, suffered all the consequences of his false situation.

The day of his great success in the fourth act of *L'Amant du Cœur*, by Chesnel, the old director of the Pantheon kept hold of the little bell that the caricaturists and the chroniclers were destined to keep ringing for so long. "Bravo! bravo!" cried he in the scenes. "It goes well; the balloon is rising. We will see how it flies." It went better than that. Others beside Jack shone "by counter stroke." The boulevard becoming impatient by this overpowering advertisement, which slandered it, a journalist made himself its mouth-piece, its echo. Only he augmented tenfold what he had heard, made a tempest of the murmurs, and perverted the sentiments of what he pretended to explain. This scribbler and puerile poser, who played at pamphlet writing, and who put on airs to the degree of considering himself a Rochefort, for which he was baptized Rochefaible by Sebastian Koll, had the impudence to publish an article on the people of the theatre, which was as stupid as it was malicious. This prudent person, not daring to name anybody, spoke in general.

The thing made a great stir. The comedians assembled, and, like overgrown children, after having decided to punish the insolent one, remained at making motions. The scribbler in question did not deserve to have any attention paid to his article.

Still the Barnum, upon reading the article, jumped up. Brandishing the journal, she ran into her husband's room.

"Jack! my friend . . . they are insulting us!"

Jack, who was shaving, remained impassive.

"You will fight this miserable journalist . . . Here, read it!"

Madaly read the false article and shrugged his shoulders.

"Bah!" he simply said.

The tragedienne was frantic and indignant at her husband's indifference. "How, insult the corporation and he not take it up?" "But, my dear friend," repeated the actor, "I am not capable of defending the corporation, I who have just entered it!" Useless protestations. First, Sarah had wanted for a long time that her husband should fight, and it enraged her to see him neglect such a good chance, to seek notoriety in a duel. And furious at not being able to influence him, she trampled the article under foot, swearing.

"Very well!" she cried, "since the men are so cowardly as to

allow themselves to be dragged through the mud, it is a weak woman, it is I, who will avenge their honor! Where is he, the filthy scribbler."

She cried into space, defying an imaginary adversary, but suddenly her arms fell, she remained immovable, like a statue of grief. "No," she said, "It is impossible. I am a mother!"

At this moment our old friend Arthur Simon entered.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You can be heard crying in the street!"

He was informed. It caused him to burst out laughing.

"Provoke that boy? Fight him? Go away; better invite him to dinner."

The invitation was sent and accepted by the journalist!!!

Let us add, to finish the history of the Barnum marriage and the consequences here mentioned, that the noise made by the before-mentioned article did not interrupt the spiritual persecution of Paris against the husband of the Princess.

"Pshaw!" cried Sebastien Koll, "he annoys us, this Mr. Madaly! He imagines he has arrived; but no, he is arriving! he is arriving!"

Paris was not tenantable any more. Sarah needed money. She left again; her troup were under arms, Jack being the last man, and the comic novel reopened.

We will not follow the different stages: that would require a second volume. Always the same history, our heroine remains the same interesting personage we have pictured. As her marriage had only inspired her with a new "pose," she played the honest woman, the *bourgeoise*, and that with the serenity of a Marion who had atoned for past errors. Her astonishing facility for forgetting rendered her rôle easy, her power of adaptation made her amusing. She cultivated graces at each change of state; and always the woman commanding the position, no matter what that was, she celebrated without laughing the pleasures of Hymen. Alone she was honest, in spite of her fancies, and Sarah had not her equal in treating as Miss all the other women.

Bah! a girl!

And her lips curled in great disdain, and in this word "girl" she put all the contempt accumulated in the course of her existence. At heart she was annoyed, and the bad humor caused by the attitude Paris had taken up regarding her trouble. It was killing to

have to run the streets, and through poverty have to camp out constantly in different latitudes.

Withal how amusing those voyages! She loved best the style of living she had experienced during her tour in America.

Over there they had not applauded her; she had cursed the natives, but now in her ennui she regretted all that.

Over there, it was the manager who paid all the expenses; these were charged to the advertising accounts.

Often it happened that the great tragedian was boarded free of charge, not for the pleasure nor for the glory, but for the benefit of the advertisement. She even often travelled at the expense of a railroad company, which, in order to astonish its competitors, gave a special train to the star, and the next day trumpeted everywhere that the artist, being well acquainted with railroad travelling, had entrusted her precious life to them!

Unfortunately the nomad priestess of art did not find these advantages in old-fashioned Europe; and as she wanted to lead there the same transoceanic life, it became very expensive. More visionary, prouder than ever, she did not consider sufficiently elegant for her the apartments reserved for sovereigns. Naturally she was imposed upon most dreadfully.

The price paid by the most illustrious prima donna was tripled for her. And as though these ruinous follies were not sufficient, her son Loris took part in them.

The sweet juvenile led a high life, and to console himself for the companionship of livery-stable clerks, Jewish offspring of stock operators or of jockeys on vacation, he become "one of the boys" and fell into debt. Sarah was pursued by continual requests for money from her heir. She finally began to worry as to what she should do with him. This big boy, who did not know anything, and could not even write his petitions in good French, was impossible to place. She then resolved to buy him a theatre on her return, which he would manage under the eye of a chosen guardian.

She herself would take the management of another stage, her husband would have a third, and should it even be astounded by this new stroke, Paris would see all the Barnum dynasty taking possession of its amusements!

This fine project was made when she was in Iberia, where as everywhere she was welcomed with enthusiasm. It was also in

that country, at Castagnettos, that she had the disagreeable surprise of hearing herself freely judged by her own companions.

She had played we do not know what scurvy trick to Chicmann, and the young man, entered, furious, the room of Chevillett to pour his woes into the bosom of his friend and patron. The Barnum, who possesses no scruples, recognizing the voice of the Hollander whilst crossing a passage of the hotel, put her ear to the keyhole.

What a rare treat! The two agents were giving vent to all their opinions! Chicmann related—with numerous epithets—a little misdeed of his manager, to which Chevillett answered by another one; the ridiculous traits of the star were described with an irony which spared nothing. And the relations continued, both bringing back to mind all they had been subjected to; and the expressions increased in venom as the chapter of the bitterness of these truthful witnesses grew longer.

Sarah's rage cannot be depicted. Yet she forgave Chevillett his statements, which she knew to be too exact; but the "treason" of Chicmann made her indignant, wild, and put her in a passion. In the first place she needed Chevillett, and was willing to forgive anything to such an indispensable man, whose departure would have compromised the success of the tour—but Chicmann?—That one was not indispensable! Would not she discharge him! What a fine chance! Ah! you take the liberty of running down your patron! Just wait a little.

She returns to her room and sends for Chevillett.

"I know everything," cries she, as soon as he appeared.

Astonishment of the old theatrical agent!

"I know everything!"

She explains how she was "by chance" edified concerning the conversation of which she was the topic between her two auxiliaries.

Then the smiling appearance of her questioner forcing her to forgive immediately, she omits the scene she had inwardly prepared: the pardon granted with majestic indulgence.

"Let us talk of this no more, my friend," said she, "only, I do not want that scoundrel to appear before me again! Let him go immediately!"

"All right! answered Chevillett. "Only, do not forget that you have signed an agreement with him. According to your contract,

Chicmann must remain five months longer with the company."

"Well! It will not prevent his going. Five months at three thousand francs make fifteen thousand francs. Pay him right away, that he may be gone in five minutes!

"I will pay him."

And the agent went out laughing. A moment after he returned:

"It is done, fine lady."

"That is good, but is he gone?"

"Not at all. On the way I reflected that if he was antipathetic to you, he pleased me greatly, and that if you could do without him I could not. Moreover, feeling loath to see him without an occupation, I have found him one."

"Which, if you please?"

"The one that he had already."

"How? You mock me, I suppose."

"Heaven forbid! You would not have this brave boy in your service; I have taken him into mine. He will be secretary of the company no longer; he will be that of your humble servant and do the same work, payed under the heading of advertising instead of that of general expenses. It is, you see, as simple as possible."

And here is the end of the story. That same evening at the theatre Sarah met the Dutchman in the corridor. She could not forget his laugh.

"Ah! ah! my little Chicmann," she cried, offering her hand, "I do not see you much now. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow."

The Barnum, however, had forgiven nothing. That was not her custom. For proof think of the vengance that in this same town of Castagnettos she took against the Duke Niño Fernandez, her old lover, who had failed to answer one of her demands for funds, and who, willing to leave her a souvenir, had presented her with a tea service. She refused to go the fête that he had organized on her account, and to repeat her lines at his house, no matter what price he offered. This refusal was made emphatic besides by her presence in another salon, that of Madame Chemino.

This famous French lady, a princess by birth, had married one of the most remarkable political personages of Iberia, and was the queen of the aristocracy of this country. Very beautiful, marvelously gifted, a writer of talent, a charming poetess, this supe-

rior woman was an artist to the end of her fingers. She wished to publicly honor art in the person of Sarah, and gave a grand fête for the purpose. Madame de Chemino, in her feminine delicacy, had invited Madaly. She showed the tragedienne's husband the most flattering attentions, and at table put the comedian at her right. Now the guest were ambassadors, ministers, and remarkable personages. To be gracious to the husband was to be doubly gracious to the wife; the Barnum relished this triumph. She had need, alas! of some satisfaction to console her for her disillusion.

The marriage, not more than her innumerable love affairs, had failed to make a woman of her. She had simply hoped to taste as wife the sensations which she had vainly dreamt of. Something was still lacking to her. Lamentable phenomenon, she remained a being apart, a bird without cage, she confessed to her dressing-maid, "A piano out of tune, an Achilles reversed, vulnerable everywhere, but in her heart." And as the satisfaction of self-love became powerless to calm her discouragemcnt, she indulged herself more and more, began to ask for alcohol, brandy, and whiskey, to forget her ill luck and gain courage to try again new experiences. Now she drinks recklessly, but like a well educated English lady, she waits until night before she gives herself swing. She "moistens her throat" between acts, and discreetly finishes at home.

They return to Paris. There is coldness between them. The Barnum has ceased to sigh "my Jack." "He is no longer my ideal," she says. And the cold becomes Siberian arctic.

A man appeared who was not likely to thaw out the situation. This man was her old acquaintance De Malgrainé, whom Sarah had found again in Illyria, and with whom she was suddenly reconciled. After the return to Paris he installed himself as conqueror, and ruled the house.

He had begun naturally by leading Madaly astray; thus he reigned without opposition. Even the servants treated him as master. Avenue Monceau, the blindest of observers, had understood the attitude of the servants. The creditors ceased to demand of the husband of the queen if he would pay the dressmaker's bill. They scarcely waited on him properly, acting as if they were vexed to see him there; and the poor Oriental sat at the

end of the table, and had nothing but the leavings. Sarah had to interfere or he would not have had his plate changed.

She reopened very soon the "Tour du Nesle."

The rupture was complete. Jack took up again his bachelor life and his liberty. But this did not take place without quarrels, and naturally many letters in the newspapers.

The Barnum had not pardoned him for deserting her because of the pleasantries of Malgrainé. She pursued him with her hate, and overwhelmed him with reproaches that the worst woman would not have dared to offer, more especially in public. She did not understand that she blackened herself in the eyes of all Paris. Madaly had the good sense to disappear for some time. When he believed the past sufficiently forgotten he reappeared at the theater, where his growing talent secured him a good place. Very soon M. Perrinet engaged him, and Madame Sarah Barnum entered in triumph the Théâtre Corneille, whence his wife wasexiled. It seems that this success was the last stroke of bad luck for the Barnum.

Her affairs, as we see, were in a poor state. Her house now was empty. Malgrainé had hunted away those who would submit to the presence of the husband, or those who had ventured in after his departure. But Malgrainé having taken again his old position, the guests ceased to come. For the house had an host more wearisome than Madaly, more irritating than Malgrainé, Loris!

XII.

GREATNESS AND DOWNFALL.

SARAH kept her word when she promised herself the satisfaction of a caprice, and therefore Paris saw the Barnum dynasty take possession of its theatres, and seized with managerial madness, seek those that it could lay hold of to *practice on.* Three theatres capitulated—the *Grand Alcazar*, which our heroine reserved for herself, the *Fantaisies*, which she turned over to her son; and the *Théatre Européen*, the property of Madaly.

These various acquisitions were costly, although not payable in cash. Very soon they became embarrassing. The rupture of our heroine with her husband made that of the *Théatre Européen* even useless. It was resold. A little later it became necessary to do likewise with the *Fantaisies*, which Loris had transformed astonishingly. This theatre had, *under him*, become a complete terror for artists, a barracks for the public, and a gulf for the managers—Barnum and her friends.

This epical *gamin* used the theatre, indeed, very much as he had treated the mechanical imp which his aunt Rosette had amused him with while he was still a babe. This young *crab*, who could not spell correctly, threatened to break the jaw of the journalists. This dirty, beardless boy and idiot, who traveling in the Mediterranean, boasted of having bought the thumb of the famous Colossus of Rhodes, repeatedly insulted authors. This little snob, whom a recruiting officer had refused to accept as a scullion, led comedians of talent and veterans of the stage around like conscripts.

One of these last could not stand such proceedings. At the first insult of the young man he got angry.

——"At what hour do they put you to bed, little one?" he asked him, and publicly pulled his ears.

The scandal which resulted from this lesson caused Barnum to send away her off-spring, if not to the nursery, at least to the Hippodrome. Loris being dismissed, went to join his duns of the

Stock-Exchange and his *Augustes* of the circus, and did not leave them except to take fencing lessons *à l'Italienne*, while posessing ample impudence; he has also had any amount of cunning, and imagined that among people whom he simply caused to shrug their shoulders somebody might be found who would consent to make himself ridiculous by accepting his challenge.

Being left alone with the Grand Alcazar on her hands, Sarah disengaged herself at once, but she could not organize anything quietly, and she inveighed against Paris in trumpeting the amount of her receipts. Paris, which had pardoned, or rather forgotten her, again commenced to be angry. Then she impudently essayed the parts of Declée and Plessis, and transformed herself from the tragedienne which she had become into a comedienne. It was too late to turn back on the road. Her real and fine talent lost its versatility. Excellent in the part of *Phèdre*, she was ridiculous in *Le Misanthrope*. Very fine in the tragic work of Sardou, she seemed mediocre in that of Dumas, Meilhac, and of Halévy. When she created a character, success came. Domineeringly she persuaded authors that they had seen the heroine just as she had played it, and mesmerized the crowd by intoxicating it with her vim. But when she assumed a part which had already been interpreted by a woman of talent, she was inferior to her predecessor. In reality she only seemed wonderful in the pieces written especially for her by clever dramatists, who, not limiting themselves to bring into play her good qualities, also used her faults.

Unfortunately her creations became more and more scarce. She wearied the authors as she had wearied the whole world. She even quarrelled with her critics, and made fools of even those with whom she had surrounded herself ever since her début, and who, either admirers or simply friends, shielded her with their literary authority and their incontestable talent. Under their patronage, making use of them as screens, as bait, and as protectors at the same time, she committed all sorts of improprieties, and gratified her worst freaks. More intoxicated than ever by notoriety, and pushing her passion for publicity up to the point of mania, as well as her cursed itching for noise, she ruined all the theatres. Her life was nothing but a fever, and it seemed as though she wished to lull to sleep some remorse or to pacify some worming sorrow by means of noise. However, the unconscious

one never seemed to experience remorse. It was undoubtedly some pain which she wished to lull with her triumphs of self-love and with the pride of occupying the minds of a whole nation. And this incurable grief even came to her in her eternal want of success in her chase after happiness. She wished to be loved; she wished to love; but in earnest, with a flame of passion which was no longer artificial: she wished to feel her senses thrill, and her flesh creep.

Her notoriety was all very well, and her receipts were still better; but she would have given her name, her glory, and the bank-notes which were turned over to her every evening for a kiss which would make her tremble and for a thrill of love.

But the kiss never came.

Under the satin, under the plush, whose contact with the skin is like an inanimate caress; under the Genoa velvet, whose heavy folds breathe affectionate lassitude; under the Japanese *moires*, which are worth fortunes, and which with their strange designs animate the walls and ceilings; under all these things were conceived perverse refinements and deadly caresses; under these Pompadour silks, under these artistic fabrics, and under these colored linens and fantastic chintzes and Indian shawls a century old, which with their expensive simplicity and their half-faded colors whisper the tenderness of yesterday; under all these draperies, under all these hangings, under all these curtains, the chamber remained cold; and it remained marble, this body whose inharmonious harshness was sheltered by this vain luxury, in the hackneyed light of an unchanging lamp.

It was for this reason that wishing, if not to forget, at least to deaden herself, she become more crazily ambitious—the poor distracted one. Nothing was beautiful enough for her, nothing uproarious enough. Perhaps in perpetrating all these eccentricities, and keeping all Paris with bated breath in astonishment, she would make this Messiah, this unknown, this worker of miracles, rise. Would, then, her pitiable life have been supportable without this ebullition.

And like these enriched wretches, whose gold does not extinguish their rankling bitterness, but who drown it in luxury, and cause fairy palaces to be built for them, and emblazon their misery to the sun, she dreamt of absorbing marvels and of wonderful treasures which might cause her to forget her ills.

But the wings of her dreams were broken. Thanks to her squandering and to her ruinous habits, she had gathered in her wanderings several hundred thousand francs, where she should have found millions. What the Grand Alcazar brought her in, went she did not know where, fell into the fabled sieve. But she certainly had a hundred friends who had claims on her if she realized one of her vague projects and possibly one of her castles in Spain.

Then, finding her theatre too small, too petty, too village-like for her, she dreamt of building for herself a place which should dazzle Paris. She labored furiously at this idea and realized it.

Both outside as well as inside the THÉÂTRE SARAH PARNUM was a palace. The greatest artists made the plans and decorated it.

Built in the centre of the rectangle which the completion of the Boulevard Haussmann had made, and every niche of which Sarah had acquired at an absurd price, so as to isolate the building in the centre of a square, it was situated in the heart of Paris. Its front looked out on the Boulevard Montmartre, and its side on the Rue Lafayette. On the left the Boulevard Haussmann opened its triumphal perspective, and the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre opened out its straight course, bearing the river's murmurings almost to the balconies which it borders, its gigantic pulse of an enlarged artery beating under the arches.

The inauguration was one of those fêtes of which a century does not see two; but the day after this festival silence fell brusquely, so to speak. Such miracles had been promised, and so much had been said in the newspapers before this first performance, that it seemed like a deception, in presence of this heap of splendors; so that, like a spoiled and petted child, Paris cried, "Is that all?" and then it thought of other things. It had been blinded; it had been made deaf; it wished to see nor hear more.

The crowd treated the movement itself as it treats new statues. Curious during the preliminary work, it stands before the bare pedestal, or with the eyes pierces the veil which covers the work, on the day of inauguration, when the bronze or marble emerges from this covering in the midst of music and shouts and speeches. But the next day the crowd had dissolved to an assemblage; after that the assemblage had fallen off to scattered groups; twenty hours afterward, it appears to the passers-by that she had always been where they saw her, this statue that would be so new. And

only the strangers and Provincials lift up their heads to look at the poor being. Barnum was dejected by an equally rapid indifference. She raved that she would burn her work. Still, after the first fury had been spent, she tried to force the advertisement. She was taken with vertigo. She played masterpieces, and showed gross ignorance; impovised monster magic-lantern shows!

The public came slowly, but even on the evenings of the reprcsentations, during the few weeks that crowds gathered at the ticket office, the directress scarcely took in an amount equivalent to her expenses. These were enormous.

In order to find an artist who would play with her and put up with her caprices, becoming worse as she noted her failure, Barnum ought to have given the utility man the salary of a tenor or of an Italian prima donna. Comedians, by the way, if they had any reputation, hesitated to join her company for fear of having to play before empty benches, or before a public at reduced prices, by fear also of seeing their effects spoiled by their jealous companion, or their means paralyzed by the grandeur of the structure. From month to month, from day to day, the talk grew louder. They spoke openly of failure, and the company formed too late into a limited one, as the stock could no more find gullible purchasers at the Exchange. Sarah fought with the energy of despair. She played travesties, pantomimes, fairy scenes; her friends bought her pieces in which they had their parts. She, at the end of the drama, would mount her horse or give way to some eccentric exercise. She held conferences, related her history, she invented charitable works in order to organize sensational soirées; she took children's parts, the part of an old woman; she made use of every means, but she could not save her theatre.

At least, she left it only when forced out by a sheriff's posse. At this time she was so desperate that she seriously thought of suicide, of a romantic suicide, a loud one, and one that, although dead, would be equal to her reputation.

Her inborn cowardice prevented her from killing herself. Although having lost her freshness through care and the abuse of alcohol, she still cherished the secret hope of finding some one to love.

And still this thing seemed mere difficult than ever. She was now without friends, without partisans, and even without a home. Her house and furniture were sold, her coffin of ebony and silver

was bought by Madame Tassaud, of London. Her complete failure this time troubled her less than the fact that she had been entirely forgotten.

Her work, the theatre, Sarah Barnum was rebaptized, and became the new Folies-Bergère, the old theatre having been bought by the State as a store-house for theatre decorations, and subsidized by the Government. And in their new quarters the Folies-Bergère realized marvelous sums, sums that our heroine had never dreamt of.

However, to grieve did not advance her affairs; the ex-directress must needs occupy herself in finding a new start, a new means of resuscitating her lost reputation. She asked to be admitted into the Corneille company. M. Perrinet assembled the stockholders, and the question of admitting the foolish prodigy was laid before them. After the discussion a vote was taken. Minus one, the assembly was unanimous in refusing to open their doors to the fugitive for whom they could not find any extenuation. ". . . she having compromised the house of Corneille, paid no regard to art or the corporation." (Coquil, recording secretary.)

The one vote in her favor was cast by Madaly. In four years it was the first opportunity he had to occupy himself about his alleged wife.

She doubled her ordinary dose of whiskey, and lost nothing of her vanity.

The next day she had, for better or for worse, united a company and started on a grand tour.

Her success increased with her absence. As she persisted in keeping up her former prices, and did not change her repertoire, as a traveller she did not even make her expenses.

She returned.

Now she begged for an engagement, but all the directors politely refused.

In truth, she was not tempting any more to managers. In spite of her misfortunes, in spite of the whiskey and the cognac, she still had talent; only she was out of fashion.

Yes, out of fashion!

Good-by, glory and fortune! Good-by, pleasures! It was the first death, the apprenticeship of the tomb.

During five years, since her failure, she travelled the provinces

and foreign countries; everywhere she was known. In Illyria as in Russia, in Brazil as in Mexico, the poor thing had seen her day! The people did not stand before her advertisements any more, but shrugged their shoulders in disdain.

Again this tiresome old thing! Old! She was OLD! Furiously she studied each morning the striped wrinkles that no powder could hide, nor ameliorate the livid redness, and looked with despair in her soul at the deep-set eyes, the corroding eyelashes, and her hair discolored at its extremities by drugs and dyes, but white at their roots and at the temples; and still more grievous were her angular features.

She drank as she had never drunk before. See reduced her alcoholic rations on the evenings when she played, but finished her drunk after the performance. However, she continued the man-hunt, perhaps as a matter of habit for the sake of a living; she consented to exhibit herself in the outskirts, and even descended to play the duenna. Her vanity, nevertheless, survived. She passed her life in the theatre-cafés, then retailing a recitation of her former triumphs, in which recitations she was sometimes interrupted by the second comedian or the manager.

"Is she full, that Sarah Woman? Enough! We know her."

But she listened to nothing.

"Yes, sir. Yes Madame, It is ten years since I had horses and carriages. When I failed, I was on the road to forming a political club." Having accidently met her one day, Ventreblanc took pity on her, and organized a benefit for the sake of her past glory in a matinée at the Lycée Dramatique. Unfortunately, this turned out a failure, as Sarah had formerly done; the most of the artists refused to play at the last moment. It is true that they accompanied their letters of excuse with generous offers. The beneficiary appeared in two scenes. She took fright, and the public grieved at this failure, and recognized no longer the woman nor her voice, and they had not the strength to resuscitate her by means of a dole of "bravos." She pocketed some thousands of francs, and immediately went to find mother Rattiréz, directress of the Theatres of Montmartre and the Batignolles. This one could do no more, and turned a deaf ear. By means of the half of a small annuity she gave up her two halls. Sarah luckily had the pleasure to see herself again a directress, and able to eke out a living. She again

became the artist thirsting for fame as we have seen. Her theatres were spoken of in the great newspapers.

And roughly was the joy of the Barnum blotted out and annihilated before the most unheard-of, the most surprising of blessings—she loved.

It was a beautiful youth of twenty years, of dull complexion. His eyes were very large and very black, pretty as a barber's wax block; a head which carried heart-breakers on its temples. His name was Louis, and he played leading juvenile parts. On the stage he was out at elbows and he had plebeian gestures, but his voice could shoot itself beyond the gallery.

Montmartre was infatuated with him, and he was adored at the Batignolles.

"That makes you squint, eh?" said he to Sarah on the evening of his début, and he asked to have his salary raised before he took her home. The following day she adored the funny man, but she adored him sincerely with all her heart with a strange passion. How happy she was!

Being happy, she almost became pretty again in spite of her wrinkles and her gray hairs. At last she held the secret so long sought for, the fortune so long courted. She was like others—a woman.

Her senses so long benumbed were again awakened—by love.

That age which usually relegates women to quietude—to senility—in Sarah created more silly conduct than ever before; perhaps a second childhood.

How happy she was! as she wept for joy under the cuffs of her Louis.

But . . . this tardy happiness was sadly short; the leading juvenile quickly deceived her with all the women of the two theatres, with all the girls of the two quarters, and our poor unfortunate suffered the most frightful martyrdom, the most intense tortures. The ungrateful fellow took her last louis to go to dinners.

Money! She mocked at it. She, the miserly Jewess, she would have given him everything—her last dress, her life itself—could she have been its sole possessor; but at the thought of parting, or when he bargained with her for his cold caresses, an inexpressible despair, an indescribable anger, transfixed her.

XIII.

One morning during the autumn of 18— one might have read in the *Chantéclair* under the head of "Events" the following squib:

"Is it remembered that in this city of Paris, whose glories are as ephemeral as its fashions, the fête inangurated some six years ago at the Folies Bergère, then the Grand Theatre Sarah Barnum?

"We recalled at once that incomparable evening, when following to her last resting-place the poor yet great artiste that once was Sarah Barnum."

Here followed some lines devoted to the life and success of the dear departed, and also to the various stages of her grand fizzle-out.

One may say now that rumor, which is no respecter of persons, having overruled the true cause of her death. . . . Barnum has surely killed herself. Abandoned by the man she loved—a wicked man, we are assured—the poor woman sought oblivion in drink. Thursday last she made a final attempt upon her lover, but being unable to make him yield she returned home in despair.

At her earnest appeal the doorkeeper went after a bottle of absinthe for her. The woman informs us that Sarah's eyes were red, but she was calm. She gave her orders for the following day, then shut herself in her room. Friday the porteress not seeing her come down stairs ascended to the actress' room, but being unable to open the door she became frightened and ran to summon the police.

The lock was forced and poor Barnum found there lying at the foot of the bed, her forehead covered with blood, the bottle of absinthe being half empty and the bed mussed up. The physician called could, after an examination of the wound, describe the events as they actually happened. Sarah, dead drunk, had fallen from her bed, fracturing her skull in the fall by striking her head against the toilet table.

What a wretched end!

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SARAH
CRET S. WILLETTE